

XIUZHEN
SHUJIE

冲出古战场

方想 著

连续的受伤彻底激怒了左殇，他全身涌动的
血管里的血液就像炽热的岩浆般，
每一根神经都在战栗，
每一块肌肉都在
战栗！



修真世界⁵

修真世界 点击量过亿

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弱肉强食的世界
一个失去记忆的
『问题少年』
引爆最炫修真风！

World of Cultivation

(修真世界)

Volume 05

Charge Out of the Ancient Battlefield

Fang Xiang

(方想)

Story Description:

An unknown disciple from a small sect battling against the strongest in the cultivation world! The long journey working at cultivation, the realization of destiny and the chance to reach the apex of the world.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. Zuo Mo is a zombie faced low level cultivator in a minor sect of a little world. Ever since he was picked up by the sect leader two years ago, he has no memories of his earlier life except a recurring nightmare. Navigating the rigid class structure and intricacies of the cultivation world, as one of the lowest possible of the lowest class, Zuo Mo's dream is to earn money, and lots of it through being a spiritual plant farmer. A chance occurrence reveals that someone powerful had changed Zuo Mo's features and erased his mind. The money grubbing zombie decides to set out on a journey of cultivation to find out answers. Fate colludes with chance, the drums of war are beating, the ghost of his past is coming... ..

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 320: Move Out

The night came.

The mountain peaks of Hundred Flower Valley were filled with light and sound.

Zuo Mo stood at the highest mountain peak. The campground below was very busy. His gaze turned to the empty darkness that held unpredictable dangers. He knew that many eyes were staring back at him from the darkness. The people were waiting for tomorrow to come.

But

Thick clouds blanketed the entire sky. There wasn't one thread of moonlight. A hint of mirth floated at the corner of his lips.

Ma Fan was sneaking in the darkness like a ghost. His movements were soundless. What was even more astounding was that none of his movements created any ripples of ling power. Lei Peng and the others that were watching from far away had expressions of admiration.

Ma Fan had taught all of them hidden movement spells, but when Ma Fan activated the spells, he wasn't just slightly more familiar with them. His actions were light, and relaxed.

As expected of the core that Lil' Miss had appointed!

Ma Fan crouched as he moved stealthily like an intangible shadow, he was merged into the darkness. The noises from Hundred Flower Valley could be heard from afar, and contrasted against the silence of the surroundings. He suddenly thought of his life in the past, before he had encountered Boss. He had frequently had to do work that required travelling in the night.

He did not like darkness.

At that time, he had only wanted to find a steady job and not have to fight for his life in the shadows. After the calamity of Little Mountain Jie,

his situation had deteriorated even more. Fortunately, he had several good skills and managed to survive, but the desire for a stable life had gotten stronger.

He wasn't a person with ambition. Being appointed the core by Lil' Miss had not made him happy. It was the opposite. The training that he had done far surpassed everyone else. He improved very quickly. Even now, he was one of the two people that had the most influence in Sky Peak Platoon.

He had originally assumed he would quickly feel tired. This life of training every day was not something he wanted. But to his shock, he found he did not dislike it like he had predicted. He had started to accept this troop and gradually started to like this troop.

It wasn't for the stimulation of battle, or for those spells and formations, but for hope. This troop, without him noticing it made him feel hope, feel sunshine. Even if he was walking in the darkness, he didn't have any negative feelings like he did in the past. Every person behind his back made him feel safe and trusted.

Thinking about that, his eyes unconsciously glanced to his side. The space there was empty. Usually Xie Shan would appear at that spot. A few days ago Xie Shan had entered secluded meditation, and had not come out even now. He couldn't help but feel slightly worried. After being paired together for such a long time, they cooperated very well, and had great feelings for each other.

His expression suddenly shifted. He stopped his nonsensical thinking, and his figure paused.

Everyone instantly became nervous.

Without any words, everyone spread out and silently advanced forwards.

Two people were hiding in a tree.

"Hmph, I want to see how long these people from Little Mountain Jie can be happy for!" one of the people said furiously.

“Ha, daylight will be the time of their execution!” The other person said greedily, “Supposedly, they are swimming in wealth. I wonder if we can get one or two items?”

“Please, we’re just assigned to watch the wind, what hopes do we have of getting anything good? It’s already pretty good to get some third-grade jingshi.”

“Hey, the sect is pretty generous this time. Twenty pieces of third-grade jingshi, that’s enough for us to use for a while.”

“Twenty pieces? Hmph, I wonder how much will remain by the time we get them?”

The two people suddenly felt a cold flash against their necks. Their pupils suddenly expanded but they were not able to make any sound. Several shadows appeared by their corpses. It was Ma Fan and the others.

“Tenth one!” Nian Lu said lightly.

The other side really had sent out a great number of scouts around Hundred Flower Valley. In this little while, they had gotten rid of ten scouts. It was smooth sailing for these people of Sky Peak Platoon that comprehended sword essence to do ambushes.

Ma Fan carefully stripped the two people clean. Seeing there was nothing suspicious, he raised his head. “We need to be quick. It is almost one o’clock.”

Everyone had hurried expressions.

Almost one o’clock... ..

Ma Fan led everyone to quickly leave and search for the next target. They were silently but rapidly advancing along a path that was very out of the way. Along the way, they occasionally got rid of some scouts. But this road was really far out of the way, and they did not encounter too many scouts.

When they came out of a mountain valley, they could see Bright Water City and its lights. Bright Water River was serene and silent in the night.

Ma Fan released a breath.

It was not yet one o'clock.

He nodded at Lei Peng and Nian Lu behind him. The two understood and quickly disappeared into the night. The remaining people were divided into several groups that disappeared behind the two people.

Ma Fan looked at the three people remaining beside him and said lightly, "Everyone, rest for a while."

Finishing, he crossed his legs and sat. The other three did not waste words and also meditated.

In a deep valley that was once the area that Hundred Flower Alliance kept its flower slaves. The location was very out-of-the-way and hidden. Zuo Mo had already looted the entire mountain valley, and left nothing behind. This empty mountain valley was filled with seated people at this moment.

Zong Ru said in a light voice next to Gongsun Cha's ear. "Daren, it's one."

The smile on Gongsun Cha's face grew with a bashfulness that could not be hidden. He opened his eyes that flashed with a pressuring sharpness. "Depart."

A troop silently advanced along a narrow mountain valley. It was possible to see figures flashing along the two sides of the mountain valley. The troop did not slow down at all. Everyone knew that those were the members of Sky Peak Platoon. They had swept this path clean.

Guarding at the mouth of the valley, Ma Fan suddenly opened his eyes, and saw a shadowy troop. His heart finally landed. They had not failed the mission that Lil' Miss had given them.

The troop silently streamed and flew out of the valley. The dense woods outside the mountain valley gave them the best concealment.

When Gongsun Cha walked out of the mountain valley, he suddenly stopped in his steps and turned to look at the highest mountain peak. He couldn't help but lightly laugh.

Shixiong, enjoy getting blown on by the wind.

After watching as the troop disappeared in the night, Ma Fan moved away his eyes and said contentedly, "Let's go back!"

Wood Sword Sect.

"Master, let this disciple be first tomorrow!" a xiuzhe with handsome features couldn't help but say. He was Yan Yang's beloved disciple, Gao Xiu, and in charge of Wood Sword Camp.

Yan Yang looked with benevolent affection at Gao Xiu. He had put great effort onto Gao Xiu. Gao Xiu had not failed his expectations to be in charge of Wood Sword Camp before he was twenty-five. What many people did not know was that Gao Xiu had just received the White Silver battle general jade medal.

To be able to become a White Silver battle general at twenty five, this talent was enough to dominate all of Sky Water Jie and no one could rival him.

He could understand his disciple's desire for battle. Just having received the White Silver battle general jade medal, he desired to use real combat to train himself.

"Don't worry, you can't even avoid the fight if you wanted to tomorrow," Yan Yang said with a smile. Then his expression became serious. "But you have to be careful. There are two troops under the command of the Master of Golden Crow City. To be able to kill their way out of Little Mountain Jie, they naturally are very strong. You are familiar with Rong Wei. That little girl's eyes aren't bad. If she thinks they are elite, then they are definitely elite!"

"This disciple will definitely fight with everything, and not fail the reputation of our sect!" Gao Xiu said.

Yan Yang shook his head. "You are wrong. My demand of you is not to make great achievements, but to make no mistakes."

Gao Xiu raised his head in shock.

"Then why did I make the wager with He Qiu when I know the other is an elite force?" Yang said meaningfully. "Wood Sword Camp is like a sword, and it needs to be sharpened before it can show its power. This Master of Golden Crow City is the whetstone. But we need to be careful or we may break against it. You need to be especially careful of your safety. As long as you are here, Wood Sword Camp is here, and you will not want for opportunities."

Gao Xiu was moved, and he respectfully bowed. "This disciple understands."

Yan Yang suddenly asked, "What is the situation at Hundred Flower Valley?"

Gao Xiu hurriedly said, "The Little Mountain Jie xiuzhe of this area have almost all gathered at Hundred Flower Valley. There are also many Little Mountain Jie xiuzhe that are heading over from all places."

"The Master of Golden Crow City really has skill to have such a high reputation among this group of people!" Yan Yang praised, "If we give him the time, he may become a warlord. Right, where is he now? Keep track of his movements."

"He is on the main peak of Hundred Flower Valley. Our people have been keeping an eye on him from afar." Gao Xiu said with a smile, "Supposedly, he has been standing in the wind. He must be having a headache over tomorrow's battle!"

"A strong dragon cannot suppress the local snakehead, you have to securely remember this, and not do as the Master of Golden Crow City is doing."

"This disciple understands."

Zuo Mo stood at the top of the mountain as the cold wind blew. He couldn't help but swear, "What stupid plan needs ge to stand up here in the wind for the whole night. If this keeps on going, ge will go crazy in the wind!"

A Gui silently sat next to him. Other than when he fought, wherever Zuo Mo went, she would follow him like a puppet. Lil' Black was snoozing on A Gui's head. Lil' Fire and Lil' Pagoda were full of energy as they rolled around on her body happily. Silly Bird was silently standing next to A Gui. When she heard Zuo Mo's words, she couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Somewhat bored, Zuo Mo reached out to Lil' Fire. "Lil' Fire, come over."

Hearing this, Lil' Fire instantly joyfully flew in front of Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo grabbed Lil' Fire. It was very soft, and nice to grasp. Both of his hands were grasping Lil' Fire as he put Lil' Fire in front of his eyes in curiosity. He tightened and loosened his grip. "Hm, why aren't you sprouting fire?"

Lil' Pagoda who had also wanted to join in saw the situation and instantly shrank back.

The pitiful Lil' Fire was kneaded in Zuo Mo's hands until it sprouted a small flame. However, it never could have thought Zuo Mo was even more motivated, and kneaded even more happily.

"So interesting! Very interesting!"

Lil' Fire became a bag that could sprout fire. With a squeeze, it would sprout a thread of fire. Lil' Fire chirped sorrowfully, but no matter how it struggled, it could not escape these demonic hands, and could only sprout fire in humiliation.

Lil' Pagoda ran to A Gui's head, and watched sympathetically with Lil' Black at Lil' Fire.

Zuo Mo's hand suddenly felt pain and uncontrollably relaxed. Lil' Fire took the chance and broke free of the demonic hands.

Zuo Mo turned his face. What welcomed him was Silly Bird's gaze filled with scorn. Just now, it had been her that pecked Zuo Mo's hand.

He looked dazedly at Silly Bird and was astounded.

That peck was so strong!

He had the Great Day mo physique but he couldn't keep his grip under the peck

He looked with disbelief at Silly Bird but the scene that followed shocked him even more!

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Translator Ramblings: So one sect leader has now explained his motivations. It's an acceptable reason though it is risky. True combat is needed to gain experience so one can survive in such chaotic times. he's a good leader and master like Tian Song Zi, even if he is underestimating the danger.

How many of you thought that Zuo Mo was going to wait with his troops for the other group to come and then have a fight at the arranged time? This is the guy that used formations in a Sword Test Conference, created a great trap when he was the weaker side, and also loves to gang up on opponents. Sneak attacks is a rational path to take.

The balance between peace and war chapters is hard to maintain. I'm afraid that Fang Xiang likes to make his peaceful parts peacefully long, and his battles long at the buildup with a short payoff. I would offer the chapter when this arc ends but it's going to be a secret.

Chapter 321: Ambush

Silly Bird suddenly turned her head around, and her bird eyes stared at the thick cloud cover far in the sky.

It was the first time Zuo Mo had seen Silly Bird have such a vicious gaze as though she had seen something she extremely disliked.

Just as Zuo Mo was puzzled, Silly Bird suddenly gave a long call, her wings spreading, and then she disappeared. Zuo Mo only saw a shadow fly by. When he managed to react, he saw a shocking scene.

Silly Bird was like a bolt of grey lightning that entered the thick black clouds.

What was this bird doing

Zuo Mo dazedly looked at the clouds, his mind unable to react. Just as he prepared to go and take a look, a shadow flew close and appeared in front of him. It was Silly Bird!

There were traces of blood on Silly Bird's long beak. Her gaze was vicious as she puffed her head and chest high, her body wrapped in killing intent. She called out a clear long note that rang into the distance.

A shadow suddenly dropped out of the clouds. Zuo Mo saw it clearly. It was a Black Bat. The stomach of this Black Bat had been eviscerated, exposing the innards, and it clearly wouldn't live. Black Bats were third-grade ling beasts. Their ears were extremely keen and they were mostly used for information gathering.

However, it was not easy to raise a Black Bat. They were very expensive. Normal scouts couldn't afford them.

"Master of Golden Crow City! You dare to kill my Black Bat, tomorrow, I will make you die!"

A male's shout came far out in the distance inside the clouds.

Zuo Mo ignored it. His eyes were tightly locked onto Silly Bird. The viciousness in Silly Bird's eyes quickly retreated, and she quickly became

as proud and aloof as she usually was. If it wasn't for the traces of blood still on Silly Bird's beak, Zuo Mo definitely would have thought what just happened was his delusion.

He huddled in front of Silly Bird.

"Oh, you look very normal."

Silly Bird rolled her eyes and ignored him. She raised her bird head up high, strutted her bird walk, and left.

"When did this bird get so vicious?" Zuo Mo rubbed his chin as he said to himself. He wanted to chase, but when he looked at the surroundings and remembered that he still had the mission of keeping the other side's spies occupied, he could only stand on the mountain to be blown by the wind.

He shook his head, and decided to ignore the bird. After she had gone out to show off last time, she hadn't been very normal.

"A Gui, do you think we can win?"

A Gui was sitting woodenly.

Zuo Mo did not care and sat down next to A Gui. Looking out at the dark black sky, he became unfocused.

He didn't notice an extremely faint, almost imperceptible purple light flash suddenly through A Gui's empty eyes.

Bright Water City was surrounded by a large river. This large river was Bright Water River, and it was the origin of Bright Water City's name. In the dark, Bright Water River was so quiet it seemed to be sleeping. There weren't any waves. Suddenly, the water's surface started to ripple and a figure slowly rose out of the river water.

This person looked around for a while, saw no one was around, and took out a little black umbrella.

The little umbrella flew out of his hand and turned to an intangible black silk that floated onto the sky above the river.

A moment later, figures rose up from the river water. In the span of a few breaths, the surface of the river was filled with people. These people silently floated into the sky above the river.

“This Black Ling Hiding Umbrella really lives up to being a fourth-grade talisman.” Wei Ran lifted his head to look at the black silk that was floating in the sky. This ethereal black silk covered all of them. They couldn’t be seen from the outside. This Black Ling Hiding Umbrella was one of the fourth-grade talismans from Boss’ spoils. It could hide people, and more importantly, it could stop ling energy ripples from spreading into the surrounding area.

Even as he praised, he took out jingshi and started to recover his ling power.

No one spoke. Everyone silently recovered their ling power.

Gongsun Cha didn’t need to recover ling power. He examined the nearby Bright Water City, and his lips curved. The powers of Bright Water City clearly didn’t think highly of them. Bright Water City almost had no defenses at all. The Black Ling Hiding Umbrella was a powerful talisman, but there were many formations and talismans that could detect it.

But they hadn’t encountered even one of them.

The loose defense was full of holes in Gongsun Cha’s eyes. He thought it was a pity that they were not here to attack the city.

One hour later, everyone finished their recovery.

The Black Ling Hiding Umbrella was put away. It could not be moved when it was activated. That was its only flaw.

Vermillion Bird Camp flew twenty zhang into the sky. Gongsun Cha sat on the broad Green Cloud Sword. Gazing down at Bright Water City, the corners of his mouth moved up. A cold light flashed through his eyes as he said lightly, “Start!”

Hiss!

Vermillion Bird Camp suddenly moved.

The lanterns on the streets gave off a warm yet bright light. Tonight's Bright Water City was excited yet frantic. Large amounts of xiuzhe had gathered in Bright Water City. They were waiting for dawn. The actions taken this time were the most significant ones in Bright Water City's recent history. Everyone was full of excitement and anticipation.

Wood Sword Camp and Flying Cloud Camp had already reached Bright Water City and made camp. The other sects were urgently gathering combat xiuzhe in order to attend this great banquet.

The tea houses and bars were filled with people. People even filled the streets.

The passer-by on the streets suddenly heard a strange sound. They stilled, and couldn't resist raising their heads.

Large numbers of figures flashed through the sky, and caused endless howls.

Hiss, everyone without exception inhaled sharply.

This troop's presence was shocking and were definitely an elite force. Many people started to speculate which sect's elite force had arrived. This grand banquet had attracted the gaze of countless sects.

The xiuzhe flashed rapidly through the sky. Before they could react, the people had disappeared.

"So strong, I don't know which sect had sent them. This really is a great force!"

"Hee hee, tomorrow is going to be a spectacle!"

Everyone became more excited as they chatted.

Gao Xiu came from the sect leader's place and returned to the Vast Sun Hall. The Wood Sword Camp xiuzhe he encountered along the way bowed to him. Everyone could not disguise the excitement on their faces. They had hurried to Bright Water City in the afternoon and camped in Vast Sun

Hall.

Gao Xiu's vice-commander and a group of xiuzhe came over. "Daren, what did Sect Leader say?"

"We're up first tomorrow!" Gao Xiu said with a smile, excitement flashing through his eyes.

"Great!"

"Ha ha, we'll let the people from Flying Cloud Camp to see how strong we are!"

The xiuzhe of Wood Sword Camp cheered excitedly. They were the best disciples of Wood Sword Sect. Hadn't they trained for decades just for this day?

Gao Xiu suddenly furrowed his brows. He could hear trembling vibrations coming close to them.

He knew what it was. That was the sound produced when a large troop flew by. The other xiuzhe were also alerted to the sound.

"Which bastard dares to fly above our heads?" someone couldn't help swearing.

Camps like Wood Sword Camp were very wary of people flying over their heads, and all the sects would try to avoid flying over other camps. This was an unwritten rule.

"Has Flying Wind Camp come to Bright Water City?" Gao Xiu suddenly asked.

"They arrived four hours ago," his subordinate answered.

Gao Xiu's expression suddenly changed as he shouted, "Enemy attack!"

The black patch of xiuzhe appeared with astonishing speed in everyone's vision!

Boom!

Countless sword energies rained down like a storm.

The black night was suddenly lit up by countless grand sword energies.

The entire Vast Sun Hall was completely covered by the other side's sword energies.

The xiuzhe around Gao Xiu all paled but they were well-trained and activated their ling shields to protect Gao Xiu. Some other Wood Sword Camp xiuzhe gritted their teeth and shouted, "Kill!"

Hundreds of figures flew up against the rain of sword energies.

Pew pew pew!

The ling shield of a Wood Sword xiuzhe cracked. He wasn't able to make any response before dozens of sword energies pierced his body. Dozens of blood blossoms formed. Under the rain of sword energies, the sprays of blood were like explosions on these Wood Sword camp xiuzhe.

The grand Vast Sun Hall was instantly destroyed by the sword energy rain and was left riddled with holes.

"You dare!"

An angry shout suddenly sounded like lightning. Right after, a middle-aged xiuzhe holding an almond-yellow little flag waved out layers of yellow light. When the dense sword energy rain hit these yellow light curtains, they were only able to make ripples.

The morale of the Wood Sword Camp xiuzhe increased.

"Ha, jindan," Lil' Miss lightly breathed.

Just as the middle-aged xiuzhe appeared, Wei Ran had locked onto the other. What he hadn't expected was the other had moved faster than he did. He snorted coldly, and took his division's xiuzhe to fly out in an arc into the sky. Then then turned and started to dive.

Their speed suddenly increased, a piercing sound roared in the air.

Even among the sounds of battle, the howling that caused people's scalp to prickle, Wei Ran raised the flying sword in his hand. The xiuzhe behind him all raised their flying swords.

“Hundred Kill!”

Wei Ran suddenly bellowed, the flying sword in his hand heavily striking down.

“Hundred Kill!”

The Second Division behind him all shouted, their flying sword striking down.

A terrifying sword energy more than twenty zhang long destructively tore through the air as it descended from the sky and landed heavily against the yellow light curtain.

Ping!

The yellow light curtain suddenly splintered and only half of the enormous sword energy was left.

A thread of blood came from the corner of the middle-aged person's mouth. Viciousness flashed through his eyes. He raised his head and saw the half section of sword energy coming towards him. He said, “Good attack!” He pointed with the almond-yellow flag. A blinding yellow light collided directly with the remaining section of sword energy.

Boom!

Wei Ran only saw a patch of whiteness and was not able to see anything. He gritted his teeth, gathered his last bit of ling power, and threw what was in his hand down hard.

Just as the item in his hand left, a large force passed over him. He couldn't control his body, and was thrown into the air.

Up in the sky, almost lacking all energy, he gave a smile, “Idiot!”

Boom!

Even more powerful explosions came from below.

Sonic Lightning Walnuts!

He had just thrown down a Sonic Lightning Walnut. The twelve division leaders had all been given a Sonic Lightning Walnut by Boss!

Before the Hundred Kill attack, he had already prepared the Sonic Lightning Walnut.

Relying on just Hundred Kill wasn't enough to kill a jindan, but after a Hundred Kill, even a jindan couldn't escape the Sonic Lightning Walnut.

Booooooooooooooooooom!

A rapid series of sonic lightning explosions came from below. At this time, all of the division leaders had bombed down the Sonic Lightning Walnuts that they had held.

Before they could clearly see what the explosions did, a voice came from beside their ear, "Retreat!"

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Translator Ramblings: People in Sky Water Jie are too used to peacetime. If there was no Pu Yao, there would not be Lil' Miss as he is now, full of cunning and honed in strategies for fighting and for war. Lil' Miss paid his tuition in pain and defeat so I'm not sure if Zuo Mo or Gongsun Cha got the better deal from Pu Yao.

Chapter 322: Victory!

On the mountaintop, Zuo Mo saw the blinding light appearing above Bright Water City and suddenly jumped up from the ground as he roared with laughter, "Yes!"

Immediately after, blinding sword energies lit up the sky like a meteor shower that flew towards Hundred Flower Valley. At this time, Vermillion Bird Camp no longer needed to conceal themselves. The people that had ling power remaining all channelled their ling power to draw out blinding lights.

The xiuzhe of Bright Water City all finally reacted. Sword xiu continuously flew into the sky, and chased after the the blinding lights!

Soon, a grand scene appeared in the sky. Following after thousands of sword energies were an even greater number of sword energies. Almost all the sword xiu of Bright Water City had come out. The most eye-catching was Flying Cloud Camp that flew at the very front. Flying Cloud Camp were well trained and responded the quickest. After the twelve Sonic Lightning Walnuts exploded together, they had also been affected by the power.

Hu Shan's eyes could spit fire. He had never thought the Master of Golden Crow City would be so insane and daring to this level! He didn't bother looking down at Bright Water City. After such a terrifying explosion, there wouldn't be anyone left alive at the campsite of Wood Sword Camp.

Before this night, he had never thought that Wood Sword Camp would be destroyed in a single night, and be destroyed so completely.

The relationship between Flying Cloud Camp and Wood Sword Camp couldn't be called harmonious, but

He gritted his teeth. He felt there was a burst of fire inside his chest that wanted to get out! This group of bastards!

The distance between the Vermillion Bird camp and Flying Cloud camp remained steady as the chase continued, neither side gaining on the other. Flying Cloud Camp had reacted the quickest and so they tightly followed behind the other. Vermillion Bird Camp had made great expenditures in the ambush just now, and was at their weakest. If they could catch up, Flying Cloud Camp would definitely have the advantage.

In the night, the two sides did not have any care, and let all of their ling power go. One in front and one in the back, they were like two waves of meteorites that flew with astounding speed flying along the bottom of a thick cloud layer.

Hu Shan glared with wide eyes. The speed of the other side was beyond their expectations. They had to use all their ling power and they were just able to keep up. Before, Hu Shan had heard that the Master of Golden Crow City that had two elite forces. Looking at it now, they really were elite!

Flying Cloud Camp was famous for its speed, and Hu Shan was shocked that the other was even faster than they were.

Wait a moment!

The Master of Golden Crow City had two elite forces

Hu Shan's heart suddenly sank. His limbs felt cold as his face paled.

Two elite forces where was the other elite force?

Not good!

At this moment, a deep voice sounded out from the cloud layer.

"Kill!"

Thousands of people shouted together, "Kill!"

Hu Shan felt his vision blur. Countless black snakes suddenly burrowed out of the cloud layer and rushed towards them!

Their speed had been raised to the maximum. They didn't even have the time to think, much less dodge, before these black snakes had reached them. Hu Shan could clearly see the fangs of the black snakes.

He watched as the black snake penetrated his body. Disbelief and shock remained in Hu Shan's wide eyes.

He almost couldn't believe he would die so easily.

The moment the black snake entered his body, he felt his body become cold as something icy passed through his body. The channels in his body were destroyed, and he lost control of his body. His body flipped as it fell through the air, and crashed heavily on the ground.

Pia pia pia!

The sounds of impact were like raindrops that did not end.

Each of the black snakes penetrated a body and came out the back, its features twisted. With the remainder of its power, it usually would penetrate between three to five people!

This change happened in a flash, so quick that people were basically unable to react. Flying Cloud Camp instantly descended into chaos. They seemed to have been heavily swatted. The troop was scattered by the charge of black energy, and were left with heavy casualties and injuries. Due to the speed they were travelling at, the distance between the xiuzhe in the front and back of the troop was too small. Once the front lines had turned to chaos, the xiuzhe at the back didn't have the time to respond and they collided together.

The sound of bones cracking, and flesh tearing, as well as grunts and wails appeared simultaneously in this short moment.

The battle immediately reached its climax, its grandest moment, the time of death!

Like a meteor shower, the beautiful sword energies seemed to have been extinguished by this black wind, only leaving behind a few that fled in terror.

Sneak attack, baiting, ambush, one tactic after the other. In one night, the two most famous elite forces of Bright Water City were almost completely destroyed.

At this time, Shu Long showed his rich battle experience. He did not choose to use the Successive Mo Kill which was more powerful, but used the weaker, and more easily controlled Little Mo Kill.

The more powerful the xiuzhe were, the more vicious and cruel the battles between them were, especially large scale battles like this one.

An enormous slave transporting boat emerged from the clouds and appeared in everyone's view. The high speed pursuit had caused the distance between Flying Cloud camp and the other Bright Water City xiuzhe to increase. Leaving, Shu Long able to leisurely retreat towards Hundred Flower Valley.

The Bright Water City xiuzhe that managed to arrive could only watch the slave transporting boat enter the shadows of Hundred Flower Valley.

No one dared to give chase!

Many of them did not understand what was going on. They didn't know what had happened in Bright Water City, but the destruction of Flying Cloud Camp had happened in front of their eyes. Just now, the famed Flying Cloud Camp had almost been completely annihilated.

They had personally seen the entire process.

The ease that the Master of Golden Crow City had accomplished this made them feel a bone-aching chill. Terror gripped their hearts like the night.

The sky was almost completely filled with xiuzhe from Bright Water City but no one dared to move closer. The entire sky was unusually quiet with a deathly silence.

"This is a good chance to charge and kill," The first words that Gongsun Cha said to Zuo Mo when he got off the Green Cloud Sword was this.

Zuo Mo understood what Gongsun Cha meant. The other side's morale had reached the bottom. If he took the xiuzhe of Little Mountain Jie and charged out right now, not even half of the xiuzhe in the air right now

would remain.

But he shook his head and said, "This is enough."

His eyes looked at the camp inside the valley that seemed to be boiling, and began wandering off in thought.

Just as he finished saying this, many people flew from the camp onto the mountaintop.

"City Master! Let's attack! They are afraid!"

"Yes! It is a great chance!"

Everyone spoke over each other as they urged Zuo Mo to act. They were the leaders of the various factions.

Zuo Mo smiled, and a rare expression of solemnity came onto his face. "Everyone."

Once he spoke, the noisy crowd instantly quieted.

"First, there is something that needs to be told to everyone." Zuo Mo looked at the surroundings and said, "After this matter is over, we will be leaving Sky Water Jie."

These people were all heads, and were smart people. Some were puzzled, some were dazed, but they all had thoughtful expressions.

"But the great majority of everyone will be remaining here. Those people," Zuo Mo pointed at the xiuzhe in the sky, "are mostly normal xiuzhe. If they are killed, we can dust off our asses, and leave, no problem. But what about you? How will you establish yourselves in Sky Water Jie?"

"It isn't too great of a problem to offend Cloud Divine Sect and Wood Sword Sect, but if you offend all of Sky Water Jie, there will be no place for you in Sky Water Jie."

"Everyone has come here to seek a chance at survival. No one wants to have come out of Little Mountain Jie and still fight everyday!"

Zuo Mo's words caused everyone to be speechless.

"This one will remember and accept everyone's good will, and is very

grateful. This Hundred Flower Valley and this victory is gifted to everyone.”

“After today, there will be more xiuzhe that have rushed here. Why don’t you build a city here? If everyone is able to work together, with the precedent of Wood Sword Camp and Flying Cloud Camp, no one would dare to make trouble.

“This way, everyone can have safe and secure days.”

In the dark, Zuo Mo’s smile was like sunlight, his eyes black and bright as they attracted everyone’s gaze.

After the dark of the night came the light of dawn.

Many Little Mountain Jie xiuzhe came from all directions to Bright Water City, but before they could hurry to Bright Water City, the news of the Master of Golden Crow City’s great victory and the destruction of the Wood Sword and Flying Cloud Camps seemed to grow wings and spread throughout all of Sky Water Jie. The entire jie was shocked.

Just as the large factions of Sky Water Jie speculated on the future, the news that a city was being built in Hundred Flower Valley spread through Sky Water Jie.

The new city was called Little Mountain City.

Every Little Mountain Jie xiuzhe that was hurrying towards Bright Water City was reenergized and travelled day and night to fly towards Hundred Flower Valley.

In a short few days, almost half of all the Little Mountain Jie xiuzhe had gathered in Hundred Flower Valley.

All of the major factions in Sky Water Jie were attentively watching the movements of Hundred Flower Valley. They had originally assumed that Wood Sword Sect and Cloud Divine Sect would use their entire sect to exact vengeance, but unexpectedly, both sects maintained their silence and did not act.

By this time, almost eight-tenths of Little Mountain Jie xiuzhe had gathered in Hundred Flower Valley, and it was very busy.

The Master of Golden Crow City who was the subject of great hope had closed his doors to guests and cultivated every day.

“You aren’t going to help them?” Gongsun Cha asked.

“This isn’t something we should be involved in.” Zuo Mo shook his head, and then muttered, “Ge feels burdened with just the amount of people there already is. If there is any more people, ge will find a tree and hang himself.”

“Oh, that’s right.” Lil’ Miss nodded his head, and smacked his lips. He said regretfully, “We didn’t gain much from this battle.”

“A little unprofitable.” These words poked Zuo Mo’s wound. He couldn’t help but have an expression of heartache. They had invested greatly in this big victory. Just the dozen Sonic Lightning Walnuts were an astounding expense, but there were no spoils. It was the first time they had a battle with just expenses and no gains.

“It will count as thanks to them,” Zuo Mo comforted himself, but the heartache in his words didn’t lessen.

Feeling the strong effect this topic had on him, Zuo Mo decided to change the topic. He turned and asked Shu Long, “How is A Wen? Is he adjusting well? What about those flower slaves?”

Shu Long respectfully said, “A Wen’s injuries should completely heal in about a fortnight. The flower slaves are much better after cultivating the spell that daren taught them, but their situation will take some time until it can be clearly determined.”

“That’s good.” Zuo Mo felt his mood was much better.

Who said it, doing good deeds made one feel better. Even though it did not feel as good as jingshi, but Zuo Mo’s mood became much lighter.

The cloud suddenly started to gather in the sky above Hundred Flower Valley.

In less than ten breathes, there were dark clouds. The sky turned dark, and a pressuring mood filled all of Hundred Flower Valley.

Zuo Mo suddenly stood up, his face full of shock. "It's Xie Shan!"

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Translator Ramblings: Gongsun Cha's plan is a complete success. Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha only attacked the two sects and not Bright Water City because the two sects said they would attack and attacking in response is not exactly unacceptable. The consequences are just the hatred of two sects which would have been unavoidable anyways since the two sects would have attacked and lost. However, attacking Bright Water City would be unprovoked since Bright Water City hasn't done anything major to Zuo Mo's group. This would mean that Zuo Mo becomes enemies with all of Bright Water City and possibly the entire jie which is not something Zuo Mo can face even with the people from Little Mountain Jie.

Chapter 323: Core Formation

The entire Hundred Flower Valley started to move.

Core formation!

Someone was having their core formation!

Compared to entering the zhuji and ningmai stages, forming the core made a much bigger spectacle. The sky had just been full of light, but now it was covered in dark clouds. It was possible to see lightning snakes among the clouds, and five colored auroras flowing by. Many people couldn't help but have admiring expressions. Everyone caused different apparitions when they were forming their core. The exact nature of the apparition was related to the xiuzhe's own spells, and the laws that they comprehended.

The changes of the world during core formation was extremely important to a xiuzhe because it was the first step for a xiuzhe to comprehend the higher levels of the world's rules. Higher levelled rules, and deeper comprehension began with the apparition during core formation. Stepping into this door was a brand new world.

This was core formation! The core formation that countless people dreamed about.

Every xiuzhe that entered ningmai had a dream, core formation.

For the great majority of xiuzhe, jindan was the highest target they pursued. It meant greater power, higher status, more jingshi, and a freer life! In places like Sky Moon Jie and Sky Water Jie, a jindan was a warlord, and if they didn't want to waste time on mortal matters, any sect would welcome them with the status of an elder. The tempting benefits meant you did not have to worry about materials, or jingshi. You had great amounts of time to do anything you wanted.

To get all these benefits, you only needed to become a jindan.

The black clouds in the sky roiled. The five colored aurora would occasionally become rainbows that then extinguished. It was very

attractive. The mood became even tenser.

Zuo Mo's mouth was open wide as he looked dazedly at the sky. This was the first time he saw the process of core formation and it gave him an enormous shock. The black clouds in the sky, the rainbows that were born and died, all of this shocked him. His consciousness was very strong, and his sensitivity to ling power surpassed any xiuzhe inside the valley.

He could clearly feel the terrifying ling power that was contained here!

The ling power within a three hundred li radius had suddenly concentrated the moment the black clouds formed. The ling power had all flowed into this ball of black clouds. If these black clouds exploded, the power it would release would far surpass the power of twelve Sonic Lightning Walnut exploding simultaneously.

The entire Hundred Flower Valley would turn to dust. Even Zuo Mo, with his Great Day mo physique, would not be able to avoid this calamity. The pressure that was released by the black clouds was purely caused by the sheer enormous volume of ling power it contained!

Zuo Mo's expression suddenly became extremely ugly. He noticed many xiuzhe didn't retreat, but went closer. Core formation was a rare event and had a fatal attraction for everyone. If they could see a bit, it definitely would be of benefit.

This group of people didn't want to live!

Zuo Mo swore inside and stopped the people going forward, "It is dangerous! Come back! Everyone, retreat out of Hundred Flower Valley!"

Fortunately, Zuo Mo held great authority among this group of people. Everyone hesitated, but they all quickly left Hundred Flower Valley.

Hundred Flower Valley was very close to Bright Water City. Such a strong flow of ling power had disturbed all of Bright Water City. Xiuzhe from Bright Water City continually flew out of Bright Water City to look in the direction of Hundred Flower Valley.

After that night's battle, the xiuzhe of Bright Water City changed their attitudes towards the Little Mountain Jie xiuzhe who were lead by the Master of Golden Crow City, especially jindan xiuzhe. The ambush during the night had completely destroyed Wood Sword Camp, including one jindan. Up until now, there were five or six jindan that had died in the hands of the Master of Golden Crow City.

This was an number that no one could dismiss.

If it was one or two, it could be said to be luck, but five or six was not something that could be explained by luck. This was why the heavily wounded Wood Sword Sect and Cloud Divine Sect did not launch a counter-attack.

In the eyes of normal xiuzhe, the power of the Master of Golden Crow City was immeasurable. They also found that the construction of Little Mountain City did not affect their lives. These xiuzhe that came from Little Mountain Jie were not as brutal and evil as they had originally imagined. They were very generous and were deeply liked by merchants. Many merchants planned on going to Little Mountain City and open up a store.

“Core formation, they have someone becoming a jindan!”

In the sky, Yan Yang's expression was dark. A malicious look flashed through his eyes.

He Qiu was silently for a moment before he said, “Yes, they have become even stronger.”

When the figures of Vermillion Bird Camp appeared in the sky, He Qiu sighed. The name of Vermillion Bird Camp had spread through Sky Water Jie. Everyone knew of them. The appearance of this troop meant that the Master of Golden Crow City was still wary of them. Yan Yang did not make a sound. He stared viciously at Vermillion Bird Camp that was swimming through the air.

It was this troop that had sent Wood Sword Camp to their deaths, and had taken the life of his beloved disciple.

He definitely would avenge this grievance!

His gaze was dark. The elders of the sect did not agree to allow him using stronger measures. No elder was willing to fight. This was why he had remained inactive up until now. He did his best to control the hatred in his heart. He was very clear that only an unconventional move could help him avenge this grievance. In the entire Sky Water Jie, no sect would publicly stand with him and become enemies with the Master of Golden Crow City.

Yan Yang did his best to suppress it, but how could he conceal it from the eyes of He Qiu, who had been his opponent for more than ten years? He Qiu instantly knew Yan Yang's thoughts, but he did not speak of it. If Yan Yang wanted to jump into the fire pit, he wouldn't stop the other.

At this time, five colored aurora lights suddenly light up the thick cloud layer above Hundred Flower Valley. It was possible to see the shape of a rainbow-colored ling beast swimming inside.

Zuo Mo's expression was nervous. Xie Shan had reached the most crucial time of a core formation.

He could feel Xie Shan was continuously absorbing ling power from the clouds. That ling beast that was blurry was very resistant to Xie Shan absorbing ling power. Xie Shan didn't seem to be in a hurry, and just continuously drew out ling power.

Two hours passed. Xie Shan was still absorbing ling power.

Zuo Mo was filled with shock. Up until now, he could generally estimate how much ling power Xie Shan had drawn out from the clouds. Jindan xiuzhe were definitely monsters. The amount of ling power in a ningmai could not compare to what a jindan could contain. No wonder people commonly say that jindan and ningmai were two different worlds.

Pu Yao appeared out of nowhere. "You don't have to be jealous of him. He has a deep base which is why he has caused such an apparition while he is forming the golden core. If you grasp all six transformations of the

Great Day mo physique, other than some rare powerful jindan, no other jindan will be a match for you.”

“Really?” Zuo Mo didn’t quite believe it. Before today, he hadn’t been as fearful of jindan as he had been in the past, but the powerful apparition of Xie Shan’s core formation today had once again shown him the power of jindan xiuzhe.

“To be ranked second among brigadier mo physiques, how could it not have any powerful qualities?” Pu Yao smirked coldly.

His direction changed. “Even if you do not use the Great Day mo physique, you still don’t have to be afraid of him.”

“How so?” Zuo Mo was slightly interested. After Pu Yao had gotten a jindan last time, he had become much more energized, and was chattier. What surprised Zuo Mo the most was that this guy was much more generous than he was in the past. He didn’t hide things like spells and yao arts like he had before.

“If you cultivate [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], even a jindan isn’t a threat!” Pu Yao said proudly.

“Please,” Zuo Mo smirked scornfully, “who are you trying to fool! I’ve practiced these two, the power isn’t bad, but it isn’t enough to take down a jindan.”

“How much have you cultivated?” Pu Yao volleyed back with the same scornful tone. “It is a waste for them to have landed on your hands. Your brain isn’t very good. Just cultivate Great Day mo physique. That is most suited to people with able limbs and simple minds.”

He then glanced disdainfully at Zuo Mo, “Our yao cultivation has much more to consider than the dumb mo.”

Zuo Mo was not willing to show weakness. He said with a cold smile, “Really? But why haven’t I ever seen it from this honored Sky Yao?”

Pu Yao had a deep hint of mirth at the corner of his mouth. “No problem, I can let you see.”

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrank. A black dot suddenly appeared in front of Pu Yao, a black dot that was bottomless. When the black dot appeared, it expanded and swallowed the surrounding space at a rapid speed. Zuo Mo could only stare as the surroundings were being swallowed. His body could not move.

In the black void, Zuo Mo faced Pu Yao.

"This what yao art is this?" Zuo Mo gaped as he stammered. He looked in all directions. Everything was a black void.

Pu Yao lowered his head slightly, his blood red pupil narrowing into a line, and the thin lips slightly curved. "[Night Restriction], a very obscure yao art." Finishing, he gave a strange smile. "You are nervous?"

"Cough!" Hearing this, Zuo Mo pretended to cough. "Nonsense! Just a yao art that is used for scares, and you want to make ge nervous, you underestimate ge!"

Zuo Mo then said suspiciously, "Pu, you've recovered your power?"

"A little bit. Just a golden core, there wasn't much primary essence."

Zuo Mo sweat when he heard this. Pu Yao's tone made it seem like he was saying a mosquito didn't have much meat. Those were jindan, not lettuce.

"What do you want to do by bringing me to this dark place?" Zuo Mo's expression was righteous. "I'm telling you I have no interest in yao. In the future, I will find a beautiful female xiu to marry!"

"I'm very interested in you!" Pu Yao stared with interest at Zuo Mo like he was seeing some peerless treasure. His eye was red and shiny.

Zuo Mo's hair rose at his gaze.

"That that Pu, Xie Shan is undergoing core formation! I've never seen a core formation. If I miss this chance, it will be hard to encounter one again, look"

"There's nothing to see in a core formation." Pu Yao narrowed up his eyes again, and froze Zuo Mo's heart.

Pu Yao didn't seem normal today!

Zuo Mo's heart was beating. An abnormal Pu Yao was much scarier than any jindan.

"It was out of my expectations that you could cultivate to Great Day mo physique." Pu Yao glanced at Zuo Mo and said lightly, "The Great Day mo physique is unyielding and powerful. I've only seen one mo successfully reach it. Ten years later, I discovered he died."

"Died? How did he die?" Zuo Mo instinctively asked.

"They failed and died during advancement. If xiuzhe fail during advancement, they fail, and they themselves are not damaged. But the progression of a mo physique is very dangerous. If it fails, then their soul is destroyed."

Pu Yao's words were like the sharp cold wind of the winter, making Zuo Mo's face turn pale white.

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Translator Ramblings: Tradeoffs, faster growth, higher risk of death. It's nice of Pu Yao to tell Zuo Mo this after such a long time

Xie Shan is the first to reach jindan and this shouldn't be a surprise considering Fang Xiang mentioned it way back that Xie Shan had humongous ling power stores compared to most ningmai.

Pu Yao said one golden core and I kept it as such since Fang Xiang wrote it that way. It's possible that one was eaten to heal himself and he used the second for other purposes.

Chapter 324: Ten Finger Prison

Pu Yao's words made Zuo Mo's heart beat rapidly, but he quickly calmed down. After he had experienced so much, his mind was much stronger than before. Having dealt with Pu Yao for so long, it was clear that Pu Yao said all this for a reason.

Pu Yao saw that Zuo Mo didn't speak, and was not surprised. He said, "Xiu spells, mo skills, yao arts, the differences between these three are not so absolute and opposed as you imagine. When you reach the higher levels, you will encounter things you cannot imagine now, like a mo general suddenly attacking with a sword scripture move, or a xiuzhe casting a yao art. Everyone has different paths, but they all lead back to the same destination."

"Oh, this is just idle talk, this has nothing to do with you." Pu Yao's blood pupil flashed with a bloody light like a red and glittering ruby. He stared at Zuo Mo, and had an interested expression as he said amusedly, "What I want to say to you is that I am planning on doing a little experiment."

Zuo Mo suddenly had a bad feeling. "What experiment? Hey, Pu Yao, I'm telling you, don't do"

"Hee!" Pu Ya's blade-like lips slightly curved. His hands spread out like wings, the ten fingers seemed to be pressed against water and creating ten dots of intangible ripples.

"[Ten Finger Prison], that is a place any yao with ambition will go to!"

The ten ripples spread, and the space surrounding Zuo Mo started to waver.

When he opened his eyes again, he was dumbstruck where he stood. Above his head, a river slowly flowed. It was not supported by anything. Zuo Mo could clearly see a rainbow and vivid schools of fish swimming in the river and the threads of black and green water grasses.

Below his feet was a piece of rock about ten zhang in radius that was

floating in the air. In front of him rocks, large and small, floated without end. The river curved and flowed between these floating pieces of rock.

Some rocks had flowers and grasses growing vibrantly on them.

Zuo Mo's mouth was wide open. Looking at this scene that far surpassed his imagination, he was flabbergasted.

"Oh, this place changed a lot." Pu Yao's mood seemed to be pretty good as he looked around.

After a while, Zuo Mo recovered. He carefully walked to the edge of the rock and looked down. What was below was a blurry space that nothing could be made out.

"Below is the endless void. Don't fall down." Pu Yao smiled freely, "If you fall down, I can't save you."

Zuo Mo's body froze as he carefully shrank back to the center of the rock. He suddenly turned to stare hard at Pu Yao and gritted through his teeth, "You perverse renyao! Send ge back!"

"Hee hee." Pu Yao was not angry. "Relax. Right now, you are just a thread of primary soul that has been pulled into the Ten Finger Prison, it's not like your real body came."

Zuo Mo was slightly reassured, but Pu Yao's next words caused the anger in his heart to erupt.

"Oh, but if this thread of your soul can't return, it isn't any different than death."

"Pu, what do you really want to do?" Zuo Mo bit each word out as he asked.

"It is such a familiar smell." Pu Yao smelled the air of the Ten Finger Prison and showed an intoxicated expression. A moment later, he opened his eyes. "The Great Day mo physique is unyielding and peerlessly powerful, you know this. But you definitely don't know that compared to the strength of the fleshly body, what the Great Day mo physique requires most is the strength of the inner heart, the strength of the soul, that is the

crux to advancement.”

“This place cannot exercise your body, but it can exercise your heart and soul.”

“Welcome to the First Finger Prison of the Ten Finger Prison, Vast Water Clear Skies.”

Pu Yao bowed his body slightly, and made a very elegant gesture.

Zuo Mo quickly composed himself, and started to patiently listen to Pu Yao’s introduction. The more he heard, the more reassured he was. There was a time limit to the Ten Finger Prison. With the strength of Zuo Mo’s consciousness, he could only stay a maximum of four hours in here each time. Even Pu Yao had no way to change this.

Just four hours. The shadow over Zuo Mo’s heart instantly dissipated greatly.

“Ten Finger Prison is also called the Yao Training Prison. Any yao that has a little bit of accomplishment would basically have come here. The Yao Art Houses will even form teams and have events to increase the combat abilities of their students. Oh, you xiuzhe have similar places. Like Wu Kong Sword Sect’s sword cave, but that place is very small in comparison. Large sects like Kun Lun have their own training grounds. They are very big, about ten jie or so. We yao aren’t so extravagant. Oh, we’re so poor there’s no other way.”

Zuo Mo found that as Pu Yao entered the Ten Finger Prison, his words became more abundant, and was almost chatty. However, this matched his wishes. He could get some information from this guy’s mouth.

“Then won’t I encounter yao here?” Zuo Mo said doubtfully. He then became slightly excited. In any case, it was just four hours. Thinking that way, this trip to the Ten Finger Prison was more like a vacation.

“Right,” Pu Yao then twisted his mouth, “but this is the First Finger Prison, they will all just be beginners.”

“Oh. If they all like coming here, then this place should have some benefits.” Zuo Mo instantly showed his practical side.

“The Ten Finger Prison was supposedly created by an ancient Great Yao, and includes almost all the yao arts. Of course, that’s just a boast, you can just listen to it. But it does have a lot of yao arts. For example, the First Finger Prison, Vast Water Clear Skies, it is made from thirteen thousand low-level yao arts. I counted when I was young.” Pu Yao said with interest.

Zuo Mo looked at Pu Yao like he was looking at a monster. Alright, this joke was slightly bad.

“You were so idle when you were young.”

When the admiration in his heart reached his mouth, it became scorn. From this, it was possible to see that Zuo Mo was still angry over Pu Yao pulling him into the Ten Finger Prison for a four hour trip.

“Yes!” Pu Yao responded emotionally as though he was thinking of the times in the past.

Zuo Mo’s mind shifted. “Pu, what were you like when you were young?”

“A person as weak as you cannot understand.”

Pu Yao’s answer instantly smashed the remaining good feeling in Zuo Mo’s heart. He rolled his eyes. “So the powerful you came here to count? Counted all the way to thirteen thousand?”

“Ha ha!” Pu Yao laughed freely.

Zuo Mo flew among the rocks. He was very careful. Every rock, flower, grass, and drop of water here was related to the yao arts. Of the forty-six pieces of rock Zuo Mo had passed, every one of them had a different attribute.

Pu Yao continuously explained the different yao arts to him, how to use them, and how to deconstruct them. Zuo Mo found that Pu Yao actually did have some skill. Pu Yao could confidently talk about every kind of yao art, explain it effortlessly and was simple to understand. Having already learned the Great and Little Thousand Leaf Hands, Zuo Mo did not have a hard time understanding low level yao arts, but deconstructing them still required some effort.

What depressed him the most that the four hours was spent between these forty-six rocks. He had originally assumed that he could see some exotic locations. Zuo Mo was very disappointed. To leave each rock, it required deconstructing them.

Did this guy pull him here to destroy rocks?

What heart and soul becoming stronger

Zuo Mo was very suspicious this was an excuse this guy made up on the spot. He did not doubt this guy would do such a thing.

The power of low level yao arts were very limited, and far less than the Great and Little Thousand Leaf Hands. After learning the forty-six yao arts, there was no actual benefit to his combat abilities.

It was just four hours, Zuo Mo could only comfort himself so.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw a shadow flying towards him. His mind became alert, was he going to encounter a yao?

Just as he was filled with admiration, his surroundings rippled like waves and became blurry.

Damn it!

His vision blurred and Zuo Mo returned to reality. His expression was very ugly. He didn't leave early or late, but returned at the most interesting moment. This made his four hour tour of Ten Finger Prison turn into a trip to view rocks.

Just after Pu Yao and Zuo Mo disappeared, a figure flashed past the rock the two of them had been on and couldn't help but make a slight sound of surprise.

An expression of shock flashed across her face.

When her gaze landed on the other pieces of rock, the surprise on her face increased. She seemed to have seen something that was impossible.

Zuo Mo shook his head. His head still felt dizzy. Everything in front of him seemed slightly unreal.

“Daren, are you alright?” Shu Long asked in concern. He was slightly worried. Daren’s attention had been unfocused in the past four hours.

“Oh, nothing.” Zuo Mo suppressed the depression in his heart and raised his head to look in the direction of Hundred Flower Valley. “Has Xie Shan done anything?”

“Nothing.” Shu Long shook his head.

Just at this time, the black clouds above Hundred Flower Valley started to move forcefully, the five colored aurora moving in layers, and the outline of the multi-colored ling beast became even clearer.

Zuo Mo became alert. He felt the rate that Xie Shan was absorbing ling power suddenly increased.

It had come!

A rainbow light suddenly lit up in the black clouds like hundreds of rainbow needles piercing the eyes of the onlookers. Even Zuo Mo unconsciously closed his eyes.

The rainbow light was visible for hundreds of li.

A long howl passed from inside Hundred Flower Valley and rang into the surroundings!

When everyone opened their eyes, the black clouds in the sky had completely disappeared. There were no clouds for ten thousand li, and the sky was clear blue.

A figure shot from Hundred Flower Valley into the sky. It was Xie Shan. He looked around and then suddenly disappeared in the air.

Sighs rose among the crowd. Only jindan could possess such fast speed!

Xie Shan’s figure seemed to flash and then appear in front of Zuo Mo out of thin air. At this time, he was like an unsheathed sword with all his edges revealed. The presence of his body continuously smashed against the surroundings. Shu Long’s figure waved, and his expression changed to

a wary one.

Zuo Mo was like a spear and remained motionless. He was not affected by Xie Shan's presence at all.

"Daren, Xie Shan is a jindan!" Xie Shan respectfully bowed, his presence instantly decreasing.

Zuo Mo was stunned, and then a joyous expression came onto his face. He had originally assumed that Xie Shan would leave after becoming a jindan. In his view, that was normal and logical.

"Xie Shan hopes to follow Daren like before," Xie Shan said with a serious expression.

"En, good." Zuo Mo pressed his lips together tightly. He didn't know what to say but his heart felt warm and moved.

Ma Fan, who had been nervous, seemed to be relieved of his burden and gave a blinding smile. No matter if it was Vermillion Bird Camp, Guard Camp, or the forging division, everyone's mouths uncontrollably opened, their grins reaching their ears.

In an instantly, the cheers thundered!

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Translator Ramblings: No, Xie Shan is not going to stay behind, and he wants to go with Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo has gone on a nice field trip as Pu Yao shows how much he has recovered by eating that jindan.

Chapter 325: This Is

In the night, the five slave transporting boats silently advanced.

“A Gui, we are going to Cloud Sea Jie,” Zuo Mo lightly said to A Gui beside him. The puppet-like A Gui was lifeless, appearing so fragile she invoked pity. Whenever he thought of A Gui blocking the attack above Golden Crow City sacrificing herself in the process, Zuo Mo felt his heart tremble.

Lil' Black was still sleeping as usual, Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire were playing without worry but Silly Bird was acting out of the ordinary. She stood silently beside A Gui, her grey feathers lightly trembling.

Gongsun Cha, Shu Long, Xie Shan, and the others were gathered on this slave transporting boat. After Xie Shan entered jindan, he left the Sky Peak Platoon to act as Zuo Mo's personal guard. Ma Fan became the leader of Sky Peak Platoon, Nian Lu and Lei Peng his vice-commanders. In this period of time, the effect of continuous battle was very evident on everyone's development. There were eighteen more xiuzhe of Vermillion Bird Camp that had comprehended sword essence. The number of people in Sky Peak Platoon had increased rather than decreased even with Xie Shan's departure, and reached a total of thirty people.

The forging division hadn't been idle in this time. Due to the fact everyone used Golden Crow Fire, adopting the name Golden Crow Camp had received unanimous consent. Golden Crow Camp underwent further reorganization. The forging division was its most important division. Other than that, the dan-making division and other divisions were made into separate branches of Golden Crow Camp. Of the five slave transporting boats, two were especially set aside for Golden Crow Camp to construct specialized dan-making and forging rooms.

As their experience accumulated, everyone gradually created an effective system.

Xie Shan who had been resting suddenly opened his eyes. He glanced in the distance and a light flashed through his eyes. “This group of people

are really not letting go.”

From the moment they had departed Hundred Flower Valley, there had been people following them along the entire way.

“Ignore them,” Zuo Mo said. Their travel was concealed as much as possible but it could not be completely concealed from those with the intention to follow. These scouts were very alert, did not come close and only trailed from far away.

After flying for another four hours, the ground underneath them turned from hills to plains. An enormous formation entered everyone’s field of view.

“Whoa, so big!”

“Powerful! Such a big transporting formation!”

The people on the slave transporting boats became excited, stretching their necks out to look at the enormous formation at the ground.

The Sky Water Transporting Formation was over ten li in radius and was one of the largest transporting formations in Sky Water Jie. In the darkness, the enormous transporting formation flashed with light that made it even more enchanting.

Zuo Mo’s face was filled with shock. Of all the kinds of formations, transporting formations were famed for their difficulty. It was hard to imagine just how difficult it had been to make such an enormous formation. The transporting formations of Sky Moon Jie compared to this one were like toys that children played with. Sky Water Jie was much stronger and prosperous than Sky Moon Jie. This transporting formation was a evidence of the difference in wealth.

“Let’s go down.”

The five slave transporting boats slowly landed. Vermillion Bird Camp spread out and went on their guard to stop others from coming close.

Zuo Mo impatiently flew off the boat and into the air above the transporting formation. Gazing at the complex seal scripts of the

transporting formation, he was full of admiration. Zuo Mo quickly found that this formation had many places that he could not understand. However, he was not rushed, but took out a blank jade scroll to record down all the seal scripts of the transportation formation so he could study it in the future.

“Such a waste. You xiuzhe’s stuff is just grand yet impractical.” Pu Yao’s voice sounded in Zuo Mo’s mind. He said temptingly, “Little Mo Mo, come learn yao arts, yao arts are very useful.”

Zuo Mo ignored it and asked, “Pu, can you understand this formation?”

Pu Yao deflated. “Don’t understand” Then he argued, “I’m a yao, why do I need to understand your formations?”

“If you don’t understand, then shut up,” Zuo Mo shot back. A hint of suspicion flashed across his mind. Why was Pu Yao recently tempting him to learn yao arts? He couldn’t help but think at the same time that the golden core had been a very substantial meal. Pu Yao was much more lively than in the past.

If he ate a few more golden cores, would Pu Yao become a chatterbox?

Zuo Mo shook and decided to guard against this. A person couldn’t be overfed.

After flying multiple circles in the air around the transportation formation, Zuo Mo landed. Even though there were many details on this transportation formation that he did not understand, but he did not find it difficult to use it.

The five slave transporting ships flew inside the formation, and Zuo Mo started to bury jingshi inside the formation. One hundred and twenty four pieces of fourth-grade jingshi. Zuo Mo’s heart bled at the expenditure.

After all one hundred and twenty four pieces of fourth-grade jingshi were embed into the formation, the jingshi lit up one after the other like stars being ignited in the sky. Ten breaths later, all one hundred and twenty four pieces of fourth-grade jingshi were lit up. If one looked down from the sky, they looked like stars. The light started from each pieces of

jingshi and flowed following the seal scripts.

Looking at the complex seal scripts slowly light up, everyone felt curiosity and novelty.

The seal scripts of the entire formation were activated. It was extremely crowded, grand and dazzled the eyes. The light suddenly left the seal scripts and slowly floated towards the sky.

“Everyone, pay attention, we’re leaving!”

The excited Zuo Mo couldn’t help but yell.

Before his words landed, everyone inside the formation disappeared. The blinding and grand light turned to countless pieces of light and scattered in the wind like rain.

A moment later, two people appeared beside the formation. One of them was Yan Yang.

Yan Yang’s face was unusually excited. When he had learned of Zuo Mo’s trip, he knew that they were going towards the Sky Water Transportation Formation. They had hurried to get here first, and silently altered the formation to trick Zuo Mo. Yan Yang suppressed the ecstasy in his heart, and respectfully bowed to the person beside him. “Shishu, many thanks for doing this!”

“It’s nothing. I liked Gao Xiu too. This is avenging him,” This person said lightly. “However, you shall not move against Little Mountain City. If Sky Water Jie is in chaos, no one will benefit. The other sects will not agree.”

“This disciple understands,” Yan Yang couldn’t help but ask, “Where will they be transported to?”

“Three thousand jie are like stars in the sky. Only the heavens know where they will go.”

This person waved his sleeve, and dots of light flew out. The dots entered the formation and some seal scripts silently changed.

“This has ended. Let’s go.”

“Yes.”

Zuo Mo looked in front of him at the sky that seemed to be dyed with blood and suddenly had a bad feeling. Gongsun Cha, Xie Shan, and the others also had serious expressions. Anyone could see that something wasn't right.

"This isn't Buddhist Flower Jie!" Zuo Mo said darkly.

Sky Water Jie didn't have a transportation formation connected directly to Cloud Sea Jie, so they had to first arrive in Buddhist Flower Jie. There was a clear description of Buddhist Flower Jie in Zuo Mo's jie map. Buddhist Flower Jie's seasons were all like spring, and the climate was mild.

But what was in front of them

The air was filled with a stern killing energy. The sky was tinted with a strange red. Nothing grew on the soil beneath their feet.

Zuo Mo reacted the quickest. He looked below him and his expression changed. "Not good, someone did something to the transportation formation!" The transportation formation under their feet was damaged and incomplete. It clearly had been many years since someone had used it. Many places had been worn away.

Everyone's expression changed. Travelling among the jie, this was the most frightening scenario. If they suddenly landed in a strange and barren jie, there usually would be one ending, being trapped there until they died.

"Pu, do you know where this is?" Zuo Mo held one last thread of hope in his heart.

"No. You have to be careful. This place isn't right!" Pu Yao's voice held a rare gravity. Zuo Mo's heart continuously sank.

Damn it! Without any thought, Zuo Mo could generally guess who had done this. However, there was no meaning in determining who had been working from the shadows at the moment.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but be nervous as it was the first time he had

landed in a situation like this. In the past, no matter if it was Little Mountain Jie or Sky Water Jie, he had never been so nervous no matter how terrible the situation was. He didn't know what was up ahead. Were there people? Were there dangers?

He didn't know anything.

Ignorance was the terror in the deepest part of his heart.

Nervousness and insecurity spread among the people. Zuo Mo forced himself to calm down. He knew he couldn't panic right now. He inhaled deeply and tried to make his voice calmer. "We will go forward. Everyone, prepare to battle at any time."

Zuo Mo's efforts were not wasted. Everyone saw that he kept his composure, and it was as though they found their spines. Their restlessness instantly disappeared greatly. At this time, Shu Long and Gongsun Cha also reacted, and quickly calmed down.

The troop methodically started to move. The five slave transporting boats rose into the sky again and started to fly forward.

As they kept on flying, everyone's expressions became even heavier.

Desolate, a desolation that made everyone feel hopeless. After flying more than a hundred li, they hadn't seen anything that was living. The ground was burnt black but held a hint of blood red. There was nothing growing. All the mountain peaks were bare and free of any life.

Zuo Mo's mind suddenly moved. He channelled his ling power, and his expression changed again. He turned and said to Gongsun Cha, "Get them to save their ling power, the ling energy here is too thin."

Hearing this, Gongsun Cha's expression shifted slightly. He knew what this meant. The Vermillion Bird Camp xiuzhe that had spread out quickly came back to the slave transporting boats.

Now that the situation was so terrible, Zuo Mo actually completely calmed down. He said to Shu Long, "You try. See what effects this place has on you guys."

Shu Long hurried to activate his mo skill. He quickly had a joyful expression. "Daren, this place is very suitable for us to use mo skills, it almost ... almost ... " He didn't know how to explain it.

"The black fiendish energy here is very heavy," Pu Yao opened again, "and it has benefits for Shu Long and the others."

"Black fiendish energy?" Zuo Mo 's mind moved.

"En, a type of special fiendish energy. They mostly appear on battlefields. This place is probably an old battle field. However... .." Pu Yao suddenly stopped.

"However what?" Zuo Mo asked impatiently.

"Such strong black fiendish energy means two things. One is that this place should have been a battlefield in the past, a battlefield that is very vast, and was the site of colossal battles. The other is time. It will take a long time to create such thick black fiendish energy."

"How long?"

"Over ten thousand years!"

Hiss, Zuo Mo uncontrollably inhaled.

Ten thousand years

"An ancient battlefield from ten thousand years ago" Zuo Mo murmured to himself. The desolate scene in front of him became even more vast and desolate! Xie Shan and Shu Long beside him changed expression upon hearing this. Xie Shan even gave an expression of disbelief.

"But" Pu Yao stopped in his words.

"But what?" Zuo Mo suddenly shook and blurted.

"If this really is a battlefield, then a world-shaking and great battle was fought here. Such significant battles can be counted on the fingers. It is impossible that I do not know it!" Pu Yao said gravely, "But this place doesn't match the descriptions of any battlefield that I know of."

Zuo Mo's face was ashen white upon hearing this. Coldness crept up his heart, and his limbs.

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo falls prey to his ignorance and a whole new unexplored map is in front of him now. This is the end of the transitory arc in Sky Water Jie. You can also consider this little arc the conclusion to the major one before this and see it as a showcase for what Zuo Mo and the others have accomplished. But he's had too much of a smooth sailing after killing Clear Sky Old Forefather and a (major) setback is a good thing to cut Zuo Mo down to size. He fell prey to his ignorance about formations and his lack of understanding of his enemies.

Also, Lil' Cliffy is back!

Chapter 326: Ten Thousand Year Old Ancient Battlefield

“Can we go back the way we came?” Gongsun Cha asked Zuo Mo in a small voice.

The ashen-pale Zuo Mo shook his head, and said in a low voice, “We got tricked. The other changed the imprint on the transportation formation. This isn’t one of the preset transportation formations, but a random transportation formation. You also saw the transportation formation under our feet. It is broken.”

Gongsun Cha was silent.

Zuo Mo raised his awareness. “Make sure everyone is careful. We managed to get out of Little Mountain Jie. We can definitely find a way out of this place.”

Hearing this, Gongsun Cha’s expression became better.

Xie Shan’s expression was stern. He was now a jindan and he was naturally different in all areas than everyone else. He silently savoured the “Ten Thousand Year old Battlefield” Zuo Mo had just said, and felt that it was possible as he felt the bone-piercing presence in the surroundings. However, since Boss recognized it, he felt slightly reassured.

Boss’ origins were still so deep and immeasurable.

After flying for a long time forward, the front lines suddenly shifted. On high alert, Zuo Mo unhesitatingly went forward.

When he flew to the front, he was dumbstruck where he stood.

It was an enormous and shocking wasteland. Countless mountain peaks that had collapsed, soil that was burnt black everywhere, and there were large craters more than ten li in radius everywhere. The scarred and charred land was shocking to see, this was a battlefield. Spread among those craters were bones that could not be counted. These bones were already weathered. When a harsh wind blew, the bones crumbled to

powder. This scene that had only ever appeared in the legends and tall tales was endless. A vast and ancient presence blew in their faces.

Everyone was so shocked they could not speak, including Pu Yao.

“Ancient battlefield ancient battlefield” Xie Shan soullessly murmured to himself. The scene in front of him had given him an unparalleled blow. The marks left behind on the battlefield made him felt the terrifying power that could have destroyed the world at that time. He felt he was so small, like a speck of dust.

Zuo Mo was the first to recover. When he saw Xie Shan’s expression, he knew it was bad. Xie Shan had just entered jindan and his cultivation was not stable. The sudden stimulation was too strong, and his mind was still extremely vulnerable to damage. At this time, he couldn’t attend to anything else, shouting, “Remain alert!”

In these words, he used the Clear Sound Incantation.

Xie Shan shook and instantly regained his focus. He thought it had been very dangerous.

“Shu Long!” Zuo Mo shouted loudly.

Shu Long felt embarrassed by his performance just now. His face blotching red, he bowed respectfully. “Daren!”

“We’re going down!” Zuo Mo’s eyes narrowed, and a cold light flashed past.

“Daren!” Shu Long hurriedly urged, “The situation right now isn’t clear, going down so rashly”

“You don’t dare?” Zuo Mo interrupted him. His eyes were cold as knives.

Shu Long felt a burst of hot blood rushing to his head. His black armor rattled as he said unhesitatingly, “Shu Long obeys!”

He jumped up as he finished speaking. Mid air, Shu Long’s eyes glared angrily, the tendons tense and bulging without any of the caution and steadiness he usually held. His thunder-like bellow rang in the air, “Guard Camp, to the ground!”

The five slave transporting boats were close together to start with. Shu Long and Zuo Mo's exchange had not been concealed. All of Guard Camp heard it clearly. Guard Camp, who had sworn to follow Zuo Mo, was being doubted on their bravery by Zuo Mo. The entire camp was blood rushed as their eyes turned red.

"Yes!" Guard Camp shouted together as they jumped down.

In the air, black shadows jumped down like large birds.

The simultaneous shout of Guard Camp was like a gust of wind that swept the darkness off everyone's hearts. Morale rose greatly. Everyone of Vermillion Bird Camp that was staying on the slave transporting boats had shamed expressions. They had also clearly heard Zuo Mo's question. They wanted to be able to charge at the very front at this moment.

Gongsun Cha felt the same inside. When he had arrived here, he had put himself in a box. He really was lacking compared to Shixiong. Shixiong really was a natural leader. With just a few words, he had restored morale.

Xie Shan felt even more shameful. He was a jindan, but his resolve was not as strong as Boss!

"We are going down," Zuo Mo ordered with a cold face.

The five slave transporting boats quickly descended until they were not ten zhang from the ground.

"Shidi, you stay up here to command," Zuo Mo said to Gongsun Cha before he turned his face. "Silly Bird, protect A Gui!" When he finished, he stepped off the slave transporting boat. Silly Bird rolled her eyes, but obediently stood guard next to A Gui.

Zuo Mo stepped onto the ground.

The ground was as hard as steel with traces of red within the black. Zuo Mo did not examine it closely, but shouted with a cold expression, "Advance!"

So what if it was a ten thousand year old ancient battlefield?

The troop rolled forward, Shu Long's body shrouded in black energy and

brimming with killing intent as he charged at the very front. At this time, people no longer felt any terror. Morale was high. They wanted to see if any monster would pop up from somewhere so they could have a good fight.

Zuo Mo's face was cold as the troop advanced. He secretly paid attention to the surrounding environment.

Ten li long ditches were everywhere. Zuo Mo was suspicious that those were from sword energies. This place was filled with black fiendish energy. In a short while, the black energy on Shu Long and the other's bodies had become a few fractions denser. Zuo Mo had decided to walk on the ground and not fly in the air after great thought. Due to the existence of the black fiendish energy, Guard Camp had become the primary fighting force. Guard Camp was not skilled in aerial combat so it was better to advance on the ground. Also, if they encountered something dangerous, Zuo Mo didn't feel the air would be safer than the ground.

Zuo Mo glanced at the Golden Armor Guards beside him and suddenly found that the Golden Armor Guards were also absorbing black fiendish energy.

At this moment, all of his attention was put in front of him and could not be spared for other matters. What he saw most frequently were bones. When these bones were touched, they would crumble and become dust. There would usually be some damaged items beside the skeletons, but after ten thousand years, they were just like the bones, turning to dust upon a touch.

There was no life here, no living beings. On the way, there were only skeletons and scorched earth.

They had travelled for a full twenty hours. Zuo Mo raised his head to look at the blood colored sky. It hadn't shown any change compared to before. Was there no day or night here? Based on their speed, they had already advanced more than one thousand li, but there was no change in the scenery they passed.

Zuo Mo suddenly raised his head. He noticed the black fiendish energy

was much denser here than the location from twenty hours ago.

“Careful, we have been walking towards the center of the battlefield,” Pu Yao warned. Everything here was beyond his knowledge. His tone was extremely grave.

So that was why

Zuo Mo suddenly spoke, “Everyone, rest for a while.”

Hearing this, the fast travelling troops stopped. Everyone sat down to rest. Shu Long and the others were wrapped in black energy. They did not feel any exhaustion and their energy was abnormally good.

“Will the black fiendish energy pose any danger to them?” Zuo Mo asked Pu Yao.

Pu Yao said, “No. To them and the Golden Armor Guards, black fiendish energy is the best substance. I have never heard of a place with such thick black fiendish energy. This is the best place for Shu Long and the others to cultivate.”

“That’s good.” Zuo Mo’s heart relaxed. He suddenly thought of a question. “Pu, do you think there will be anything living here?”

“The possibility is very low,” Pu Yaos tone was very cautious, “the scale of this battlefield eclipses any conflict that I know of. I really cannot think of any conflict that has been on such a scale. The black fiendish energy created after such a great battle is unparalleled in its brutality. Normal beings definitely cannot survive.”

“What about xiuzhe like us? Or yaomo?” Zuo Mo said.

“That is possible.”

“That’s great!” Zuo Mo seemed to see a thread of hope.

“Great? I don’t think so!” Pu Yao said with a cold smile, “Living long term in a place with such thick black fiendish energy, one’s personality would naturally be affected. Becoming brutal and fast to kill. Other than that, you need to be careful of fiendish soul beasts.”

“Fiendish soul beasts? What is that?”

“At dense areas of fiendish energy, over time, they will create low level souls. Oh, their formation process is like that of Lil’ Fire, but they are born from fiendish energy, and are innately brutal and fond of killing. I’ve never seen fiendish soul beasts nurtured by black fiendish energy. Ha, this is interesting!”

After resting for a while, the troop departed again.

Twenty hours later, the surrounding environment still had not changed. If it wasn’t that the density of black fiendish energy in the air had clearly increased, Zuo Mo would have been suspicious that they had entered a high level illusory formation.

After this rest, Zuo Mo did not let the troop immediately depart but set up camp.

“We need to rest?” Gongsun Cha ran over to ask Zuo Mo.

“En, there is possibly danger ahead. I’m planning to get Shu Long and the others to cultivate before going forward,” Zuo Mo said.

“So that’s how it is!” Gongsun Cha made a deep sound. He said with slight worry, “The other people’s situations are not good. The ling power here is very thin. They can only use jingshi to replenish their ling power.”

Zuo Mo didn’t have better methods. He could only say, “Just use jingshi for now.”

He rejoiced now that they had taken enough jingshi along and didn’t have to worry in the short term. This was a habit they had formed from being in Little Mountain Jie. They had taken large amounts of jingshi from Little Mountain Jie and hadn’t spent much in Sky Water Jie. They had taken all of these jingshi with them.

“Pu, do you have any methods?” Zuo Mo was slightly troubled.

“I do know some methods of cultivating with black fiendish energy, but they have to start over their cultivation from the beginning.” Pu Yao spread his hands.

“We can only take a step and look a step,” Zuo Mo sighed. He started to

search for jade scrolls on formations in his ring. He needed to take a good look at transportation formations. He probably had to rely on himself to make a transportation formation to leave this ghastly place. No formation could remain complete after ten thousand years, it was unlikely that they would find one. What he set up would be much more dependable.

He had many jade scrolls in his ring, and jade scrolls on formations were something he was usually very enthusiastic about collecting. He took out all the jade scrolls on formations that he possessed. Piled up in front of him was a little mountain.

If he could chew through this little mountain, they would be able to leave this ghastly place!

Zuo Mo continued to brainwash himself. Just as he was preparing to start, he saw Cheng Shidi who had been buried in the nursery on the slave transporting boats and never showed his face suddenly jump out of the slave transporting boats. He stumbled as he ran over, his expression panicked.

“Shixiong! Shixiong! Come quickly to see!”

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo and the others are very lucky they have the black processing meditation mats. For scale comparisons, a li is 500 meters so there are some pretty big ditches.

Zuo Mo would not let Pu Yao take Xie Shan easily. He has supported Xie Shan's cultivation for a long time through jingshi and to make a profit, Pu Yao needs to offer him the value of a jindan and also what Zuo Mo has invested in Xie Shan. There also is the possibility what Pu Yao trades Zuo Mo has hidden shortcomings so Xie Shan with his proven loyalty is a safer bet. Xie Shan could also defeat other jindan or act like bait.

Chapter 327: Twin Butterfly

Zuo Mo raced with Chun Yu Cheng towards his nursery room.

This was the first time he had went to one of Cheng Shidi's rooms. He couldn't help but feel a twinge of shame. There were too many matters he had to attend to every day and he had basically had not paid any attention to any of Cheng Shidi's matters.

Cheng Shidi's husbandry room had been divided into several areas. After he took a close look, he was very shocked. Each section was its own standalone beast pool. When had Cheng Shidi been able to construct the beast pool by himself?

"Shidi, you don't know. When it came out, it was different compared to the rest of its species." Chun Yu Cheng's expression wasn't good. His soul seemed shaken, but he felt reassured with Zuo Mo at his side.

"Shidi, you made these beast pools yourself?" Zuo Mo interrupted him.

"This, yes," Chun Yu Cheng clearly did not pay attention to Zuo Mo's question. The conversation's focus quickly returned to the matter at hand, "It is a ninth-generation ling butterfly. There were two hundred that were of the same brood as it"

"Shidi, this part of the formation isn't quite the same as what I did before," Zuo Mo said as he pointed at a formation script on the beast pool.

"Did I change it incorrectly?" Chun Yu Cheng embarrassedly rubbed his head. "I felt that place wasn't too complete, so I tried to change it. I found the effects are pretty good so I kept using it."

Zuo Mo's shock increased as he hurriedly waved his hand. "No, no, you didn't do anything wrong. If Shidi feels it is effective, then use it."

So without him noticing it, Chun Shidi's husbandry skills had reached such a high level!

"Oh, that's great!" Chun Yu Cheng released a breath, but his expression tensed again. He refocused on his original topic. "Shixiong, when this one came out, it swallowed a ling butterfly. I was slightly surprised. I've raised

ling butterflies for this long, but have never seen one as savage as this.”

Chun Yu Cheng finally was able to pull Zuo Mo’s attention to the topic. He couldn’t help but follow, “Then?”

“Then,” Chun Yu Cheng swallowed, “it devoured more than one hundred ling butterflies. I thought that it would eat all the ling butterflies if it kept on going so I put it together with some poisonous worms. I started to raise these poisonous worms in Little Mountain Jie. They are very vicious, and have great potential. I speculated that if I raised them for a bit longer, after two or three generations, it may produce a fifth-grade ling beast.”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo’s curiosity was completely stirred up. “And then?”

“When I went to look a few days later,” Chun Yu Cheng’s expression was slightly terrified, “those poisonous worms had all died. Their bodies were deathly grey without a hint of life. Shixiong, you know, I’m pretty familiar with ling butterflies, but I’ve never heard of such an evil ling butterfly.”

Looking at the trace of terror remaining in Cheng Shidi’s face, Zuo Mo was even more curious.

“It was a pity to throw the poisonous worms out. I had originally planned on using the husks but didn’t expect the exoskeleton, claws, and teeth of the worms had no ling energy left.” Cheng Shidi’s voice became filled with anticipation. “At that time, I knew this ling butterfly wasn’t a simple one.”

Zuo Mo knew that if the matter was just like this, Cheng Shidi would not be so nervous. He asked, “Did something unexpected happen?”

Worry floated onto Chun Yu Cheng’s face. “Starting from yesterday, it suddenly became extremely restless, and kept on charging towards the outside of the beast pool. This ling butterfly is really powerful. I noticed that the beast pool can’t hold it for much longer, and I can’t suppress it any longer so I hurried to find Shixiong.”

At this time, the two of them arrived at a beast pool.

Zuo Mo finally saw the ling butterfly that Cheng Shidi spoke about. At

first glance, he was very shocked. The wings of this ling butterfly were different colours, one black and one white, and were without any blemishes. The most unique part were the two antennae. A ball of mist floated at the end of each antenna, also black and white. It was possible to make out the figures of two little people within the two balls of mist.

But what truly shocked Zuo Mo was the faint presence released by the ling butterfly. This presence was extremely weak, but it was very clear, and made Zuo Mo think of that fifth-grade Bloody Horned Serpent.

Was this a fifth-grade ling butterfly?

“This ling butterfly is very unique.” Chun Yu Cheng had a proud expression. “I call it the twin butterfly.”

The twin butterfly noticed Zuo Mo, and instantly had a wary expression. Zuo Mo’s mind moved, and he released a thread of the presence of the Great Day mo physique. The twin butterfly was shocked and shrank back to the corner of the beast pool.

Such an intelligent ling butterfly!

Zuo Mo praised inside. He was even more sure that this twin butterfly wasn’t far from fifth-grade.

Thinking about this, he knocked on the beast service card at his waist. The Black Butterfly flew out. After the Rainbow Mark Butterfly leveled into the Black Butterfly, it was fourth-grade, and one step away from fifth-grade. When the Black Butterfly flew out, it noticed the twin butterfly. It seemed to be slightly wary of the twin butterfly.

At this time, the mist at the two ends of the twin butterfly’s antennae flew out like a bolt of intertwined black and white lightning that accurately struck the Black Butterfly!

The Black Butterfly froze on its spot as its vitality quickly flowed away. In a flick of the finger, the black and white mist flew back into the beast pool.

Hiss, Zuo Mo and Chun Yu Cheng inhaled sharply.

The change was so sudden. Zuo Mo hadn't thought the black and white mist of the twin butterfly could ignore the jinzhi of the beast pool.

As the black and white mist entered the body of the twin butterfly, Zuo Mo sensitively detected the presence of the twin butterfly had greatly increased! He saw the colors of the black and white wings of the twin butterfly were even purer, and the greatest changes were in the two little people in the balls of mist. The features of the two little people in the mist were more distinct than before. They were the size of a thumb as they floated in the mist.

Such an eerie and weird ling butterfly!

Just as Zuo Mo was astonished, Pu Yao suddenly spoke, "Hm, this Yin-yang Twin Butterfly is a little interesting."

"Yin-yang Twin Butterfly?" Zuo Mo's reaction was extremely quick.

"This shidi of yours really does have some skill to be able to raise such a rare ling butterfly." Pu Yao first praised Chun Yu Cheng before he said, "I've never seen a Yin-yang Twin Butterfly before so my knowledge is limited. This Twin Butterfly of your Shidi's is slightly different than the Yin-yang Twin Butterfly I know of. Take a look with your Ling Eye."

Zuo Mo hurriedly opened his Ling Eye and saw threads of black energy continuously fly into the beast pool and enter the body of the Twin Butterfly.

"Black fiendish energy?" Zuo Mo inhaled sharply again. "It is absorbing black fiendish energy!"

"Your shidi has raised something good." Pu Yao reminded, "Quick, get it into the beast service card. Remember to first use the Great Day mo physique."

Receiving Pu Yao's guidance, Zuo Mo hurriedly explained the situation to Cheng Shidi. Cheng Shidi was both surprised and joyful. He hurriedly said, "Shixiong, quick, tame it!" Chun Yu Cheng's cultivation was too low. There wasn't a problem when he was raising ling beasts, but he did not have the power to tame a powerful ling beast like the twin butterfly.

Even Zuo Mo needed to use the power of the Great Day mo physique to tame the twin butterfly.

Zuo Mo did not hesitate and took out an empty beast service card. Activating the Great Day mo physique, the Light Void Wings on his back appeared. The husbandry room was filled with a tangible pressure. All the ling beasts in the beast pools curled up in balls as they shook. The two little people on the tips of the twin butterfly's antennae trembled. It seemed to have realized something, but the powerful pressure of the Great Day mo physique made it lower its wings.

Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo unhesitatingly cut his finger to squeeze out a drop of blood to throw at the twin butterfly as he cast a spell at the same time, calling out, "In!"

The black and white wings of the twin butterfly shook, and it did not dare to dodge. The drop of blood and the spell quickly permeated it when it touched the wings like water sinking into sand. In a moment, a bloody crescent mark appeared on each of the black and white wings. The twin butterfly turned into a light of intermingling black and white and entered the beast card.

Two little people, one black and one white, floated onto the service of the beast service card back to back. Five stars lit up the back of the beast service card. Chun Yu Cheng and Zuo Mo both had joyous expressions. This twin butterfly was a fifth-grade ling butterfly!

"I raised a fifth-grade ling butterfly! I raised a fifth-grade ling butterfly!" The ecstatic Chun Yu Cheng murmured, unable to say anything else.

It had been his dream to raise a fifth-grade ling butterfly. He had talent in husbandry, but he was from a small sect. Compared to the disciples from the large sects, the resources he could receive were limited. Raising a fifth-grade ling butterfly was his limit. He had always worked towards this target.

But today, the goal that he thought he would need to struggle towards for a lifetime had already been achieved.

He felt he was dreaming and it was unrealistic. Among the joyfulness

was a thread of confusion. The greatest goal of his life had been completed so easily.

Looking at the excited yet bewildered Cheng Shidi, Zuo Mo smiled. He understood Cheng Shidi's mood very well. He shoved a jade scroll into Cheng Shidi's hand and then left the husbandry room.

Chun Yu Cheng was excited for a long time, after he finally calmed down and found a jade scroll in his hand.

He reflexively inspected the contents and became dumbstruck as though he was struck by a bolt of lightning.

Zuo Mo walked out of the slave transporting boat and found Bao Yi to tell him to not short Cheng Shidi on any materials he requested. Bao Yi hurriedly agreed. Inside, he celebrated his carefulness. He had always tried to satisfied all of Chun Yu Cheng's requests. In his view, Chun Yu Cheng did not ask about matters, but he was Boss' Shidi. It seemed that he had acted correctly.

The jade scroll Zuo Mo had given Chun Yu Cheng included all of the content on the beast pools. The modifications Chun Shidi had made to the beast pool caused him to realize his shidi's exceptional talent in husbandry. He decided to give everything about the beast pool to Cheng Shidi to study. The present Cheng Shidi needed a completely new goal.

He summoned the twin butterfly and examined this unique ling butterfly. He had to admit that only a maniac like Cheng Shidi could raise such a unique ling butterfly based on the disorderly and fragmented jade scroll Zuo Mo had given him and his own knowledge.

However, he then creased his brow. If Cheng Shidi wanted to progress another step, he would face a problem – cultivation. Cheng Shidi would find it difficult to suppress any action of a fifth-grade ling beast. The twin butterfly had been a very lucky incident.

Another with the same problem was Gongsun Shidi. Zuo Mo had learned more about battle generals, and knew that battle generals had a

system of unique cultivation spells. The demands on cultivation of beginner battle generals were not high, but as they progressed, the demands on cultivation increased.

This was really a troublesome problem.

Zuo Mo frowned and sank into deep thought. He did not notice the actions of the twin butterfly.

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Translator Ramblings: Chun Yu Cheng finally gets a chapter focusing on him. Ling butterflies have really short generation times compared to everything else. Nine generations from Desolate Wood Reef to now or in even less time. I feel that this might end up being more profitable than being a ling plant farmer.

Today is also a pretty nice day except I have discovered listening to music to make me focus is not working anymore.

Chapter 328: Upheaval of Sword Cave

Inside the sword cave, Lin Qian finished reading the jade scroll and said with a sigh, "Just passed by, what a pity, what a pity."

Wei Sheng raised his head to look but did not say anything. His time in the sword cave could not be called pleasant. It wasn't that it was dull to stay in the sword cave every day. He cultivated the sword and had gone through hundreds of hardships. What was in front of him now didn't amount to anything.

What made him feel dislike was the inability to mesh with this group of people. Truthfully, Lin Qian thought highly of him, and was very courteous in tone and speech, and never lost his manners. The xiuzhe under Lin Qian's command did not try to find trouble with him, but the distance in their backgrounds would lead to subtle and unconsciously slips.

Wei Sheng wasn't dumb. How could he not feel it? He didn't find it strange. He had started as a sword servant. What kind of attitudes hadn't he been subjected to? He just disliked it. What he disliked even more was that Lin Qian would always target Zuo Mo Shidi.

He usually wasn't a chatty person. After entering the sword cave, he became increasingly reserved.

Lin Qian handed the jade scroll to Wei Sheng.

Wei Sheng was slightly puzzled as he took the jade scroll and started reading. After he finished reading the jade scroll, Wei Sheng's expression was normal, but enormous waves of emotion started in his heart.

Taking the name of the Master of Golden Crow City, killing multiple jindan, tens of thousands of xiuzhe gathering at his call

Was this Shidi? Wei Sheng didn't quite believe it. In the jade scroll, Shidi's appearance had changed greatly, but Wei Sheng had instantly recognized the attitude and movements. He also recognized Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng. After Shidi had been sent to Desolate Wood Reef,

Wei Sheng had especially investigated the shidi of the sect that had gone with Zuo Mo Shidi and he had a general impression of these two people.

Shidi really was Shidi!

Wei Sheng was filled with an unspeakable joy. He felt peerlessly happy knowing that Shidi was alive and living well. Excitement unconsciously showed in his eyes. Shidi was so powerful now. As the shixiong, how could he be left behind?

Lin Qian had been staring at Wei Sheng and suddenly spoke, "Do you know what secret technique is this golden pair of wings on Zuo Mo's back? Does it originate from the sect?"

Wei Sheng opened his eyes, and said solemnly, "Zuo Shidi usually has great luck. It wouldn't be strange for him to have fortuitous encounters."

Lin Qian looked with pity at Wei Sheng and said faintly, "Really? This one is familiar with the records and feel the pair of golden wings on Zuo Mo's back matches the supposed transformations of a mo physique."

Wei Sheng was not moved. "Oh, really? But based on what Wei knows, the dhyana's abhinna have similar ones. Xin Shishu has passed on [Vajra Profound Sutra] to Shidi. Shidi is exceptionally talented, and was just a step away from forming an abhinna."

Lin Qian took back his gaze and said calmly, "Brother Wei, why argue with me? I already have people guarding at Buddhist Flower Jie. Sect Leader Pei is righteous and just, and has agreed to this one to investigate this matter. The result will naturally be clear at that time."

Wei Sheng's hands fisted together, his eyes angry. The xiuzhe around Lin Qian shifted and stared with murderous eyes at Wei Sheng.

"Brother Wei has no need to be nervous. If Zuo Mo really has achieved an abhinna, this one will be happy. Even if Zuo Mo is being threatened by yaomo, this one will save his life." Lin Qian raised his head, his eyes deep and serene. "The battle between us xiuzhe and yaomo is like water and fire, and cannot be avoided. Brother Wei is exceptionally talented. You should remain neutral. Do not fail the hopes of your sect leader."

As he finished, he turned and ordered, "Everyone prepare. We are returning tomorrow morning."

Wei Sheng shook upon hearing this. The snippets of conversation he heard when the xiuzhe had chatted floating into his mind. The xiuzhe in the surroundings looked coldly at Wei Sheng and scattered.

In the deepest part of the sword cave, Wei Sheng travelled here alone. His eyes scanned the surroundings and was filled with reluctance. He knew that Lin Qian and his fellows were going to completely abandon Sky Moon Jie. When the group of xiuzhe had been chatting, he heard that the upper ranks were planning to completely seal the jie river from Sky Moon Jie to Bright Wave Jie. Supposedly, almost all of the jindan experts of Bright Wave Jie were being gathered to set up the formation.

They didn't plan to recapture Sky Moon Jie.

The atmosphere in the dark sword cave seemed to become more agreeable at this time. Thinking about how he would be unable to return to Sky Moon Jie in the future, Wei Sheng's heart was dark. He silently walked to the deeper parts of the sword cave. He had killed his way through all eighteen levels of the sword cave. Thinking about it now, it seemed like yesterday. The shixiong and shidi of Wu Kong Mountain seemed to be right in front of him.

Thinking of the complex fighting inside the sect, his heart felt irritated. He hadn't increased his cultivation one bit in this past year. He knew why that was. He had already planned it out. After returning this time, and the matter of Zuo Shidi was cleared up, he would go out to travel. He only wanted to cultivate the sword. He didn't want to manage the matters of the sect and he couldn't manage them.

For some reason, he wasn't too worried about the matter of Shidi. Thinking of Zuo Mo, he smiled. Shidi's cunning could only be understood by those who felt it. None of the people that had targeted Shidi before had ever gotten away.

Lin Qian's origins were extraordinary, and had astounding power on his hands. Wei Sheng was very clear of that. But if Lin Qian thought he would

be able to pin down Shidi so easily, then he was too naïve. Thinking about it, mirth unconsciously came to the corner of Wei Sheng's mouth.

As to Lin Qian's talk about yaomo. Wei Sheng felt disdain. He was clear that yaomo and xiuzhe were mortal enemies. He didn't have any good feelings about yaomo, but did not hold negative feelings. The conflict of xiuzhe and yaomo at its core was the conflict over resources. Xiuzhe cultivation required large amounts of jingshi and all kinds of talismans. Where would these things come from?

There was a system for the production of materials, but it was far from being able to satisfy the demands of those great sects. The discovery of new jie had never stopped. Each jie's discovery would be accompanied by rivers of blood.

What did the battle of yaomo and xiuzhe have to do with him?

Those big sects weren't good entities. He missed the past Wu Kong Sword Sect.

Unknowingly, he walked to the deepest level. The yin fiends along the way had not recovered, and didn't dare to come near Wei Sheng as they knew his power.

The deepest level was empty. In the past, there had been a very powerful yin fiend here. He had killed it at the expense of heavy injuries. His gaze landed on the ground. There was a thick layer of copper tile beneath his feet, and along the stone wall was a copper table. There was a jade box on the copper table. Wei Sheng's complete version of [Void Sword Scripture] had been taken from this jade box.

Everything here had not changed compared to when he had left.

After tomorrow, everything here would be sealed forever.

Wei Sheng was very emotion. His hand caressed the copper table. A wave of coldness passed back. He suddenly made a slight sound of surprise. There was another weak presence among this wave of coldness! This presence was very weak. If it wasn't that he was much stronger than when he had previously been in the sword cave, then he would not have

detected this presence.

There was something strange!

His mind jumped. Closing his eyes and calming his mind, this weak presence slowly became clear.

He opened his eyes and sent out his sword essence to swipe a few times on the copper table. The surface of the table flashed with light and revealed a jade box.

Wei Sheng had a surprised and joyful expression as he hurriedly opened the jade box. Inside was a damaged jade pendant and a jade scroll. Wei Sheng carefully picked up the jade scroll. As he read, he became even more shocked.

Remaining in the jade scroll was a thread of thought that the sect's ancestral master had left before death. It told the history of this jade pendant. This pendant was a talisman the ancestral master had serendipitously received when he was young, which had a unique presence that lingered on it. The sect's [Void Sword Scripture] had been comprehended by the ancestral master from this presence. When he read this, Wei Sheng's heart beat wildly.

A presence was enough for the ancestral master to comprehend a sixth-grade sword scripture. This presence should have been so powerful he couldn't imagine it

The ancestral master spent his entire life studying this jade scroll, and finally gained something before the end of his life. However, he had no power to personally uncover the mystery of the pendant so he had carved what he knowledge had gained on the underside of the copper tile. But considering that while the presence of the jade pendant was weak, but it was vastly immeasurable and pure, he was afraid it would cause a calamity. The ancestral master decided to hide it. If a disciple from the sect had the fate, he naturally would receive it. This was an opportunity.

Putting down the jade scroll, Wei Sheng' gaze moved to the damaged jade pendant. His heart beat hard. A presence that was complex enough that the ancestral master took a lifetime to comprehend, it definitely was

exceptional.

He carefully picked up the jade pendant. The jade pendant was very non-descript. One corner was damaged, and its style was very old. Holding it on his hand, he could feel the mysterious presence even more clearly. Suppressing his strong curiosity, he did not dare to use his mind to touch this weak presence. A presence that even the ancestral master had to study for a lifetime wasn't something he could touch with his present cultivation.

He gravely hung the jade scroll on his neck and then his eyes landed on the copper tiles. He started the core scripture of [Void Sword Scripture] and pressed his hand to a copper tile. This copper tile instantly became light as air, and was easily taken up.

There was something!

A strange pattern was revealed on the ground. Wei Sheng's mind jumped again, and he picked up the tiles one after the other.

In a short while, all of the copper tiles on the ground were removed to reveal the ground below. The ground was as smooth as a mirror. An enormous formation appeared below Wei Sheng's feet.

This was

Wei Sheng's eyes flashed as he carefully examined the formation under his feet. However, the complex seal scripts made him dizzy. He thought it would be wonderful if Zuo Shidi was here. With Shidi's skill in formations, he definitely would know what this formation did.

He did not notice the jade pendant hanging on his neck started to imperceptibly light up.

When the light covered the entire jade pendant, and Wei Sheng noticed it, the formation under his feet lit up with a bright bloody light, so bright that Wei Sheng could not open his eyes.

The dazzling blood coloured light formed a pillar and shot upwards.

The rock over his head turned to dust in front of the pillar of light.

On the highest level of the sword cave, Lin Qian's expression suddenly changed. His figure suddenly leap to the side. A blinding bloody pillar of light shot out of the ground, and brushed past him. Some of the xiuzhe that couldn't react in time didn't even have the time to wail before they were reduced to dust.

The pillar of light destructively penetrated the jinzhi of the sword cave with its lingering energy, went through the thick rock and rose into the sky.

Lin Qian's expression was extremely ugly. At this time, he could not do anything else but shout, "Leave! Leave immediately!"

The erupting pillar of bloody light was like an enormous sword of blood that pierced the sky!

The yao army camped on Wu Kong Mountain looked in shock at the thick pillar of light.

Mu Xi reacted the quickest. Her expression tightened with shock, "Go investigate what is going on!"

The deepest level of the sword cave was empty of everything.

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Translator Ramblings: After the two shidi with Zuo Mo, it's time to focus on the Shixiong of Zuo Mo. Things are not what they appear to be and Wei Sheng has his own struggles. He's burdened by the expectations of the sect while Zuo Mo only needs to meet the requirement "don't shame us." It's a simplification but there is a system of debts and repayment. Wu Kong Sword Sect put more resources in Wei Sheng and expects more out of him. You can think of it as Luo Li being the blood child of the masters, Wei Sheng being the child they adopted and Zuo Mo the one that was a freebie when they went shopping. Luo Li also has his own burdens and struggles.

I don't think I actually wrote that the black butterfly is dead. It just lost a lot of life force.

Chapter 329: The Name of Tenth Grade

The twin butterfly slowly waved its wings. The black fiendish energy continuously flowed into its body like a whale swallowing water. The black miniature figure hanging on the black antennae slowly became clearer. The features became more and more defined out of the blurriness, becoming more detailed.

The little miniature black person on the antenna was about three cun tall. Black clothing, and black hair, his face was cold, his eyes holding killing intent as he stood aloofly.

When Zuo Mo raised his head from his thoughts, he coincidentally saw the formation of the little black person. He was very surprised. This twin butterfly was really unusual!

The little black person glanced at Zuo Mo but had no intentions of paying attention to him. He suddenly raised his arms, his hair standing on end, his eyes lighting up as he said in a crisp voice, "In!"

A strong twister suddenly formed around the twin butterfly with wind, sand and rock.

Hiss! Zuo Mo inhaled sharply was amazement. The view within his Ling Eye, the black fiendish energy was furiously flowing towards the arms that the little black person was raising.

The noise caused by the little black person was too loud. The entire camp was disturbed. Everyone thought they were under attack and flew into the sky. The first to react was Xie Shan, the second to charge over was Shu Long. He was extremely sensitive to black fiendish energy, and instantly detected the change.

When they ran over with nervous expressions, and found the culprit was a strange black and white ling butterfly in front of Zuo Mo, they were stunned.

Zuo Mo looked dazedly at the little black person. The black fiendish energy within five li of here had all been moved. In the Ling Eye, the black

fiendish energy within five li formed an enormous black and red whirlpool. At the center of this whirlpool was this little black person not even three cun tall.

The little black person had a stern expression as it focused intently on absorbing the black fiendish energy.

The entire process took a whole two hours before the little black person contentedly stopped. At this time, he clearly looked different. The black hair now was blood red like a burning flame. The black pupils were deep as the night. Its handsome little face wore a cold expression, the killing intent between the brows even more evident.

The twin butterfly stopped absorbing the black fiendish energy, and the restless air gradually calmed down.

Just as Zuo Mo was dumbstruck, the twin butterfly flew in front of him. The little black person raised its little face filled with sternness and killing intent and gazed at Zuo Mo. When it spoke, it was with a crisp and child-like voice, "Please, Master, bestow a name!"

Oh, it seemed alive

His face filled with disbelief, Zuo Mo seemed to have seen a ghost and put his face near. "You are alive?"

The killing intent on the little black person's face froze. The corner of his eyes twitched. The little face had also darkened, but was also helpless. "Yes!"

"Hm, interesting" Zuo Mo was excited. He suddenly raised his right hand, and poked a finger in curiosity on the body of the little black person. "Oh, it's soft"

Murderous intent rose on the face of the little black person. The little face was dark as it said, "A soldier can be killed, but cannot be humiliated!"

It was a pity that the crisp childish tone neutralized the effect of all of the murderous intent.

However, Zuo Mo still took his finger back guiltily. He rubbed his chin in pretension. "Naming" His eyes suddenly lit up. "Inviting Wealth! How about this? Is it mighty enough"

The features of the little black person convulsed. Suppressing his anger, he gritted his teeth. "The warrior can only be killed, but not humiliated"

"Ooh, how about Jingshi?"

"The warrior can only be killed, but not humiliated" The crisp child-like tone showed signs of collapsing.

"You don't like Jingshi either? This habit isn't good. It seems we need to teach your taste. The common saying is good, jingshi can even move ghosts ooh, All Wealth Belongs To Me, how about this"

"The warrior can only be killed, but not humiliated" The little black person weakly objected.

"The First Treasure in the World?"

"The warrior can only be killed, but not humiliated"

Xie Shan and Shu Long looked with sympathy at the little black person that was tortured to the point of death by Zuo Mo. They exchanged a look and rapidly left the scene.

Zuo Mo looked contentedly at the drooping figure of Tenth Grade. That was right, just now, the little black person that was being endlessly tormented finally agreed to the strange name of Tenth Grade.

"Tenth Grade, don't feel that this name is common." Zuo Mo said with a solemn face. "Tenth Grade, it represents the highest grade. This twin butterfly is just fifth-grade. Tenth Grade, it means the highest and the strongest! The strongest in the world. What, isn't this what you are pursuing?"

The depressed little black person's eyes suddenly lit up. He straightened, filled with battle intent, and said gravely, "Thank you Master for giving me a name!"

Zuo Mo's expression was very stern, but he was laughing in his heart. Oh, tenth-grade, how much jingshi would that be

Tenth Grade was just three cun tall, but he was fifth-grade. Fifth-grade ling beasts had space shields. Tenth Grade's space shield was even more unique and had hints of the black fiendish energy. Zuo Mo had never heard of black fiendish energy before, but after these days, he had some understanding of the uniqueness of the black fiendish energy.

For Shu Long and the others, black fiendish energy was a great nutrient, but for xiuzhe, black fiendish energy was akin to a powerful poison. Black fiendish energy was usually created from brutal battlefields, it was yin and had the utmost vicious nature. If it met another entity, if it did not completely destroy it, it would not rest.

A fifth-grade ling beast was as powerful as a jindan. Even more importantly, Tenth Grade was very intelligent. When a ling beast or talisman had more intelligence, it mean that it had greater room to grow.

The most powerful quality of Tenth Grade was that it could learn spells. This was something that Zuo Mo had never heard of. He instantly taught [Hardship Guard] to Tenth Grade. [Hardship Guard] could absorb black fiendish energy, and was suitable for Tenth Grade to practice. Zuo Mo planned to get a stronger mo skill out of Pu Yao and the gravestone at a later time.

Even though Tenth Grade's power was not strong now, but Zuo Mo was full of anticipation about Tenth Grade's future.

After a temporary rest, the troop departed again.

The vast ancient battlefield was covered in marks. Over time, even these terrifying marks had become blurry.

After advancing for more than ten days, the scenery still hadn't changed. They hadn't discovered anything. This ancient battlefield was so large that one couldn't imagine it.

The twin butterfly danced in flight, Tenth Grade sitting cross-legged on the black antenna as he cultivated. His progressed made all of Guard

Camp sweat. In just ten days, he had created black armor. He could also take it on or off based on his will while Shu Long and the other's black armor could not be taken off.

Tenth Grade was a cultivation person, no, was a cultivation wild beast. He didn't like to stay in the beast service card, and stayed on the antenna all day motionlessly cultivating. Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire were full of curiosity about Tenth Grade and would occasionally come over to look but Tenth Grade would just ignore them.

It was strange to speak of it. The great majority of Vermillion Bird Camp stayed inside the slave transporting boats. The thick black fiendish energy was extremely bad for them, so Zuo Mo had set up formation inside the boats to separate the black fiendish energy to stop it from corroding everyone. But the little ones, including Silly Bird, did not react at all to the black fiendish energy. Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire had the most energy and spend everyday playing. Lil' Black was unusually sleep, and spent more than half the days lying on A Gui's head.

What puzzled Zuo Mo the most was that A Gui did not respond at all to the black fiendish energy.

A Gui's complexion was much better than before, and seemed to show some signs of life. After inspection, Zuo Mo found that a thread of the strange purple light had appeared in A Gui's body. This purple power was extremely weak, but it was unusually valuable to A Gui's crippled body.

A Gui's situation turning for the better made Zuo Mo's mood better.

However, Zuo Mo was still filled with worry. They hadn't found anything in more than ten days. They hadn't encountered any living being, and did not see one stalk of grass. This ancient battlefield was so desolate that it made people feel hopeless. Nothing could make a person feel as terrified and hopeless as this deathly cold and empty vastness. Even if they encountered a danger, or a yao beast, that would be much better than this.

If it continued like this, after just a short while, the people would go crazy.

Had they really come to a death ground that had nothing?

Suddenly, Zuo Mo stopped in his steps. He had a joyous expression in his eyes.

Water there was moisture in the air

He closed his eyes, spread his right hand, his fingers lightly wiped. [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]!

After ten breathers, a faint white cloud the size of an infant's face floated on Zuo Mo's palm.

Now, it wasn't just Zuo Mo but everyone had that joyful expressions. The moisture in the air was higher than ten days before and higher than the places they travelled through. Water, that meant there was life.

What people were most afraid of was not hardship, but not being able to see hope.

Morale rose greatly. The advancing speed of the troop increased. The black fiendish energy in the air became thicker. Zuo Mo became even more careful. According to Pu Yao, the direction they were heading in was towards the center of the battlefield.

After travelling another five days, everyone saw the first water pond. The shallow water pond was just a puddle, but for everyone, it was a salvation.

But at this time, the troop had to stop because Shu Long was having a breakthrough.

The black fiendish energy was like fertilizer for the [Hardship Guard] mo skill that Shu Long and the others cultivated. Their progression speed was astounding. The other people of Guard Camp progressed quickly, but no one surpassed Shu Long.

The mood of the camp was nervous. If Shu Long could successfully complete his breakthrough, it would be a fortunate matter for them.

The three Golden Armor Guards lined up in a fan shape. The blinding golden scaled armor was now covered in black patterns, and looked extremely terrifying. The black patterns on the Golden Armor Guards was formed by the black fiendish energy that they had absorbed during this

time. According to Pu Yao, this was due to the fact that ancient dragon bone had been used to make the Golden Armor Guards.

Pu Yao also said that if they were lucky, the three Golden Armor Guards may even level up.

However, what Zuo Mo was concerned with now wasn't the Golden Armor Guards, but another problem.

"Pu, what spell could prevent xiuzhe from being corroded by black fiendish energy? Or process black fiendish energy? One that doesn't need them to start cultivating from the beginning," Zuo Mo asked.

Pu Yao glanced at him, and dawdled, "Of course there are spells."

Zuo Mo rubbed his hands, and said, "Then can you give me a copy?"

"What can you give me in trade?" Pu Yao raised his eyebrow.

Zuo Mo swore inside, this damned renyao's attitude was fickle and really hateful.

But he also knew that Pu Yao definitely would not let him have it easily. Pu Yao would get his pound of flesh. Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and said, "What do you want?"

Pu Yao's bloody pupil narrowed as he smiled darkly.

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Translator Ramblings: Naming-Fail-Zuo-Mo. Poor Tenth Grade, he doesn't know what his master is thinking. Pu Yao's not giving anything more for free now that there is no life-threatening danger. He has aims he wants accomplished.

Chapter 330: Shu Long Black Halberd

“In the past, I had a nickname in the yao world” Pu Yao said but he seemed to realize something and switched the topic. “Oh, let’s not mention what is in the past. The people you have don’t have bad personalities, but their talent isn’t great.”

Pu Yao had a face full of helplessness. Zuo Mo knew he had more to say, and didn’t interrupt.

“You have been practicing the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique, and you have let go of your yao arts. There hasn’t been much development in your study of formations.” Pu Yao’s expression darkened. “Hmph, that guy took all the benefits.”

Zuo Mo knew that Pu Yao was speaking of the gravestone. He rolled his eyes. “Don’t say that I’m not cultivating the yao arts. Who made it that your [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] isn’t as strong as the Great Day mo physique. You can’t have me lose my life.”

Pu Yao stopped speaking. The Great Day mo physique was domineering and unyielding. It really wasn’t an easy matter to find a yao art that could rival it at this stage. The few that he knew were extremely rigid in their cultivation. Actually, the progression of Great Day mo physique was extremely difficult, but Zuo Mo had muddled through it and succeeded. Pu Yao felt very surprised at that fact.

Was Zuo Mo fated to cultivate mo skills?

Pu Yao felt even more discontent.

“Ha, I don’t care about that.” Pu Yao smirked. “Don’t you want spells? No problem. Here, this is the Little Yao Art Record. It is a very simple thing. Five hundred types. When you can cultivate all of them, I will give you a spell.”

Finishing, he threw a jade scroll at Zuo Mo. Ignoring the gaping Zuo Mo, he disappeared.

This guy was crazy!

After a while, Zuo Mo's first thought was that Pu Yao was crazy. He then was furious. This guy didn't look at the time. In such a dangerous place, he had the idle time act passive-aggressively against the gravestone.

"Pu! Come out!"

"Idiot, ge is telling you. If you don't want to live, don't pull ge along!"

No matter how Zuo Mo swore, Pu Yao did not respond. After swearing for a while, Zuo Mo was tired, and sat down. Scanning the jade scroll, his expression instantly became bitter.

He had once been troubled by the lack of spells. He had never thought there would be a day where he would be troubled by having too many spells and yao arts to practice.

The power of the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique was out of his imagination. He liked them a lot. He naturally would practise such life-saving moves everyday. The six transformations didn't have many changes, but each transformation was vast and profound. It wasn't an easy matter to master them.

He had just familiarized himself with the second transformation [Golden Crow Feet]. How couldn't Zuo Mo be angry about Pu Yao doing this at such an important time?

If he could master all six changes, Zuo Mo's power would rival that of a jindan third stratum xiuzhe!

Zuo Mo suddenly swearing made everyone else still where they stood, their faces puzzled.

Shu Long's entire body was covered by thick black energy. In the last three days, he was motionless like a statue wrapped in black energy. The entire Guard Camp was on their guard. Shu Long was the first to make a breakthrough among them, and had attracted all of their attention.

The black energy roiled like countless snakes slithering about.

Two balls shocking red light suddenly lit up among the thick inky black

energy. The blood-thirsty savage eyes of a wild beast were Shu Long's eyes.

“Ping!”

Shu Long's right hand rose in front of his chest, then his right hand pressed against the air as he made an extremely strange posture. He suddenly made a hoarse and deep roar.

The black energy around his body seemed to be stimulated and started to furiously flood towards his hands. Large volumes of black energy flowed on his arms like a black snake.

In the blink of an eye, the black energy on his hands was so thick it seemed tangible.

The inky black energy dripped and flowed down to form a black stream about one zhang long.

The black energy on Shu Long's body continuously flowed towards this slender black flow. The shocking red eyes revealed a hint of pain. The black energy around Shu Long's body suddenly shook, and showed signs of dissipating. The surrounding people exclaimed in shock. But the light of the red eyes brightened, and the slightly unsteady black energy seemed to be steadily attracted by an invisible force. Everyone in the surroundings released a breath.

Between the two hands, the slender black flow slowly flowed and became even thicker and more viscous. The speed of the flow became increasingly slow.

Even Zuo Mo ignored his headache and ran over. The other people didn't even dare to blink. They all knew that Shu Long's weapon was about to form.

The black energy of the black slender flow suddenly grew. At the same time, Shu Long's eyes brightened. His two hands that had been grasping at air suddenly tightened.

Pia!

The two large hands were like two pincers that suddenly gripped the

black slender flow.

The threads of black energy spreading around the black slender flow dissipated. A long black spear appeared on front of everyone. Hiss, the black energy around Shu Long's body burrowed into his body, and revealed his black armor.

"Shu Long has fortunately succeeded!" Shu Long suppressed his excitement, and came in front of Zuo Mo to bow.

After leveling up, the authority that Shu Long exuded was even more stern, and his power had clearly gone up a stage.

"Good good good!" Zuo Mo was very happy. On one hand, he was happy that Shu Long had made a breakthrough. On the other, the success of Shu Long's breakthrough created a great increase in morale.

Zuo Mo's eyes quickly landed on the long black halberd in Shu Long's hands. The long halberd was about one zhang long, with a crescent curve, and a point. The shape was old-fashioned. The body of the halberd was as thick as a goose egg, smooth and glowing, it was extremely fine. At the blade of the halberd was a hint of eerie red like the fangs of a wild beast tinged with blood. Deep thick killing essence came from the body of the halberd. Looking at it from afar, it definitely was a vicious weapon

Shu Long didn't just get the addition of the black halberd in this breakthrough. His armor had also changed greatly. The thick black scales of armor became much thinner, the black color even purer. The thick clumsy feeling had disappeared, and it seemed to become nimble.

The other people in Guard Camp couldn't resist any long and flooded over.

Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo smiled and stepped to the side.

Lei Peng looked from afar at the joyful Guard Camp and muttered, "Shu Long's bunch is really weird. They can even use black fiendish energy. We are unfortunate. We have to stay on the boats every day. It's enough to suffocate us to death."

Blue-white sword lotuses bloomed and died among Nian Lu's fingers. He said without raising his head, "If you have the energy to complain, spend some time practicing your sabre scripture."

Lei Peng's expression became even more depressed. "Cultivate my ass! An isn't like you, if an cultivates that sabre scripture, this boat will break."

Nian Lu's sword scripture did not lack exquisite and small sword moves, but Lei Peng's sabre scripture was wide and broad. If he left the slave transporting boats, under the corrosion of the black fiendish energy, it wasn't just dangerous but the rate that ling power was expended was also multiple times what it usually was. He would run out of ling power after just a few moves.

Ma Fan coincidentally passed by the two. Hearing this, he stopped and stared at Lei Peng.

At the beginning, Lei Peng didn't care, but after being stared at for a while, and seeing Ma Fan still remain silent, he said self-consciously, "What, why are you looking at an?"

Ma Fan thought and then said, "Your sabre scripture is powerful and domineering, but if you could get it to become finer, its power will definitely go up a step."

Lei Peng stilled and then started to ponder it. He looked rough, but he wasn't dumb. If he was dumb, he couldn't have comprehended sabre essence. Ma Fan's words caused him to sink into deep thought.

Ma Fan prepared to leave after speaking, but Nian Lu hurriedly pulled him back, and said fawningly, "Head, how can you be so cruel? I'm also your vice commander! Teach me something!"

Ma Fan had an expression between smiling and crying. Two vice commanders, Lei Peng's temper was explosive, but he was a chatterbox, while Nian Lu was warm, but he was a show-off. He lowered his head to think. "Your [Blue Lotus Sword Scripture] has many complex transformations, but if you want to progress, don't linger on these transformations. You have to make the complex simple, using sword essence at the core."

“Sword essence at the core” Nian Lu murmured unfocusedly.

Ma Fan silently left, but he also looked outside the boat and felt dejected. Xie Shan becoming a jindan had been a great stimulus to him. His talent at cultivating the sword was exceptional, and he had progressed very quickly when he focused, especially in the area of sword essence. He had touched the border of sword essence manifestation. The only thing limiting him was his cultivation.

But who would have thought they suddenly landed in this ghastly place. The ling energy was thin, and that horrid black fiendish energy made it even worse than Little Mountain Jie. While Little Mountain Jie was thin on ling power, but there was jingshi. They had jingshi right now, but everyone didn't dare to use it to cultivate. Who knew how long they would stay in this ghastly place? If they encountered danger, these jingshi would be life-saving!

Stuck at this point, how could his mood not be terrible? But his mentality was much more stable than Nian Lu and Lei Peng and he could suppress it.

Zuo Mo stared in a daze as he held the Records of Little Yao Arts. Little Yao Arts were another name for basic yao arts. They weren't anything profound, but the contents were something every yao had to practise. As he flipped through, Zuo Mo found that the difficulty of these little yao arts were not hard. He didn't immediately start cultivating them, but pondered on what Pu Yao's goal was.

Pu Yao was whimsical and ever changing. Zuo Mo had learned this countless times before, but he had a strong feeling this time – this was just the beginning of something.

This was the part that Zuo Mo really had a headache about.

He didn't know what was going on in Pu Yao's mind but it seemed he was very determined this time. What would happen after would definitely affect his practice of the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique. At this time, these six transformations were the basis of his life-

saving measures!

Zuo Mo rubbed his forehead in a headache. He had to think of a way to satisfy both.

Zuo Mo suddenly thought of the matter where Pu Yao had gotten him to study mo matrixes. His mind moved. Was this Pu Yao's true goal? He remembered very clearly how much Pu Yao had cared about formations. Even though he had eaten a jindan's golden core, and Pu Yao looked to have recovered greatly, but upon deeper thought, if Pu Yao could be healed with a single golden core, he definitely wouldn't have been so nervous back then!

Was it the study of formations? Zuo Mo was slightly unsure.

After leaving Little Mountain Jie, Zuo Mo had been rushed by the series of events and hadn't had the time to calm down to study formations. Zuo Mo was very clear about the value of formations. If he slacked off right now, it was a pity. But right now, he didn't have the time to personally work on it.

After thinking for a long time, Zuo Mo still couldn't get Pu Yao's goal, but he still decided to restart his study of formations.

This time, he decided to make it a big move.

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Translator Ramblings: In the middle of Pu Yao's plot. Zuo Mo can't do anything except go along when he has no leverage.

Chapter 331: Disseminating

Zuo Mo sat cross-legged as he recalled everything he had learned.

Formations, forging, fire manipulation, dan-making, he had dabbled in all of them, and formed his own knowledge over time, but he had never systematically examined his knowledge. Having a moment for self-assessment today, he unexpectedly found that what he learned was extremely heterogeneous and the great majority of things were not systematic.

How could he work with this? He thought with a furrowed brow.

Wei Cheng Bin concentrated on reading the jade scroll in his hand. After leaving Little Mountain Jie, all of Golden Crow Camp had been very idle. There were no missions and everyone could study topics that they were interested in. Some people were very interested in conversing with others. The present environment of Golden Crow Camp was extremely positive. Everyone had went through hardship together, and had formed deep relationships. They had long thrown the ideals of sect and family away. The two masters, Ji Wei and Sun Bao, would occasionally hold lectures. Wei Cheng Bin would attend each one of them and would learn much.

It was a pity that they couldn't cultivate at present. Daren had allowed them to access great numbers of jade scrolls, and there were many fourth-grade core scriptures suitable for production xiuzhe. Everyone had originally been filled with motivation and planned on working hard on their cultivation in the hopes of reaching jindan as early as possible. Who could have thought they would end up in this place where they couldn't even cultivate. Everyone could only put their attention on the jade scrolls, and content themselves with study.

"Cheng Bin!" A male popped his head in.

This male was called Wan Tian. His features were unusually ugly, but his fire manipulation skills were uncanny and ranked first in the entire camp. Even the two masters, Sun Bao, and Ji Wei, praised it endlessly.

“What terrible idea do you have now?” Wei Cheng Bin helplessly put down the jade scroll in his hands.

“Hee hee,” Wan Tian snickered, and whispered, “I want to get a bit of black fiendish energy to study.”

“Black fiendish energy?” Wei Cheng Bin’s heart jumped as he said with a serious expression. “Old Wan, don’t mess around. Black fiendish energy is extremely dangerous. It isn’t anything that people of our cultivation can touch!”

“I know that.” Wan Tian knew how dangerous it was. “I just want to get a thread, and see the mysteries of this black fiendish energy. This is a rare chance. We probably won’t ever encounter black fiendish energy again in the future.”

Wei Cheng Bin was persuaded. It would be false to say he was not curious, but his personality was a cautious one. He thought, and then said, “This probably needs the approval of the two masters.”

“Of course, of course. The masters usually rely on you. If you go to ask for it, there definitely wouldn’t be a problem,” Wan Tian was overjoyed as he hurriedly said.

Just at this time, Master Sun Bao’s voice suddenly boomed out from from above, “Everyone, come to Golden Crow Hall immediately!”

Wei Cheng Bin and Wan Tian exchanged a look and were both shocked. There was a hint of excitement in Master Sun Bao’s voice.

Golden Crow Hall was the largest room in this slave transporting boat, and had been modified by the two masters to be the place they held their lessons. When the two arrived, Golden Crow Hall was filled with people. The two masters sat at the very front with barely disguised excitement.

After everyone had gathered, Master Sun Bao slowly swept a look across the people and took a deep breath before saying solemnly, “Today, Daren has given us a jade scroll. Recorded within it is Daren’s knowledge and insights, including the Great Golden Crow Formation, how to make yin fire beads, the fire paper method, a chapter on the seal scripts of the

formation battle watchtowers, the seal scripts for the body formations, and so on.”

Boom, it was like an explosion occurred. Some were dumbstruck, some were unable to speak, some were breathing heavily. Every name that came from the mouth of the master was a blow that was like lightning streaking over their bodies.

Wei Cheng Bin and Wan Tian gaped as they were dumbstruck where they stood.

Wei Cheng Bin felt his head was ringing. He felt like he was dreaming. Was this real was this real

Each name was a kind of lost knowledge, a bit of lost knowledge that should not be easily passed onto others! For example, the Great Golden Crow Formation that could gather sunlight to form Golden Crow Fire. If a sect knew someone had this formation, they would try to obtain it at any cost.

Each person had uncontrollable joy on their faces, but gradually, the joy on their faces disappeared and became serious.

The entire Golden Crow Hall was completely silent. The gravity of the situation showed on everyone’s faces because this jade scroll was like mountain that weighed on everyone’s hearts!

The usually warm Master Ji Wei’s expression was cold and serious. When he spoke, his tone was stern. “Everyone knows the value of this jade scroll, there’s no need for me to say more. Daren led us out of Little Mountain Jie and did not abandon us. Now, he is imparting these rare and lost knowledge to us. Let me ask, which sect can do so?”

No one said a word. That was right, which sect could do so? No sect would be able to do so. They had all been members of large sects before. Lost knowledge like this was unavailable to anyone except the core disciples, no matter how much an individual contributed.

In just a few words, Master Ji Wei’s words made everyone’s hearts feel heavy.

“So,” Master Ji Wei’s heavy tone paused, his eyes lighting up and flashing across the people present, “I and Master Sun Bao have discussed and agreed that anyone who will learn from this jade scroll must first make a killing heart oath. Our Golden Crow Camp will become its own sect loyal to Daren!”

Zuo Mo did not know what effect his actions created.

After putting in large amounts of effort, and producing that jade scroll, he sunk into frenzied cultivation. But what made Pu Yao discontent was that Zuo Mo did not just cultivate the little yao arts but practiced them together with the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique.

Was even this method useless?

Pu Yao wondered, but then he understood when he changed his way of thinking. Zuo Mo had experienced the power of the Great Day mo physique and thought it was stronger, which was why he was working so hard on it. Pu Yao’s eyes looked towards the sky. Threads of black energy floated in the blood-tinged sky. His eyes lit up. He snickered, and instantly felt unhurried.

Then his figure disappeared.

The next moment, he appeared in the Ten Finger Prison. Pu Yao was like a ghost, those yao art jinzhi had no effect on him. His speed was wondrously fast as the scenery flashed by.

Chi suddenly stopped in his steps, his hair was red and his features were masculine like a lion, and looked with shock towards the sky.

“Teacher? What is it?” the students beside him hurriedly asked.

“Oh, nothing.” Chi turned his gaze back, and pretended to be calm. “Everyone, be careful. It is your first trip to Ten Finger Prison. Vast Water Clear Skies should not have any dangers for you, but still be careful, especially of provoking other yao.”

The students beside him all agreed, their faces full of anticipation. They had all gotten to the soul-planting stage, and were starting to try out real battle.

Chi did not speak. His gaze uncontrollably went back to the distance. Just now, he had barely detected that a peerlessly powerful yao had passed by. This feeling wasn't clear, but it made him feel fear.

Was it a Sky Yao?

"I can't find it? That place is a bit strange!" Pu Yao murmured to himself, his brows tightly locked.

Zuo Mo's legs were glittering with golden light as though they were made from gold. The pattern of each muscle was clear and distinct. Dong, Zuo Mo was unable to control it well, and like a knife carving into tofu, his right leg was deeply imbedded into the earth up to his hamstrings. At the side, Shu Long and Xie Shan's jaws gaped. The earth here had been tempered by thousands of years of black fiendish energy, and was as hard as steel. But in front of Zuo Mo's legs, they seemed to be made of tofu.

If they were hit with that leg

Shu Long and Xie Shan reflexively turned their eyes away.

Zuo Mo's forehead was covered with sweat. He pulled his right leg from the earth, but he lost control of his left leg. Pew, that also sank into the earth. His figure lost balance and fell on the ground. His body wasn't as strong as his legs, and he bared his teeth in pain.

The troop maintained a constant speed as it travelled, so Zuo Mo decided to cultivate using this method.

[Light Void Wings] was meant for speed, and [Golden Crow Feet] was for power. Before this, Zuo Mo found it hard to understand how those mo that focused on strength could rival the xiuzhe that had powerful long-distance attacks. He only started to understand as he started to cultivate

[Golden Crow Feet].

Any kind of power was extremely terrifying when it reached a certain level.

When pure strength reached a certain level, it would form a boundary in the surroundings to make a force boundary. Any other power that entered this area would be fiercely attacked. It was possible to imagine how a flying sword of a xiuzhe would have to break this force boundary before wounding its target.

Entering the force boundary, what the flying sword would face was a collision of power without any finesse.

Zuo Mo was still a long way off from forming a force boundary, but he wasn't in a hurry. The beautiful feeling of pure power intoxicated him. He used the time on the road every day to practice the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique, and when he was resting, he would cultivate the little yao arts.

As to the dangers in front, was of little concern to him but his cultivation took up all his time.

Compared to the difficulty of Zuo Mo's cultivation, the cultivation speed of Tenth Grade was astoundingly fast. He now had a black crescent flying blade beside him. This black flying knife was like a black butterfly that danced and circled around Tenth Grade without exhaustion.

Even Shu Long was jealous. He had overcome great hardships to form his weapon, yet Tenth Grade had cultivated his weapon in a month.

Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire curiously floated around Tenth Grade. The two little ones clearly were filled with curiosity about this little black person.

Tenth Grade didn't even bat an eye. He concentrated on cultivation. Of course, he also knew the connection between Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire to Master so he did not act.

But Tenth Grade, his goal was to reach tenth-grade! With such a high and grand goal, how could he live a life of idleness with these people that only knew how to play everyday?

Tenth Grade raised his eyelid a crack and imperceptibly glanced at the two little ones as he thought proudly.

Who knew that Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire found the black crescent blade flying around Tenth Grade was very fun. They started to chase the black crescent and twirled around Tenth Grade .

Tenth Grade that wanted to focus on cultivation felt very irritated. He could not resist any longer. Opening his eyes, his murderous intent brimmed. "Go play somewhere else! Stop bothering me!"

Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire shook and flew far away in fear.

Silly Bird who had been dozing suddenly opened her eyes. The bird eyes narrowed and flashed savagely. Her figure suddenly disappeared from her spot.

Tenth Grade felt alarm, but he was unable to muster a response before a powerful force whipped his body.

Bam!

He was like a rock that had been kicked and landed head first in the ground.

"Who"

The dizzy Tenth Grade tried to struggle up, his heart brimming with killing intent as he wanted to attack.

An enormously big bird claw came from the sky. The enormous shadow covered Tenth Grade .

Pew!

Limbs spread out, Tenth Grade was splayed out and pinned to the ground by Silly Bird's claws. He was unable to move.

In Tenth Grade's eyes, an enormous bird head with a pair of vicious eyes came down and stared at him.

Tenth Grade's body froze as he was dumbstruck.

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo is jade of all trades, master of none and worse off than being master of one. He needs time, lots of time, ling power needs time to accumulate, mo physique needs to be exercised and he needs to study and memorize yao arts. Golden Crow Camp takes control of their own development.

Tenth Grade needs to learn the pecking order, which is Silly Bird at the top. Tenth Grade might be a fifth-grade ling beast but he's just born and Silly Bird is stronger and more experienced. Who knows what Silly Bird has eaten has affected her. I also realized something about the black butterfly. Since Zuo Mo kept the butterfly in the card, it hasn't had much interaction with the rest of the pets and so Zuo Mo doesn't seem to care about it the way he cares about other pets, even weaker ones like Lil' Black.

Chapter 332: Fiendish Mist

Hoo, finally finished learning the three hundredth little yao art.

Zuo Mo exhaled deeply. Little yao arts were not complicated at all, but there were so many kinds it was a headache. If it wasn't that his consciousness' foundation wasn't bad, it probably would be much harder.

He suddenly raised his head. A disturbance was occurring at the front.

There was a situation!

Zuo Mo was not frightened and was happy. After so many days that he couldn't even remember clearly, they hadn't encountered anything ever since entering this damned ancient battlefield. His figure shifted and he appeared at the very front of the troop.

Not far away was a spread of thin bloody mist that seemed to have things moving inside it. The bloody mist was very vast, and showed no end.

Out of caution, the troop had stopped.

Pu Yao came out and looked gravely at the bloody mist up head. "Careful, this is fiendish mist. Inside are fiend soul beasts."

It wasn't the first time Zuo Mo had heard Pu Yao mention fiendish soul beasts. Every time Pu Yao spoke of them, his tone was very grave. He couldn't resist asking, "Are those things very powerful?"

"En," Pu Yao looked at the bloody mist up head, amazement unable to be disguised in his bloody pupil, "In any battlefield that has souls that have not transcended after death, the souls of those dead would roam the battlefield. If the fiendish energy of the battlefield is heavy, these souls will not dissipate, and will absorb fiendish energy to form fiendish souls. Over time, fiendish souls will become fiendish soul beasts. This fiendish mist is a size never heard of before. The fiend soul beasts inside will also be great."

Pu Yao's words made Zuo Mo feel hesitant. If it really was so dangerous, going into this bloody mist

After a few moments of thought, he ordered for camp to be set.

Golden Crow Camp had completely transformed.

Golden Crow Hall was filled with people that gathered in groups of three to five to discuss their studies. It was very noisy. This was an unique habit that they had formed during their time in Little Mountain Jie. Everyone had come from small sects, and were limited in their knowledge. Many of the problems that they encountered were not ones that could be resolved by themselves. Out of helplessness, consolidating everyone's strength became the only choice. Over time, this became an unique habit of Golden Crow Camp.

The unique open environment of Golden Crow Camp and the trust built up due to persevering through hardship together was the most fertile ground to grow these relationships. Zuo Mo's jade scroll was like a spring rain that instantly created vitality.

But today, they had not gathered to discuss problems of formations.

"The fiendish mist is in front of us. Even though Daren has decided to temporarily make camp, we need to prepare for entering the fiendish mist," Sun Bao said seriously.

Everyone listened careful. After they had all sworn the killing heart oath, they became much closer. If before they were more like partners working together, then now everyone was of the same sect.

"I don't want to interrupt everyone's cultivation plans, but the situation is an emergency," Ji Wei continued. "Our Golden Crow Camp must not drag Daren down, and needs to do our best to help Daren. Otherwise, aren't we useless?"

Everyone nodded their heads with expressions of agreement.

Sun Bao nodded his head inside, and said in a deep voice, "So, I and Master Sun Bao have decided to gather all the strength of the camp to forge a talisman!"

The five hundredth type!

An exhausted Zuo Mo collapsed onto the ground.

Zuo Mo had furiously cultivated the little yao arts just so he could get that spell from Pu Yao as soon as possible. If they entered this fiendish mist, the ones in most danger were Vermillion Bird Camp and Golden Crow Camp.

Entering the fiendish mist was truly stepping into the inner span on the ancient battlefield.

Even though it was dangerous up ahead, but Zuo Mo saw more hope than in the desolation that he had seen these previous days. Pu Yao also supported this. The closer they were to the center of the battlefield, the more likely he could recognize where they were.

Unless they could find a working transportation formation, finding the general position of this jie was their only hope of leaving this place.

The bean-sized beads of sweat gathered in streams that flowed down his face. Zuo Mo didn't wipe them off, and said in a hoarse voice, "Pu, spell!"

"Alright." Pu Yao did not waste words and briskly handed over a jade scroll.

Grabbing the jade scroll, Zuo Mo felt he had recovered some energy and forced himself up to run towards Vermillion Bird Camp. Behind him, Pu Yao's eyes flashed with an unusual light. He imperceptibly murmured, "Divine Summon Art really makes me anticipate"

In front of Gongsun Cha, Vermillion Bird Camp finished their organization.

Everyone was silent and their eyes were full of anticipation. This was the first time they had gathered after entering this ghastly place. Was there a mission? Many people couldn't help but feel excitement. These battle maniacs felt moldy after spending every day on the boats.

“From today, all of your training missions are temporarily cancelled, and changed to cultivating this spell.”

Gongsun Cha smiled slightly, and then Zong Ru and the others beside him quickly handed jade scrolls to every person.

Everyone had a puzzled expression. Cultivate a new spell? But they suppressed their curiosity and remained motionless.

“Take a look.”

Only when Gongsun Cha said these words did they hurry to read the jade scroll in their heads.

[Fiend Ling]

Gongsun Cha saw the shock and joy on all the faces, and smiled. With this spell, the combat abilities of Vermillion Bird Camp would not drop but go up a level.

However, his own strength

His gaze turned to Zuo Shixiong who was cultivating in the distance and suddenly smiled.

After some more time, maybe he could give Zuo Shixiong a surprise.

The troop camped down at the border of the fiendish mist. The entire camp was busy. Even Zuo Mo was cultivating. With the fiendish mist in front of their eyes, there was nothing else that could motivate Zuo Mo even more. If he increased his strength by a fraction, then his chance of surviving would increase by a fraction.

Motivated by the looming threat of impending doom, Zuo Mo uncovered his own potential, and progressed quickly.

Right now, he had cultivated to the third transformation of the Great Day mo physique, [Day Script Palm]. He felt very excited at the power of this move. This move would gather an enormous golden palm over ten zhang in size. Under a palm strike, half of a mountain peak would disappear. Even Xie Shan and Shu Long couldn't help but turn pale when they saw Zuo Mo perform this move.

Xie Shan rejoiced greatly now that he hadn't let achieving jindan go to his head. He didn't know where Daren had learned these strange moves from. Each move was enormously powerful. He was certain if he fought against Daren, he had no chance of victory.

The longer he stayed with Zuo Mo, the more respect and awe Xie Shan felt. In his eyes, Zuo Mo was filled with mysteries and enigmas.

Zuo Mo's face was dusty. The palm of his hand hurt like it had been sliced with a blade. Three golden lines could be made out on his palm. Relative to the power of the [Day Script Palm] was its cultivation difficulty. Zuo Mo needed to cultivate to the point that his entire hand was covered in golden lines that formed a network. At that point, the [Day Script Palm] could be considered somewhat complete.

Each transformation of the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique was vast profound, easy to learn but hard to master.

Pu Yao was unusual in that he did not disturb Zuo Mo's cultivation of Great Day mo physique. Did this guy also know it was dangerous up ahead? Zuo Mo was slightly reassured. If Pu Yao went crazy, no one could stop him.

He raised his head and saw that everyone else was focusing on their cultivation. He was instantly filled with motivation. So what if it was the fiendish mist? With this group of brothers, even if it was places more dangerous than the fiendish mist, he was not afraid!

Having understood something, Zuo Mo said to Tenth Grade that was playing with Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire, "Tenth Grade, you have to work on your cultivation, and do not slack off!"

Tenth Grade felt humiliated and his little face dropped. He looked with trepidation at Silly Bird, and coincidentally saw a cold light flash through the small crack of Silly Bird's eye as she was resting. Tenth Grade's body froze, and fully felt the impact of Lil' Pagoda's nudge.

Lil' Pagoda was so excited it spun, and Lil' Fire chirped happily from the side.

Silly Bird glanced at Tenth Grade and then closed her eyes.

Tenth Grade felt coldness shoot up from his spine and turned back to docilely play with Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire.

Zuo Mo did not detect the strangeness of it. In his view, it was normal for Tenth Grade to play with Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire. He turned his face, and looked with concern at A Gui.

Grabbing A Gui's hand, a thread of consciousness was put into her body. Zuo Mo frowned. The purple light inside A Gui's body was very weak and showed no signs of strengthening. However, what reassured him was that the black fiendish energy had no effect on A Gui.

Zuo Mo marvelled at this point. A Gui's spells and secret techniques were strange and profound. Even Pu Yao who thought himself as knowledgeable did not know of its origins.

However, Zuo Mo did not care about all that.

"A Gui, we will definitely get out."

Zuo Mo's voice was not loud, but was filled with determination.

Tenth Grade was filled with humiliation. To him whose goal was to become tenth-grade, it was a great blow to submit to Silly Bird's power even if it was done out of helplessness.

He had originally assumed he was Master's strongest ling beast but he hadn't thought there would be one even stronger!

Truthfully, Tenth Grade did not like Silly Bird at all. This narcissistic and show-off bird had a cold attitude towards Master, and should be executed for! He had the thought multiple times of taking care of this silly bird for Master.

He hadn't expected he would be taken care off first

He wasn't just taken care off, but like an idiot, he had to play with these children of low intelligence... ..

Such a dark life!

Lil' Pagoda didn't know Tenth Grade's depressed mood. It was playing very happily. Having successfully nudged Tenth Grade just now, both it and Lil' Fire were greatly motivated to continue playing. That was the first time they had managed to catch Tenth Grade .

Without noticing the three little ones gradually neared the fiendish mist.

Tenth Grade was enveloped in his low mood after being dominated while Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire had completely gone off playing.

No one noticed the arrival of danger.

A dark red light suddenly flew out of the fiendish mist, and accurately struck Lil' Pagoda.

The happily playing Lil' Pagoda suddenly froze and dropped down like dead weight. This dark red light rolled up like the long tongue of a monster and pulled Lil' Pagoda to burrow back into the fiendish mist.

This change happened without warning and was lightning fast.

Another dark red light leapt out at Lil' Fire, and was going to strike Lil' Fire.

Tenth Grade finally reacted by this time. The dark little face filled with killing intent, the two eyes glaring angrily as the flying black crescent blade turned to a black light and struck the red light.

The red light hissed and fled towards the fiendish mist.

Silly Bird suddenly opened her eyes, viciousness flashing through both of her eyes. With a call, her figure disappeared.

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Translator Ramblings: The easy peace has been broken peaceful arcs are much easier to translate.

The Little One a.k.a Zuo Mo's quasi-son is now in trouble. I'm sorry you didn't get to see the yao arts even though Zuo Mo has master all five hundred little yao arts but that will come in the future.

Chapter 333: Fiend Soul Tide

With an explosive sound echoing through the air, Silly Bird darted off like a grey bolt of lightning and headed into the fiendish mist.

A piercing wail came out of the fiendish mist as the red light that Tenth Grade wounded suddenly exploded into dots of red light. Among the red dots, Silly Bird stood with murderous eyes.

Yet Lil' Pagoda's figure had disappeared.

The killing intent in Silly Bird's eyes grew. The grey feathers on her forehead stood on end.

Tenth Grade flew next to Silly Bird, his face heavy. The black crescent blade danced around his body, killing energy spreading outwards in threads. Even if he was at odds with Silly Bird and the others, but they were all Master's ling beasts. Even more, the change had occurred right in front of his eyes. How could he not be angry?

Without any hesitation, Silly Bird's large eyes narrowed, and like an arrow, she charged into the fiendish mist.

Tenth Grade's face froze. He jumped up, turning into a black light, and entered the fiendish mist.

Everyone else was alerted and prepared to enter the fiendish mist.

"Do not go in!"

Zuo Mo's voice came from behind them. They saw Zuo Mo's face full of suppressed pain, and he sat down cross-legged immediately after saying this.

Everyone stared at each other. Many people had panicked expressions.

Zuo Mo's present situation was not very good. Lil' Pagoda was his soul-tethered talisman, and was connected in mind with him. The moment that Lil' Pagoda was attacked, Zuo Mo felt it. The injuries that Lil' Pagoda had taken also affected Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo felt his mind was shaken and had almost shattered. Shocked, he instantly sank into his mind.

A thread of his mind connected him with the distant Lil' Pagoda.

Zuo Mo's consciousness was not weak, and his mind was strong. Even though he shook, he quickly steadied, and the connection with Lil' Pagoda cleared up.

But Zuo Mo was not happy at all and felt terrible. His connection to Lil' Pagoda had not been cut off, but no matter how he called out mentally, Lil' Pagoda did not respond. Gritting his teeth, Zuo Mo put a thread of his mind, he entered Lil' Pagoda's body.

When his mind entered Lil' Pagoda's body, Zuo Mo finally understood how terrible the situation was.

The balls of pure five element energies inside the pagoda had stopped moving and hung motionless inside the void of the pagoda. Usually, the pure five element energies would be in balance, creating and subduing each other, as they spun endlessly to form a simple yet wondrous little five element world.

Zuo Mo was clear on the wondrous process of the five element being created and destroyed within the pagoda. How could he not be shocked finding that the pure five element energies inside Lil' Pagoda's body had stopped moving?

The amount of pure five element energies inside Lil' Pagoda was hundreds of times larger than when Zuo Mo had first bought it. This enormous amount had come from Lil' Pagoda's continuous deconstruction of talismans and materials. Zuo Mo could see the five element marrow that was being formed out of the five elemental energies. Eventually these five element marrow would reach a critical mass and it would form small amounts of five element base source.

Every bit of five element base source was unusually valuable and powerful.

Lil' Pagoda's body was filled with abundant pure five element energies, and even contained a small amount of five element marrow, but it had not created any five element base source yet.

Zuo Mo took a deep breath. He had no way to push the gigantic balls of pure five element energies floating above his head. He was the owner, but it had always been Lil' Pagoda itself that had always controlled the circulation of pure five element energies.

The most effective method was for Lil' Pagoda itself to recover.

However, he still did not know what Lil' Pagoda had been wounded by. He could feel the existence of Lil' Pagoda, could enter Lil' Pagoda's body, but was unable to communicate with Lil' Pagoda.

Pu Yao suddenly appeared next to Zuo Mo.

"It is a fiend soul." Pu Yao stared at the five balls of five element pure energy in the void, and said faintly, "This five element pagoda is filled with intelligence, and is irresistible to fiend souls."

"Fiend souls?" Zuo Mo didn't have the time to ask how Pu Yao could come in and hurriedly asked, "What does this have to do with fiend souls?"

"Fiend souls are born from the fiendish mist, and over time, they will form a slight intelligence. When they become more intelligent, they will start to process fiendish energy and become fiend soul beasts." Pu Yao looked back and said gravely, "Fiend souls love materials and talismans that have intelligence the most. They can slowly corrupt it and make it their own so they can quickly progress to becoming fiend soul beasts."

Zuo Mo's eyes turned cold.

"They usually kill each other to capture the intelligence and to continuously become stronger. Not just fiend souls do this, fiend soul beasts also do this." Pu Yao reminded him, "You have to be careful. I've never seen a fiend mist cloud of this size. The number of fiend souls contained in it should be astounding."

As Pu Yao's voice landed, Zuo Mo's expression suddenly changed.

Because he saw three red lights.

It was the first time Zuo Mo had seen a fiend soul. They were like balls

of mist covered in a layer of blood red fiend mist. From afar, they looked like curving red worms of various sizes. The longest was one chi, and the smallest was not even half a cun in size.

The vicious and destructive presence that each one had was like the dark wind from hell that filled every part of the void.

Zuo Mo could feel the primitive and innate viciousness killing intent in the fiend souls.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo thought of being at Wu Kong Mountain and using [Art of Aged Gold] to kill worms inside the ling grains. The presence of those pests could not compare to these fiend souls, of course, but he was far more powerful than he was in the past.

After experiencing so many battles, would Zuo Mo become timid and panicked by such a little scene?

Zuo Mo was preparing to activate [Light Void Wings] to smash these three fiend souls when he suddenly remembered that he was just a bit of soul at the moment. How could he activate [Light Void Wings]? However, he reacted quickly, and raised his hands for three bolts of Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning.

Pia pia pia.

The three bolts of Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning accurately hit the three fiend souls. The three fiend souls didn't even have the time to wail before they were destroyed.

Zuo Mo released a breath. So these fiend souls were paper tigers. They made a lot of noise, but there weren't even worth a single blow.

So when he saw six fiend souls burrow in, he did not hesitate to continue casting Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning.

Fiend souls continuously crawled in so Zuo Mo continuously cast Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning. After a few dozen bolts, his expression became ugly.

The fiend souls did not amount to much individually but their numbers

continuously increased as they borrowed in. Zuo Mo was just being supported by a thread of consciousness at the moment. The Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning was strong, but it expended a lot of spiritual power. If it continued like this, he wouldn't be able to continue for much longer.

"Use the little yao arts," Pu Yao reminded idly from the side.

Zuo Mo's hand shook, and he was instantly furious. "Pu Yao, what do you mean? Are you just standing aside and watching?"

Pu Yao spread his hands and shrugged, his face full of helplessness. "It isn't that I don't want to help, but I can't. This is your soul-tethered talisman. You who can use ling power here, but no other person can. It wasn't easy for me to come in. If I acted, it won't be the fiend souls, but these five big guys above will instantly attack me."

Pia pia pia!

Large amounts of multi-colored light flew out of the five balls of five element pure energy. These five colored energies were like sword energies and were very sharp. When they hit a fiend soul, the fiend soul would instantly be destroyed. In the blink of an eye, a large patch had been cleared.

Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo was overjoyed. The pressure on him would lessen if these five balls of five element pure energy could automatically defend themselves.

Pu Yao naturally understood what Zuo Mo was thinking, and poured cold water. "Don't be prematurely happy. The number of fiend souls in this fiendish mist is much higher than you can imagine."

As he said, the number of fiend souls that crawled in increased dramatically. Zuo Mo's heart beat wildly. The fiend souls were like an endless tide. The defense of the pure five element energies were still just as sharp, but Zuo Mo could see that the pure five element energies were smaller than before.

If it continued like this

Zuo Mo instantly felt panic. The fiend souls that burrowed in covered all

the spaces as they furiously leapt at the pure five element energies. Some even leapt at Zuo Mo.

Damn it!

Just as Zuo Mo was stuck on what to do, Pu Yao's reminder sounded at his ears, "Use little yao arts."

Pu Yao's voice was not idle like before and was full of panic.

Inside the fiendish mist, an enormous blood-colored twister was forming. The fiend mist seemed to suddenly wake up and became restless. Countless fiend souls came from all directions and furiously charged at this twister. At the center of this blood red twister, Lil' Pagoda rolled among countless fiend souls. This fiend souls furiously tried to burrow into the pagoda, but there were so many fiend souls that no more could enter.

The countless fiend souls formed a terrifying tide that pulled the flashing Lil' Pagoda deeper into the fiendish mist.

Such a large noise disturbed even the stronger fiend soul beasts inside the fiend mist. Countless pairs of eyes opened and flashed viciously.

Silly Bird charged recklessly in the fiendish mist. For some unknown reason, the fiendish mist that was like poison to others couldn't come within three chi of Silly Bird. Everywhere she passed, the rolling red fiend souls seemed to have been frightened and rushed to dodge.

Silly Bird's vicious eyes showed signs of panic. She charged in all directions and looked around to search for Lil' Pagoda's figure.

Tenth Grade's little body was like a fish in the water in the fiend mist. Inside the fiend mist, the black crescent blade that expanded to more than ten zhang large. With a long black energy, it was like a powerful axe. What was most strange was that this enormous black axe seemed to have a powerful magnetism that stopped fiend souls from struggling and sucked them in.

Tenth Grade 's expression was serious. The blood red hair floated up like a ball of flame.

“Little yao arts? Which type?” Zuo Mo’s hands did not stop moving as he rapidly asked.

“Number seventy six, and three hundred and thirteen, use Interlocking Gold Form,” Pu Yao hurriedly said.

The damned Pu Yao!

Making ge play with high difficulty moves at this time!

Zuo Mo wanted to spit blood, but he didn’t have the time to swear at Pu Yao now. The situation was becoming more dangerous. Several fiend souls had almost charged into the pure five element energies.

He gritted his teeth and his hand movements changed.

Number seventy six number three hundred and thirteen

Zuo Mo’s eyes widened greatly. Gritting his teeth, his left hand was like water flowing that created threads of light, his right hand seemed to weigh thirty thousand catties, moving slow and heavy without sound.

Zuo Mo tried to maintain the yao arts on his two hands. The two little yao arts alone did not pose any difficulty, but he instantly felt burdened when he casted them at the same time.

The left hand that moved so rapidly it was blurring with light, and the quiet, snail-slow right hand was abnormally fitting, and strangely reached the front of his chest at the same time.

... .. Interlocking Gold Form

Zuo Mo boldened his heart and channelled all his consciousness.

At the same time, his hands crossed, the left hand covered in thread of light like water flowing into the motionless right hand and tangled together.

Pu Yao’s bloody pupil suddenly widened!

Translator Ramblings: We get to witness Lil' Pagoda's gluttony I wonder how many jingshi is the equivalent of talismans and materials it has consumed.

Chapter 334: Archaic Wasteland

Sacrificial Art

Time seemed to suddenly slow at this moment.

The threads of flowing light were like sprouting branches of light that slowly crept and wrapped around Zuo Mo's empty right hand.

Pu Yao's mind was suddenly pulled into his memories. Some blurry and distant scenes seemed to overlap onto what was happening in front of him, as though they had occurred yesterday.

“ Teacher ”

With the imperceptible murmur, the edges and coldness within the bloody pupil disappeared.

All of Zuo Mo's attention was focused on the change occurring on his hands. He could feel a strange transformation taking formation in this short moment.

... ... what was this?

This was just combining two kinds of little yao arts. Compared to the [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] that came from the [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], it wasn't just simple and low level, there was no way to compare them. [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] contained all kinds of yao arts and was created by a Sky Yao. It was vast and profound. Even a person with his eyes at the top of his head like Pu Yao praised it.

But little yao arts?

Five hundred kinds of little yao arts. They were the essential contents every yao had to cultivate. Any yao must finish learning the five hundred kinds of little yao arts within their clan before they could enter the yao art houses. In other words, little yao arts were the most rudimentary knowledge of yao cultivation.

But

The power that exploded between his hands

The last bit of light flowed from Zuo Mo's left hand and wrapped onto his right hand.

Hiss-crack!

Zuo Mo suddenly felt blinding light burst forth in front of his chest. A power filled with destructiveness formed on his right hand like an ancient and wasteland great beast breathing an aged presence as it reared up and authoritatively gazed down upon those it tread beneath its feet.

All of the fiend souls seemed to be paralyzed. Time seemed to stop inside the chaotic pagoda.

As extreme movement turned to extreme calm, Pu Yao stared soullessly at Zuo Mo's right hand, his murmur clear to hear, "... ... Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art"

Zuo Mo didn't hear any of Pu Yao's murmur. He was shocked by the light and terrifying presence on his hand. He had completely lost the ability to think. He seemed to unconsciously move his right hand. He saw his right hand lightly sway easily like the flick of a fish's tail.

Among the blinding light, an extremely faint shadow flew out of his right hand and suddenly grew. It was like a monster that suddenly opened its bloody maw and swallowed all the fiend souls inside the pagoda.

In the fiendish mist, Lil' Pagoda that was completely surrounded by fiend souls suddenly shot out countless blinding rays of light. An enormously strong suction force came from inside the tower. Tens of thousands of fiend souls were unable to run away and were instantly sucked into the pagoda.

Just at the same time, a simple and bleak presence came from inside the pagoda.

The fiend souls that had not been sucked in seemed to be frightened. They instantly scattered like there was a frightening monster inside Lil' Paogda. In the deeps of the fiendish mist, those fiend soul beasts that were higher on the food chain wore frightened expressions in their faces. All of

them laid on the ground, and didn't dare to move.

Zuo Mo felt very terrible now. The fiend souls were completely eaten, but he was stuffed full right now like he had eaten too much. What caused him to panic even more was that these fiend souls hadn't died, and were just restrained in a layer of this strange power.

If this power lost control of these fiend souls, they would charge out again!

"Little yao art number one and number five hundred, use Straight Pass-Through Form."

Pu Yao's voice coincidentally arrived. Zuo Mo's hands paused slightly. His first feeling was that it was not possible. Of the five hundred little yao arts, it encompassed almost all of the basics of yao arts, and many of them had incompatible characteristics. Number one and five hundred were the two yao arts that had the most incompatible and conflicted attributes of almost all antithetical yao arts.

How could two antithetical little yao arts be cast at the same time?

But time did not permit him to think. After pausing, his hands uncontrollably moved according to Pu Yao's words.

Number one number five hundred

A peerlessly strange feeling came. Zuo Mo felt unspeakably awkward. He had felt awkward when he had cast number seventy six and number three hundred and thirteen at the same time. Compared to that, his feeling of awkwardness was multiple times stronger.

What method was this

Zuo Mo endured the peerlessly awkward feeling and managed to cast the two little yao arts together.

Pu Yao's bloody pupil stared unblinkingly at the coiling light that formed in front of Zuo Mo, and unconsciously stopped breathing. He appeared as though he feared his breath would frighten this enchanting and grand

light. The two hands that he usually liked to hide in his sleeves unconsciously extended outwards.

His expression was also very strange. It was filled with anticipation, but was also as though he was facing a great enemy.

The strong feeling of awkwardness increased as the light rose. Zuo Mo felt as though his body was being twisted from the left and right in opposite directions.

He knew this was a false feeling. At this time, he was just a thread of soul, what body was there to twist and contort? But he also knew this feeling of conflict actually existed. This was the conflict between laws.

As soon as he casted them, he knew it wasn't good.

Under the effect of two extreme laws, if he wasn't careful, he would be ground to powder at any time. Under the conflict between two basic laws, this bit of his consciousness was as weak as paper. His mind was being supported on this thread of consciousness. If this was destroyed, his outcome would not be any different than death.

The hardest injury to heal was an injury to the soul.

A Gui was wounded in the soul, and was left like a puppet. Was he going to become like her?

With the stimulation of death, Zuo Mo got a burst of energy from somewhere and forcibly calmed himself down.

However, how could two such opposed yao arts be combined using the Straight Pass-Through Form?

Not possible It was completely impossible

In a flash, countless thoughts flashed through his mind but he still did not know what to do with the two little yao arts in front of him. The two little yao arts were simple and straightforward. Any change in the two were noticed by his awareness, but due to this, he increasingly felt it was impossible.

The two were like two carriages that were rushing in opposite directions.

Right now, he had to pull them together. How was it possible?

Impossible impossible

Zuo Mo panicked. The two little yao arts started to conflict. He was able to feel every conflict that happen between the two forces. The feeling of danger grew like there was a sword hanging above his head. He was unable to move, and right now, there was a mouse gnawing on the rope holding the sword.

Calm, he had to be calm!

Zuo Mo's breathing almost stopped. He told himself repeatedly to be calm, he forced himself to calm.

What to do what to do

Suddenly, it was like a bolt of lightning from the sky. He suddenly recalled the spell formation that he had created in the past. In that variety of spells and sword scriptures, there were also conflicting and incompatible spells and sword scriptures, but he had successfully merged them together.

That heterogeneous spell formation was what he had bet on with Pu Yao to win the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique.

It was a pity that he had thrown that set of spell formations to the side when he got the Great Day mo physique six transformations and concentrated on cultivating the six transformations.

Zuo Mo had no time to regret why he hadn't kept on working with the spell formations. He worked his brain and tried to remember how he had merged those incompatible spells and sword scriptures into the formation at the time.

He thought of how he had controlled those conflicting spells.

His mind moved. Ignoring the ever increasing feeling of danger, he patiently felt every bit of conflict between the two little yao arts.

His consciousness suddenly split into two like two thin whips, and used two completely different powers to insert into the light of the two little yao

arts.

A strange transformation occurred.

The two powers that had been furiously conflicting with each other used a strange form and started to spin in opposite directions.

Light lit up in Zuo Mo's eyes. The conflict between the two little yao arts decreased and the distance between the two lights decreased. There was none of the enmity and conflict seen before. They were like twins that gathered together.

Moving naturally, Zuo Mo's hands seemed to be controlled by something and used the Straight Pass-Through Form.

A force that was not strong accurately passed through the center of the two little yao arts.

Zuo Mo instantly understood.

The light of Pu Yao's bloody pupil was as deep as the ocean. He looked dazedly at the strange yet familiar power in front of Zuo Mo and lightly breathed three words.

"Divine Summoning Art!"

The shape on front of Zuo Mo's chest was like that of a mill stone. The light clearly divided into black and white suddenly created a strong suction. This suction was so strong that even Pu Yao was affected. His black robe flapped as it was pulled. Pu Yao's bloody pupil lit up, his figure remaining motionless.

The strange power that had been enveloping the fiend souls was like a cat that smelled fish, impatiently chasing the countless fiend souls towards this strange black-and white millstone.

The black and white lights were like the upper and lower parts of the millstone. With astounding speed, it silently crushed countless fiend souls.

The fiend souls did not even have the time to wail before they were completely crushed.

Dots of white light floated off the millstone.

Zuo Mo's mind moved and he started [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. The dots of white light gathered from all directions like raindrops and entered his body. At the same, the white light that Zuo Mo did not absorb entered the five balls of five element pure energies.

Zuo Mo's entire body was enveloped in the white light to the point his figure was indistinct.

Pu Yao's black robe flapped. His bloody pupil stared without movement at Zuo Mo. He just stood there silently without a word.

Silly Bird who had been running around in the fiendish mist suddenly turned her head. The vicious eyes slowly became gentle until she resumed her usual lazy and proud state. She idly turned and strutted her bird walk. There was none of the killing energy that had just been present.

Riding the black crescent blade that was like a huge axe, Tenth Grade's little face suddenly stilled. Feeling it in his mind, he did not hesitate to ride the black crescent and turn. His speed was suddenly raised to its limit as he cut through the heavy fiendish mist, howling by.

In the fiendish mist, Lil' Pagoda was covered in a layer of faint white light. The fiendish mist in the surroundings was separated out.

Just at this time, Zuo Mo opened his eyes within the pagoda.

*

Translator Ramblings: Oh Pu Yao, if you just want something, ask for it. You went around in such a roundabout way doesn't it waste time? But this way, it is free since Zuo Mo is forced to do it and Pu Yao didn't have to pay him.

Also, I should be in the middle of my road trip at the time this chapter is posted if I haven't screwed up scheduling. I'll return home within the next

ten hours or so if everything is according to plan.

Chapter 335: Gains

Opening his eyes, joy flashed across Zuo Mo's eyes. The richness of his gains this time far surpassed his imagination.

Each fiend soul was refined to powder, leaving behind only the purest thread of soul base source. Soul base source like this was so valuable that every xiuzhe dreamed about obtaining it. The thread of consciousness that was Zuo Mo at this moment was forcibly expanded at an exponential rate.

Savoring the intoxicating taste, Zuo Mo seemed to have just tasted gourmet food. Other than satisfaction, he wanted to taste it again.

However, this thread of greed spun once in his mind before disappearing.

He cared more about Lil' Pagoda's situation.

Of all the little ones, Lil' Pagoda was the most obedient and the one that Zuo Mo liked the most. However, when his gaze turned to the five enormous balls of pure five element energies above his head, he couldn't help but release a breath. There was none of the slowness and stiffness from before. The pure five element energies spun continuously.

A simple yet profound five element power was displayed in front of him.

Before he could examine it closely, a five colored light suddenly flew in front of him. It was Lil' Pagoda.

Seeing Lil' Pagoda was uninjured, Zuo Mo instantly smiled. He grabbed Lil' Pagoda, and said in concern. "My good son, you are alright!"

He found that Lil' Pagoda seemed to have slightly changed. Other than becoming more round in shape, the feeling was much softer, and the five element marrow were much rounder than before and twinkled with light.

Lil' Pagoda snuggled in Zuo Mo's hands and rolled around to prove it was fine.

A lively and fawning thought was communicated into Zuo Mo's mind. Zuo Mo couldn't resist grinning. Zuo Mo quickly found to his shock that

Lil' Pagoda was more lively and smarter than before! The thoughts that Lil' Pagoda passed to him were clearer and it had a wider variety of emotions.

It seemed that he wasn't the only one that had benefited this time!

When he looked around, Zuo Mo made a sound of surprise when he looked at the pure five element energies. His mind was connected with Lil' Pagoda. In his eyes, the pure five element energies were transparent. There were basket sized inner cores within the pure five element energies. This was five element marrow!

Such large balls of five element marrow. Zuo Mo drooled when he saw them.

Five element marrow was a very rare kind of marrow. Even the tiniest bit was very valuable.

Feeling the desire in Zuo Mo's heart, the five large balls of five element marrow instantly floated in front of Zuo Mo. Seeing the five enormous balls of five element marrow, it would be a lie to say he didn't covet it, but when Zuo Mo saw the obedient and adorable Lil' Pagoda beside him, his heart warmed and the greed disappeared.

Zuo Mo rubbed Lil' Pagoda's head, and said with a smile, "Alright, put them back. They are for you."

Lil' Pagoda seemed puzzled that Zuo Mo wanted them yet he refused.

"Only with five element marrow can you create five element base source in the future. When you have five element base source, our Lil' Pagoda will be very strong!"

Lil' Pagoda didn't quite understand but it could feel Zuo Mo's happiness so it happily flew around Zuo Mo.

Bam!

Zuo Mo felt the world shake. His heart shook. Had they come again?

When he spread out his consciousness, he found it was Silly Bird that had create the disturbance.

Silly Bird seemed to know Zuo Mo was watching her. She rolled her eyes and ignored him. Holding Lil' Pagoda in her beak, she raised her wings and headed straight for the camp.

Along the way, she encountered Tenth Grade. When Tenth Grade saw Silly Bird holding Lil' Pagoda in her beak, his little face eased slightly. But his expression quickly became extremely ugly. Silly Bird was like a bolt of lightning that flashed by him and disappeared.

That speed

Gritting his teeth, he pushed the black moon to its limits and chased the whole way but he still couldn't see Silly Bird's back.

Last time, Tenth Grade had not accepted his defeat at Silly Bird's claws. But the speed that Silly Bird displayed today made him feel suffocated.

Detecting the difference in ability, it did not discourage Tenth Grade but lit up his motivation!

If he couldn't defeat a bird, how could he reach the peak of tenth-grade?

On the black moon, Tenth Grade balled his fists, pressed his lips together, his tender face was filled with determination.

At the same time Silly Bird carried Lil' Pagoda back to camp, Zuo Mo woke up from his meditation. When the enormous thread of consciousness returned to his body, it was like an abundant stream of water flowing into a deep pond. The level of water in the pond instantly exploded.

Zuo Mo was so comfortable he wanted to groan.

Three times!

The consciousness in his body had grown three times over!

This was a number that almost drove Zuo Mo insane. When he opened his eyes, he felt as though he had a fantastical dream. Multiplying three times in one night. He had never heard of such an impossible matter, and it had happened on his body.

He rushed to find Pu Yao. "Pu, what happened?"

Pu Yao's expression was calm and he did not look any different than usual. He twisted his mouth. "Nothing, you have good luck."

Seeing the enthusiasm on Zuo Mo's face, Pu Yao who hadn't prepared to say more suddenly saw the scene of Zuo Mo casting the little yao arts in front of him. He thought and then said, "Fiend souls are created from remnant threads of soul. You absorbed their soul base source. It is the first time I have seen something like this."

He did not lie. Only a fiendish mist of such scale could form such a large number of fiend souls. Everything here was far out of Pu Yao's imagination.

"So fiend souls can nurture the consciousness!" Zuo Mo's eyes lit up. "Good thing! Good thing!"

Pu Yao saw Zuo Mo and knew what he was planning. To other people, these fiend souls were very dangerous, and their minds would be easily corroded if they were not careful. It was not a simple matter to forge fiend souls into pure soul base source. Yes, fiend souls were created by that thread of soul, but these soul remnants were the convictions of those that died, and contained all kinds of negative emotions. Over long periods of slaughter and fighting, they became even more vicious and dangerous.

Would it be an easy matter to process them?

Unless

Pu Yao looked dazedly at Zuo Mo. Even though he had speculations and anticipation before, but when he saw Zuo Mo cast the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art with his own eyes, the blow of shock he received was stronger than anyone else.

He suddenly turned and glanced at the gravestone.

Many of the previous incidents had just been him acting rashly in anger against the gravestone, but now

The gravestone seemed to detect Pu Yao's thoughts. The black energy

suddenly grew!

Immersed in his wonderful dreams, Zuo Mo noticed the abnormality of the gravestone. He pointed with shock at the gravestone and asked Pu Yao with a curious expression, "What is it doing?"

Pu Yao's mood suddenly became good. Glancing at the gravestone, he snickered, "Oh, he saw your consciousness improved greatly and is happy for you."

"Oh!" Zuo Mo understood and then asked, "Right, Pu, what are the two moves you taught me today called? They are very powerful!"

Looking at Zuo Mo, Pu Yao felt even better and looked, with mirth at the corner of his mouth, at the gravestone.

Before, I did not compete with you, but now

The mirth at his lips disappeared. He turned his gaze to Zuo Mo, and raised an eyebrow. "How is it? Nice to use? Not lacking compared to the Great Day mo physique?"

"Not lacking, not lacking!" Zuo Mo rubbed his hands and snickered.

... .. Have you not clearly seen the true quality of this person this person would call anyone that gives him milk mother

Pu Yao was very smug.

... .. But my path overall has more of a future than your road

... .. Teacher, are you happy

Countless thoughts flashed through Pu Yao's mind.

Zuo Mo found to his surprise that Pu Yao's expression had become stern.

"It is called the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art." Pu Yao's voice was deep. "Just like [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] it is an entire set of yao arts, and was created by another Sky Yao, my teacher."

"Your teacher?" Zuo Mo was very shocked.

Pu Yao would rarely speak of the past. This was the first time Pu Yao had

spoken of his own history.

“Yes, my teacher!” Pu Yao had an reminiscent expression. His expression was stern without any of the nonchalance he usually had. He looked focusedly at Zuo Mo. “Zuo Mo, are you sure you want to learn?”

Pu Yao’s complete shift in attitude caused Zuo Mo to feel the unusual nature of this matter.

He didn’t agree immediately and asked cautiously, “Pu, to learn this set of Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art, are there any requirements?”

“Very simple, you accept the succession of this branch.”

“Can you be more concrete?” Zuo Mo carefully asked.

“Concrete?” Pu Yao stilled. He had never thought about the problem of accepting students. Being asked by Zuo Mo now, he didn’t know what to say. He tilted his head and thought back to when Teacher had accepted him.

“Before you accept students, you must travel to the First Yao Art House of the yao realm and enter your name into the Sky Yao Pavilion.”

Thinking about it, Pu Yao suddenly felt ashamed. He remembered the hopes Teacher had for him. Even though he had become a Sky Yao, but due to other reasons, he had not realized Teacher’s hopes.

This demand surprised Zuo Mo.

“Oh, you don’t need me to swear an oath?”

“Not necessary.”

“No rules?”

“No.”

“No restrictions?”

“No.”

The more Zuo Mo asked, the stranger he felt the situation was. This sect, oh, in his understanding, it was a sect. The requirements for acceptance for this sect was really low. As to being entered in Sky Yao Pavilion, Zuo

Mo didn't think of it as an important matter.

Accept students? That matter had nothing to do with him. Sky Yao Pavilion, who even knew what that was? But as long as he did not accept students, that had nothing to do with him.

By the end of the inquiry, Zuo Mo still didn't quite believe it. Were yao sects so easy to enter?

In xiuzhe sects, every disciple had their duties, each needed to contribute to the sect in order to receive benefits.

Yet Pu Yao's sect didn't need any service and he could get benefits. It was so strange!

After thinking for a while, Zuo Mo felt there was only one possibility left.

Pu Yao's sect was definitely a pitifully small sect.

Only the lowest and smallest sects would be so indiscriminating

Spat spat spat!

Zuo Mo found that he was now a part of the sect, and hurriedly stopped.

However, he had found the differences after such a contrast.

The gravestone had something like oaths to abide by and probably originated from a large sect which was why it had so many rules. Pu Yao's sect was so loose and definitely was a small one.

"Oh, if I learn the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art, can I still cultivate the Great Day mo physique?"

Zuo Mo shamelessly asked.

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo, always asking for a mile when he's given an inch. Some things have to do with talent but there are also complicating factors.

The five hundred little yao arts are "little" so in this case, it means they are elementary and for beginners. They are not powerful enough to affect

the world. In fact, it is probably going to be a disappointment if you have the expectation that “laws” are hugely powerful and understanding grants you a magical power or ability. Understanding something doesn’t mean you have the power to change or affect the world even if you understand how it works. So they are more limited than what other stories depict.

Chapter 336: Try

Pu Yao stared at Zuo Mo without speaking.

Zuo Mo felt uncomfortable under the gaze and smiled weakly, "It would be a pity to not cultivate the Great Day mo physique!"

After being stared at while, just as Zuo Mo thought Pu Yao was going to be angry, Pu Yao suddenly spoke, "I have to think about this."

Even though Pu Yao didn't immediately answer, Zuo Mo still saw hope. He hurriedly left the sea of consciousness.

Once Zuo Mo left the sea of consciousness, large amounts of black mist came out of the gravestone. Figures flitted across the surface of the stone.

Pu Yao seemed to not see them, and spoke to himself, "Cultivate yao and mo together, this idea is quite interesting."

The relationship between yao and mo was much closer than with xiuzhe, but the two of them had never heard of a person cultivating yao and mo at the same time. Pu Yao was a knowledgeable yao, and the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art was a lost and great knowledge. But the Great Day mo physique was also a high ranking mo physique. If Zuo Mo had not successfully cultivated it, Pu Yao definitely wouldn't rack his brains over the issue. But since Zuo Mo had successfully cultivated the Great Day mo physique, it would really be a pity to throw it away.

Yao cultivation was the most free and liberal of all three cultivations. Education methods like the yao art houses were much more liberal than the sect succession of the xiuzhe or the clan succession of the mo.

Figures flashed across the gravestone.

"You feel it is possible to try?" Pu Yao raised an eyebrow in puzzlement.

He sank into thought. He had all kinds of anger and dissatisfaction with the gravestone, but being the one to guard the gravestone for tens of thousands of years, the other was a significant factor. The gravestone had many places that he felt were stupid, stubborn, and too conservative, but he was familiar with the accomplishments and knowledge the gravestone

had.

Pu Yao became unusually hesitant. Since Zuo Mo could comprehend the Divine Summoning Art on his own, he was perfect for cultivating the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art, and was the best successor. If Zuo Mo focused on cultivating the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art, there was a high possibility that he could reach the stage of a Sky Yao. But if he cultivated the mo physique and the yao art at the same time, it was hard to predict the outcome. The journey of cultivating a mo physique was the most dangerous of the three paths. His soul would be destroyed due to the slightest carelessness.

The flashing shadow of a person on the surface of the gravestone silently waited for Pu Yao's decision.

Pu Yao glanced at the gravestone out of the corner of his eyes. Its silence, and the events that happened in the past flashed across his mind. His bloody pupil suddenly became deep, and an imperceptible sorrow floated at the deepest part of his eye.

In a moment, his expression turned normal. He smiled mockingly and said, "What? Afraid your line of succession will end? Your set of stuff is so old its teeth is falling out, it should have been thrown into the trash a long time ago!"

"Hmph! If he wants to cultivate, then cultivate. I'm also slightly curious. Tsk tsk, yao art, mo physique, spells, formations, what kind of weirdo will this boy cultivate to become?"

A hint of insanity flashed across Pu Yao's bloody pupil.

In the camp, after Zuo Mo opened his eyes, everyone's hearts finally landed. However, this incident rang the alarm for everyone. This ghastly place was more dangerous than they had imagined.

The people of Guard Camp worked even harder on their cultivation.

The black fiendish energy had benefits for them. The black fiendish energy inside the fiendish mist was even denser, and harder to process.

They had to carefully control the rate at which they absorbed fiendish mist. Otherwise, the fiendish mist would corrode their minds and they would gradually turn to fiend soul beasts.

However, this was a good place to cultivate [Hardship Guard]. All of them progressed quickly. Another person cultivated and formed their weapon. This person was an unexpected surprise to everyone. It was actually A Wen. After A Wen healed completely, he stayed with Guard Camp, and started cultivating [Hardship Guard] with everyone else.

In Guard Camp, A Wen had spent the shortest time cultivating [Hardship Guard] but his progression rate was amazing. When Zuo Mo was informed that A Wen had formed his weapon, he also jumped in fright. This talent was too outrageous.

A Wen's weapon was a spear. Its entire body was black without any light. A dark red tassel hung below the head of the spear like a dark flame.

Once this black spear formed, A Wen hugged it and sank into meditation.

What also surprised Zuo Mo were the three hundred flower slaves. After these flower slaves were rescued from Hundred Flower Alliance, Shu Long had been taking care of them as they cultivated the [Flower Yao Mutual Existence Art]. This yao art was very wondrous. In a short period of time, they regained their clarity of mind and managed to suppress the ling flowers planted on their bodies.

The flowers that Hundred Flower Alliance picked to grow on these flower slaves were all rare and valuable ling flowers. These ling flowers were all fifth-grade, and by themselves were rare ling objects that could automatically absorb the ling energy in the surroundings. However, this place was thin in ling energy and was filled with black fiendish energy. The ling flowers on their bodies had all turned to absorbing black fiendish energy instead.

It had to be said that everything in the world had their own abilities.

The brutal and dark black fiendish energy was not dark at all after being absorbed by the ling flowers, and became warm and lively. They

progressed quickly.

Compared to the Guard Camp being fishes in the water, the situation of Vermillion Bird Camp was not too good. Even though Zuo Mo had given them the scrolls of [Fiend Ling] so they did not have to fear black fiendish energy as much as before, they still needed to cultivate it to a certain stage to regain their full combat abilities.

Among them, the sixteen seal xiu led by Gong Liang Wei were the worst off.

After they were captured in Little Mountain Jie, they had been put into Vermillion Bird Camp by Gongsun Cha. However, due to their unique cultivating methods, their position in Vermillion Bird Camp was very awkward.

At present, the combat tactic of Vermillion Bird Camp depended on speed and sharpness. This was the tactic that sword xiu were most skilled in. What seal xiu were more skilled in was support. Adding on that the spells they cultivated weren't anything profound, the increases they could provide were limited. To date, before they could act, the battle would be finished.

Even though Gongsun Cha Daren put importance on them, it could not change the fact that they were in an awkward position.

Their cultivation was at the bottom of Vermillion Bird Camp, and the [Fiend Ling] had high demands of cultivation. They found it even harder.

"Why don't we ask Gongsun Cha Daren to move to Golden Crow Camp," one of the people said with his head down.

Gong Liang Wei was silent. He was over his forties, his talent was average, but due to his steadiness, he was the shixiong of this group of people. He also knew that Golden Crow Camp was more appropriate for them at this time.

They were skilled in all kinds of seal, and one among them called Li Zhuo was able to make second-grade seal soldiers. This was a great achievement for ningmai level seal xiu.

Seal xiu were skilled in all kinds of seals, were skilled in formations and making all kinds of seals, and to attack through use of seals.

In a seal xiu's normal cultivation, they needed to use all kinds of formations and seals. This was the point that they differed from other xiuzhe. This place was thin in ling power. The formations that they needed for their cultivation could not perform fully, and their cultivation was not enough that they could cultivate [Fiend Ling].

As they spoke, Zong Ru walked towards them.

Gong Liang Wei hurriedly stood and went up to welcome Zong Ru. Zong Ru was the leader of the Shield Guard Platoon, and was responsible for Gongsun Daren's safety. He had a high position in Vermillion Bird Camp. Gong Liang Wei was skilled in interaction, and did not show any of the trouble on his face. He said with a smile, "It is rare for Zong Daren to come here, is there something you wish to order?"

Zong Ru smiled warmly and passed over several jade scrolls. "Gongsun Daren has asked me to deliver some things to everyone."

Gong Liang Wei took the jade scrolls with slight puzzlement. "What is worth Daren personally making a trip?"

"Everyone will know after reading."

After Zong Ru spoke, he raised his folded hands and left. Zong Ru's cultivation deepened by the day, and was increasingly warm and subdued like he was a normal person without any sharp edges.

After Zong Ru left, everyone crowded over.

Gong Liang Wei's consciousness swept the jade scroll, and his body uncontrollably tensed.

The jade scrolls on their hands were the jade scrolls Zuo Mo had sent to Golden Crow Camp.

The content on formations made everyone's eyes lit up.

Gongsun Cha was immersed in playing war chess everyday. That

mysterious person did not appear so he studied by himself. Ever since he heard that battle generals had their cultivation spells, his thoughts started to wander.

He was completely enchanted with the highly difficult profession of battle general.

Since he did not have the spells that battle generals cultivated, then why couldn't he explore by himself?

Gongsun Cha's personality was a bit insane to begin with, he was always filled with interest and enthusiasm towards matters that normal people would find irrational. Creating battle general spells, another person wouldn't even dare to think of it, but he had no fear.

However, in terms of knowledge of cultivation, he had a good grasp of his own limitations, but he also had his own solution, war chess. The craftsmanship of these war chess games were exquisitely detailed, and they closely mimicked to reality. The person that designed them definitely was a great battle general. Of course, the possibility it was a yaomo general was great.

However, this difference wasn't major in Gongsun Cha's view.

He tried to find hints and clues in the war chess games. He was curious how true battle generals cultivated. He had been immersed in this highly difficult pursuit recently.

He had made discoveries.

Pu Yao who had been teaching Zuo Mo suddenly raised his head, shock flashing through his bloody pupil.

Zuo Mo stilled, raised his head and asked, "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing." Pu Yao's expression turned normal. He looked at Zuo Mo. "You can continue to practice the Great Day mo physique. The condition is that your yao art cultivation meets my demands."

"What demands?" Zuo Mo weakly asked.

Pu Yao gave a teeth-baring smile. “When I was in the yao art house, I had a nickname.”

“Nickname?” Zuo Mo was dazed. “What nickname?”

“They liked to call me the Encyclopedia Of Yao Arts.” The faint voice came from Pu Yao’s shadowed face. A sharp smile flashed. “As my successor, you need to maintain this great tradition.”

A bad feeling washed over Zuo Mo’s mind.

“From today onwards, immerse yourself in the ocean of yao arts!”

Pu Yao’s arrogant voice threw Zuo Mo completely into hell.

There were many kinds of yao arts, and could not be counted. Just basic little yao arts had five hundred kinds, so the true scale could be imagined.

Also, Pu Yao had no intentions of passing Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art onto Zuo Mo, and started to explain things beginning with little yao arts. Zuo Mo found to his shock that the little yao arts that he thought he learned were more complicated and intricate than he had previously imagined.

A completely different world started to reveal itself to him.

Pu Yao had never spoken of yao arts like this before. He was confident with each type of yao art, free and high-flying.

The person and yao were immersed and completely forgot the flow of time.

After an unknown number of days, they were suddenly disturbed.

It was Golden Crow Camp!

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Translator Ramblings: There might be some ambiguity which is probably deliberate but you guys are really good at picking at the details so I’m going to clarify about the gravestone. When Pu Yao talks about the “gravestone,” it is usually as though the “gravestone” is a person which is communicating back to him in this chapter. However, the gravestone is

also an object and the “gravestone” or “he” that Pu Yao refers to is not the gravestone as an object.

Poor Zuo Mo, you are a little lab rat. Pu Yao is crazy enough to risk gambling with his own life on Zuo Mo being able to cultivate the three different methods at the same time since if Zuo Mo dies, he will as well.

Chapter 337: Crimson Fiend Cauldron

The center of the slave transporting boat had been completely transformed. The rooms on multiple floors had been completely torn down. Right now, what stood in their place was a double-handled red cauldron about five zhang tall. The crimson red cauldron appeared to have been just taken from a strong fire. The shape was simple, but the presence was heavy. If one went to closer, they would see that the body of the cauldron was covered in formation scripts written in the size of ants. The complexity would make one faint.

If a xiuzhe skilled in forging saw this cauldron, they would be very shocked. Such small and complex formation scripts could not be completed even if a jindan forging xiuzhe worked for three to five years.

This enormous Crimson Fiend Cauldron was the effort by all of the people in Golden Crow Camp.

The body of the cauldron was made from a mixture of fire element materials like Crimson Fire Rock. The great majority were fourth-grade materials. The forging method to make the Crimson Fire Cauldron was different than normal methods. After the plan had been confirmed, the large cauldron had been divided into three hundred and twenty six pieces. There had been clear discussion regarding the size of each piece and the seal scripts carved into them. Due to the fact the sizes of the parts were relatively small after being dismembered, the forging difficulty was much lower. Each piece was repeatedly forged, and each line on the seal script had been exquisitely planned.

In other words, the large cauldron was a puzzle that was pieced together. The entire assembly process took seven whole days and nights, members of Golden Crow Camp forged without sleep and rest to finish. After that, the entire camp used Golden Crow Fire to forge it for fourteen days to melt it into one body.

Today, the large cauldron took form!

When every Golden Crow Camp member looked at this astounding

large Crimson Fiend Cauldron, their eyes were filled with head and pride!

Fifth-grade!

The grade of this large cauldron was fifth-grade!

When the masters announced this result, all of the camp cheered. Fifth-grade, that was enough for every person of Golden Crow Camp to feel proud. Golden Crow Camp did not have one jindan in its ranks, all of them were ningmai.

Only jindan xiuzhe, of at least the second stratum, had the ability to forging fifth-grade talismans.

But Golden Crow Camp that had no jindan at all did it!

However, the cheers only continued for a short period of time. Everyone's expression turned serious because an even more crucial step was arriving.

Black red fiendish mist flowed towards the slave transporting boat like a tide.

Inside the slave transporting boat, the mood was nervous, and the loud voices of the two masters could be heard.

"Pay attention and control the flow rate of the fiendish mist!"

"Maintain the Golden Crow Fire, keep it up!"

The fiendish mist that was absorbed turned to a slender black-red flow and entered the large cauldron. The Golden Crow Fire within the cauldron seemed to have had a bucket of oil poured over it and grew.

Everyone uncontrollably stopped breathing.

The fine seal scripts on the Crimson Fiend Cauldron suddenly shot up with gold light. A vast ling power wave filled every corner of the slave transporting boat. The formations on the boat lit up at almost the same time.

Only now did the hearts of Golden Crow Camp members land. Cheers suddenly exploded.

Master Ji Wei's face was covered in tears. Sun Bao was also very emotional, swallowing hard and unable to speak. He felt it would be worth it even if he died now!

Before Wan Tian had been urging Wei Cheng Bin to get some black fiendish energy, he and Sun Bao had already started to study the black fiendish energy.

The jade scroll that Zuo Mo had sent over had resolved many problems they could not overcome. Even though they had done this through the combined effort of the entire camp, but being able to forge such a cauldron when they were just ningmai was enough to make them famous throughout the entire world.

It wasn't just the two masters. The people of Golden Crow Camp came from small sects, and most were those that did not have great ambitions. Everyone was uncontrollably excited at being able to complete such an amazing work. Many people couldn't stop themselves from crying.

When Zuo Mo rushed over, this was what he saw.

Then his gaze was securely attracted to this five zhang tall Crimson Fiend Cauldron, and was dumbstruck.

"You forged this?" Zuo Mo pointed at the large cauldron and asked disbelievingly.

Sun Bao said respectfully and with pride, "Yes, Daren!"

Zuo Mo was shocked!

That was right, he was completely shocked!

He couldn't be called skilled in formations, but his understanding of formations was far above everyone else. However, he was still amazed at the clever thinking behind the forging of the Crimson Fiend Cauldron. The forging of the Crimson Fiend Cauldron used Golden Crow Fire, and what Zuo Mo hadn't expected was that they actually put the Great Golden Crow Formation onto this cauldron.

This way, the Golden Crow Fire inside the cauldron would be

maintained for a long time and could gather Golden Crow Fire from sunlight. In the future, there would be no need to worry about the supply of Golden Crow Fire. As the amount of Golden Crow Fire inside the cauldron increased, it was very likely that it could produce even higher grade flames.

In other words, the Crimson Fire Cauldron still had room to improve.

But this wasn't what shocked Zuo Mo the most. What gave him the greatest shock was the Crimson Fiend Cauldron could process fiendish mist and turn it to ling power.

Wasn't wasn't this the method of [Fiend Ling]?

[Fiend Ling] could transform fiendish energy to ling power. Vermillion Bird Camp was furiously cultivating this spell, but who could have expected that Golden Crow Camp would walk ahead of them.

"A pretty good talisman!" Pu Yao couldn't help but praise.

The rich and lively ling power inside the slave transporting boat made a person feel comfortable. In this place, black fiendish energy was in endless supply. With the Crimson Fiend Cauldron, they did not need to worry about the problem of ling power at all. Their jingshi supply could also provide ling power but there would be a day when it was all used up.

The members of Golden Crow Camp all floated in this direction. Daren's shocked expression made them feel very good.

"Can you make a few more?" Zuo Mo asked Sun Bao.

Sun Bao showed a difficult expression. "It isn't hard to forge, but I'm afraid we cannot find suitable materials."

In order to forge the Crimson Fiend Cauldron, all the rare materials from Bao Yi's stores had been swept clean. If it wasn't that Sun Bao and Ji Wei had both personally gone to demand them from Bao Yi, Bao Yi definitely would not have given the materials up.

Zuo Mo was slightly disappointed but he was not surprised. Low grade materials could not endure such powerful ling power and the domineering

Golden Crow Fire.

“I’m really greedy!” Zuo Mo said mockingly. He then said to Sun Bao and Ji Wei, “Good work! In the future if you need any materials, go to Bao Yi to get them. If that bamboo stick won’t give them to you, come find me directly.”

Sun Bao and Ji Wei were overjoy, “Thanks, Daren!”

To people that enjoyed forging, this promise made them happier than anything else.

Golden Crow Camp gave Zuo Mo a big surprise. With the Crimson Fire Cauldron, the pressure placed on him instantly decreased. They could be at more ease while exploring this strange place.

Coming out of the slave transporting boat, Zuo Mo was in a very good mood. He looked around. The camp was very busy. Everyone had not sunk into a depression but worked harder on their cultivation. Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo started to cultivate himself. Becoming stronger was better than anything else.

Pu Yao said that he had a nickname of the “Encyclopaedia of Yao Arts.” Zuo Mo felt that this nickname was a bit of an exaggeration. It wasn’t the first time this guy liked to boast, but this guy really displayed his aptitude when he started to explain yao arts.

Five hundred types of little yao arts. After Pu Yao explained them to him again, Zuo Mo had a completely different perspective.

However, Zuo Mo cared more about the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art.

“Pu, teach me another two moves of the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art!” Zuo Mo raised his face and said fawningly.

Pu Yao replied absentmindedly, “Oh, don’t try to always get free benefits. It’s a dream to think that you can combine two little yao arts to get something powerful.”

“Then you can teach me some powerful yao arts?”

“You understand all of the little yao arts?” Pu Yao glanced at him.

“Pretty much.” Zuo Mo had some confidence about this.

“Really?” Pu Yao had a slightly smile. “Then let’s test it.”

“Test? What test?” Zuo Mo became alert.

Before he finished asking, the scene in the surroundings seemed to retreat like a wave, and turn to a dark void.

This was Ten Finger Prison!

Damn it!

Zuo Mo didn’t have the time to swear. His vision blurred and pushed the swear words at his mouth back.

“Your consciousness has become much stronger, and you should be able to stay for twelve hours now,” Pu Yao did not waste words and said crisply. “Walk forward using the method I taught you last time. I don’t demand anything too highly of you. Twelve hours, walk thirty li forward. Ooh, this demand is just one-tenth of mine when I first came here.”

Finishing, Pu Yao did not allow Zuo Mo to speak and disappeared.

Vast Water Clear Skies, Zuo Mo had come last time and wasn’t unfamiliar with this place. According to Pu Yao, the entire Vast Water Clear Skies was constructed from thirteen thousand low-level yao arts.

Hm, just thirty li, you think this will trouble ge?

Provoked by Pu Yao’s disdainful tone, Zuo Mo did not procrastinate. He lowered his head and started to deconstruct the yao art under his feet.

Every bit of soil, every piece of rock, every stalk of grass here was made from yao arts.

His consciousness made a close inspection. The yao arts here were completely different in Zuo Mo’s eyes than the ones from last time. Last time, if it wasn’t for Pu Yao guiding him continuously, he couldn’t have even advanced a single step. But right now, even facing low level yao arts

he had never seen before, he could think of solutions.

It was a great help to him that his consciousness was stronger than in the past. No wonder they said that the consciousness was the basis of yao arts. Comparing the two visits, Zuo Mo gave a direct and deeply engraining experience. The yao arts borrowed all kinds of powers from within the world. The consciousness was like a level that leverage the power of the world.

The first yao art did not take Zuo Mo long before he deconstructed it.

Walking one step by one step, deconstructing one yao art by one yao art.

This feeling was somewhat familiar

Zuo Mo suddenly remembered why he found it familiar. In Wu Kong Mountain, he had also studied the questions of the [Preliminary Formations] jade scroll from Kun Lun. The feeling now was slightly similar.

This was a little bit interesting!

Zuo Mo did not find it dull, but found it interesting.

He gradually found some patterns, and his speed became faster. These low level yao arts had many transformations and he did not recognize the great majority of them. However, he found that if he used the right method, they were all able to be deconstructed using little yao arts.

Immersed in deconstructing yao arts, he did not notice the scenery behind him that he just deconstructed was changing.

Even more so, he did not notice a pair of eyes staring at him from nearby.

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Translator Ramblings: Golden Crow Camp is a think tank coming up with new ideas. Zuo Mo's very lucky that Sun Bao and Ji Wei are smart and dedicated to him. Otherwise, he will be having a much harder time.

Pu Yao got tired of negotiating and not getting anything paid. So the brute force move is now used.

Chapter 338: Nan Yue

Nan Yue looked with curiosity at the male in front of her.

To be able to enter Vast Water Clear Skies in the first year of entering a yao art house, she had some fame in the art house, even though the yao art house that she belonged to was not a famed one. Even though she was very young, she was very experienced in Vast Water Clear Skies.

Last time, she had accidentally found there was a place that showed major marks of damage and instantly took note. Only today when she saw this unfamiliar male did she instantly realize she found the culprit.

She did not go up to warn him. She had stayed for a long time in Vast Water Clear Skies, and naturally had no problems with basic knowledge. The Ten Finger Prison was completely constructed from yao arts. It included almost all the yao arts. Due to this, it also became the place the yao learned yao arts. She had once learned three relatively powerful yao arts from Vast Water Clear Skies, and many places in Vast Water Clear Skies that were filled with danger were good places to gain experience.

Nan Yue had encountered incidents of destruction before, but that was mostly when some yao that destroyed the area after finding a good yao art to prevent it from landing in another person's hands. This kind of destruction had no effect on Vast Water Clear Skies. Vast Water Clear Skies was completely constructed from yao arts. Any grass or art that was destroyed would be recreated. It was always kept at an equilibrium.

Ten Finger Prison had existed for many years, and countless Sky Yao had come through, but nothing had ever happened to Ten Finger Prison.

What Nan Yue found curious was that the other's strange actions looked more like a kind of cultivation method.

But what effect would it have?

She sank into thought. It was not hard to destroy the grasses and plants of Vast Water Clear Skies. They were constructed out of yao arts, and other than some rare defensive yao arts, they were usually easily

destroyed.

Was this person a destructive maniac?

She laughed. These days, there were all kinds of strange yao. There were some weird yao in her yao art house. Supposedly, there were even more of these people at famed yao arts houses.

She really had too much free time that she would spend it on such a boring matter.

Was it that she had good results in the recent tests that caused her to be slightly proud? She couldn't help but feel ashamed. She instantly warned herself to not be proud.

Just as she was going to leave, she suddenly saw the process of the rock collapsing in front of the unfamiliar male. Her heart shook and paused mid step.

Just now, that rock had turned to powder without any warning and disappeared into the air.

This was this was

Nan Yue's mouth was opened wide, her face written with disbelief as she looked dazedly at Zuo Mo.

Without any sound, another entire piece of rock collapsed at the exact same moment to the smallest bits of powder that dissipated into the air. After three whole breaths, Nan Yue finally reacted, and couldn't help but yell, "Deconstruction!"

When the words came out, she frightened herself. She hurriedly covered her mouth in fear of alarming the other.

However, the other fortunately had not been disturbed and was still in a trance.

After observing for a long time, Nan Yue was certain the other was deconstructing these yao arts, and was not destroying them. If he used brute force to destroy these rocks made from yao arts, the rock will just turn to a ball of light and then disappear.

Deconstruction and destruction were two completely different concepts. Destruction was to damage from the outside, and deconstruction was to dismember from the inside, and cause it to be destroyed.

The difficulty of deconstruction was far higher than destruction. It required a deep understanding of yao arts. Vast Water Clear Skies was only the first prison of Ten Finger Prison and there were only low-level yao arts here, but the yao arts here were innumerable. How could one be familiar with all of them?

The more Nan Yue saw, the more shocked she was. The speed the other deconstructed at made her heart beat wildly.

The ever-changing yao arts did not seem to be an obstacle to this male. His movements flowed without hurry. Everywhere he passed, the plants and grasses turned to dust and disappeared from beside his feet.

He did not look, and he did not stop in his steps.

Nan Yue was dazed as she watched.

At the beginning, she had doubted if her guess had been accurate. Even those high level students in the yao art house wouldn't be so smooth and quick.

This was a daren!

Daren was the general term for those powerful and profound yao.

Maybe this great yao was trying a certain yao art? Or he was trying to comprehending some secret technique?

This was the only possibility that she was able to think of. Vast Water Clear Skies was the first level of Ten Finger Prison. Most of those who came here were little yao that had just entered the yao art houses. There were only low level yao arts here, and were not of help to those powerful yao.

But the strength shown by this person far surpassed them.

Nan Yue quickly realized this was a rare chance. She instantly thought rapidly how she could go up and initiate a conversation. In the yao art

houses, everyone like to call situations like this wild wondrous encounters.

The yao arts houses publicly passed on many yao arts but these were the basic yao arts of each yao art level. As to the skills of each teacher, those were secret. Using the Purple Lotus Yao Art House that Nan Yue belonged to as the example, they took in two thousand students annually. After five to seven years of education, they would graduate with results based on each person's consciousness and skill in the yao arts.

In these five to seven years, those little yao that studied hard and were talented might receive the favor of a certain teacher and become their student. Only these students had the possibility of receiving their line of succession. The teachers had the freedom to choose their students. Normally, the teachers only had to teach basic yao arts to all the students .

The best way to learn more profound yao arts was to become the personal student of a teacher. However, the competition inside the yao art house was very fierce. Every teacher was being targeted by countless students that wanted to enter their doors. Nan Yue's talent was not high. The reason she had the achieved grades she did was due to her hard work. The teachers of the schools were perceptive. How could they not see this? Right now, the teachers all hoped to pick students with talent. Students like her only had the tiniest of chances.

Maybe this Daren was an opportunity!

At this time, she had to be shameless!

Nan Yue thought of the stories and experiences that her elder classmates had passed onto her. Gritting her teeth, she went next to Zuo Mo.

However, she did not speak, but silently stood and did not make a sound.

Zuo Mo felt a thread of exhaustion. He stopped because he found that when he was tired due to manipulating his consciousness, his rate of deconstruction would quickly decrease. He turned his head back to look at the path he had just walked. In one hour, he had advanced about two li.

Based on this rate, he would only make twenty four li in twelve hours. There was quite a distance to the thirty li that Pu Yao set down. But Zuo Mo was not in a hurry, and took the time of rest to recall the experiences.

As the number of yao arts he deconstructed increased, his speed moving forward had increased. He could clearly feel that the time he spent on the last li was much shorter than the time he spent on the first li. Even though each type of yao art was different, he still understood and gradually became accustomed to the process.

These yao arts changed greatly, but they did not leave the area of little yao arts.

Thinking back to when Pu Yao had spoke of the little yao arts to him, he suddenly understood.

These yao arts were just constructions made up of different combinations of little yao arts. He instantly understood Pu Yao's intentions. Pu Yao wanted to use this method to give him a deeper understanding of little yao arts.

Thinking about what he had felt just now, Zuo Mo instantly became excited because he felt this was an effective method.

Pu Yao wasn't useless after all!

After criticizing Pu Yao out of habit, Zuo Mo decided to rest and recover his spiritual power. When he raised his head, a stammering and nervous voice suddenly sounded in his ear, "El Elder"

Elder?

Zuo Mo stilled and found Nan Yue standing nearby. However, his first response was to look around. When he found that no one was standing next to him, he finally realized this little girl was calling him.

He rubbed his head and watched as the other was in a trance. This term was slightly weird, and he didn't know them. Oh, the other was a yao

Wait, yao?

Zuo Mo stilled again and curiously examined the other. This yao looked

very normal, and didn't have any of Pu Yao's presence. Oh, compared to the yao soldiers that he encountered at Desolate Wood Reef, she seemed much weaker.

An interested expression came onto his face. This little yao should be the most normal little yao. Truthfully, he had never seen a normal little yao before!

So normal yao looked like this

Nan Yue had faint green hair, her eyes were also faint green like a transparent olive stone. Her chin was slightly pointed and didn't look any different from any other person. She was dressed in a short robe and looked very capable.

Nan Yue felt uncomfortable under Zuo Mo's gaze. She couldn't help but panic inside. Was this daren a perverted yao?

Yao were very liberal about sexual matters. Most yao came from flora, and the process took a long number of years. The combinations between yao would strengthen the clan. The Council of Elders encouraged reproduction. Adding on that yao were born with long life spans, they were very uncaring regarding the matters of sex.

If it was a female yao that had some experience, they would have instantly shown a seductive posture immediately.

But Nan Yue clearly could not do it.

Compared to Nan Yue's caution and discomfort, Zuo Mo was much more casual. He was young, but he had seen much. Right now, he even had a large group of people under his command. If he was still in Sky Moon Jie, he definitely qualified as a warlord. Additionally, he purely thought of this event as broadening his visions.

The yao world didn't have a jingshi of a connection to him.

"What are you called?" Zuo Mo asked curiously.

“Nan Yue,” The slightly nervous Nan Yue instantly replied.

“Oh, what kind of yao are you?” Zuo Mo asked. He had a pitiful understanding of yao.

The way that this daren asked questions was really very strange.

Nan Yue’s nervousness disappeared greatly. “Is Elder asking about Nan Yue’s birth? Nan Yue comes from the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky.”

“Wisteria Clan of the South Sky?” Zuo Mo was confused. He could understand the individual words, but he did not understand what they referred to when put together.

“Wisteria Clan of the South Sky!”

With a light sound of surprise, Pu Yao suddenly popped up.

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo’s so curious. It’s not like he’s never seen a yao before. This is the second person to think that Zuo Mo is a pervert on first impression but she’s got the wrong plotline. Zuo Mo only wants a harem of jingshi.

Chapter 339: Origin?

Hearing Pu Yao's voice, Zuo Mo instantly realized that this Wisteria Clan of the South Sky had some significance.

Before he could ask, he heard Pu Yao say to him, "Ask her if it is the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky at Purple Arrow Jie?"

Zuo Mo could only listen and ask, "Is it the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky at Purple Arrow Jie?"

Nan Yue was very shocked. "Does Elder also know the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky at Purple Arrow Jie?" Her expression then dimmed. "We migrated from Purple Arrow Jie to Core Wind Jie six hundred years ago."

Pu Yao did not make a sound for a while.

Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. It seemed that Pu Yao really knew this Wisteria Clan of the South Sky.

After a while, Pu Yao said to Zuo Mo, "Ask her how many people remain of the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky."

Zuo Mo obediently spoke.

Nan Yue's expression became even dimmer. "There is only eleven people left in the clan now."

"Eleven people" Pu Yao was dumbstruck.

As the situation of the clan was spoken of, Nan Yue felt very bad. The Wisteria Clan of the South Sky had been in decline for a long time. She had no memories of the glory they held in the past. Ever since she could remember, the clan's living conditions had been very harsh.

She hadn't thought that this elder would know the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky. She was quite shocked. There were not many teachers in the school that knew of the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky.

"Do you practice the [South Sky Arrow Art] of the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky?"

The elder's question made her pause, but she shook her head. "[South

Sky Arrow Art] was lost a thousand years ago.”

Zuo Mo could clearly feel these words made Pu Yao shake.

Nan Yue was also very shocked. The elder was very familiar with the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky. If it wasn't that she liked learning and had worked hard, she wouldn't know much of the clan history. If it was her other sibling of the clan, they probably wouldn't even know what [South Sky Arrow Art] was.

Did this elder have a history with the clan?

Hope suddenly rose in her heart.

Even though Elder looked very young, but Nan Yue would not underestimate him for that. The age of yao had nothing to do with their appearances. The smooth deconstruction that Elder had performed just now had amazed her.

As her thoughts grew, her mood became unconfident.

What made her feel even more insecure was that Elder was silent for a long time and did not speak.

Her heart continued to sink. It seemed there was no hope.

Suddenly, Elder's voice came. “I will pass [South Sky Arrow Art] on to you. In return you will follow me for a hundred years and will be free after that.”

Nan Yue seemed to have been struck by lightning. Her mind was blank. [South Sky Arrow Art]! Elder knew [South Sky Arrow Art]? Her face was filled with disbelief. The records of the clan said that [South Sky Arrow Art] was the most powerful yao art treasure of the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky, and the ultimate skill of the clan! But the records of the clan also did not leave any mention behind except how powerful [South Sky Arrow Art] was. She had even doubted the validity of these records and if they had been exaggerated.

[South Sky Arrow Art] ... so this world really had [South Sky Arrow Art] ...

Just as Nan Yue's emotions changed, Zuo Mo pursued Pu Yao and continued to urge Pu Yao in a suspicious tone, "Pu, you really know that [South Sky Arrow Art? You really know? Don't fool little kids! If you don't know, and you can't follow through with the lie, it will be embarrassing ..."

Pu Yao who had been immersed in his emotions instantly felt conflicting emotions. "Nonsense, of course I know."

"You sure?" The suspicion on Zuo Mo's face did not decrease. "How come I never heard you say so?"

"There's a lot you never heard of," Pu Yao rolled his eyes and said in a negative tone.

"Ooh, right. A gentleman is open, the little person hides his schemes. You are usually hidden very deeply." Zuo Mo nodded his head, and then snickered. He raised his face and said, "Then let's add another century. We cannot be unprofitable!"

Pu Yao looked dumbly at Zuo Mo. At this moment, he lost the ability to talk.

Zuo Mo had no hint of shame. He was very smug. "Pu, as a yao, ge isn't as good as you, but in business, you are far less than ge!"

After a beat, Nan Yue refocused. She did not hesitate in kneeling on the ground. "Teacher!"

Yao usually had long lives, and a century was not a long time for them. Also, the conditions were really too good. In Nan Yue's view, this elder definitely had a deep history with the clan so he would use this method to help her.

In the sea of consciousness, Zuo Mo sighed at Pu Yao, "It's over, can't increase the price."

Nan Yue knelt on the ground motionlessly.

After a while, she heard Elder say gravely, "Stand up. I do not have the qualifications to accept students and cannot be your teacher. This is a

transaction to pass on [South Sky Arrow Art] to you. You can call me daren in the future.”

Zuo Mo pretended.

Nan Yue was slightly disappointed. Daren was still unwilling to take her as his student. It must be that Daren was very rigorous in accepting students, and she did not meet his requirements. She secretly made a resolution to cultivate and work hard to satisfy Daren as early as possible to be accepted. Also, Daren had promised to pass [South Sky Arrow Art] onto her. This yao art which had been lost for so long, was it as powerful as the records said?

She was full of anticipation!

“What to do next?” Zuo Mo spread his hands and asked Pu Yao.

Pu Yao said seriously, “You will first teach her little yao arts.”

Zuo Mo stilled and then stammered as he pointed at his nose, “Me teaching?”

“Is there a problem?” Pu Yao tilted his head to look at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo forced a smile and said, “You are really too irresponsible to that little girl.” He was slightly unconfident. He wasn’t afraid at all about explaining spells or formations, but yao arts

The other was a true yao. He was a xiuzhe teaching a true yao how to cultivate yao arts it was too ridiculous!

“Just teach whatever,” Pu Yao said irresponsibly and then disappeared.

Zuo Mo stood dumbly in the empty sea of consciousness.

Coming out of the sea of consciousness, Zuo Mo looked at Nan Yue who had an yearning expression on her face and instantly had a headache. A beat later, he emboldened his heart. Since Pu Yao said to teach her whatever, if he didn’t teach her well, it couldn’t be blamed on him.

He coughed lightly. “Let’s first start from little yao arts.”

“Little yao arts?” Nan Yue stilled. She hadn’t thought what Daren would

teach first were little yao arts.

Didn't every yao know little yao arts?

Zuo Mo ignored Nan Yue's puzzled gaze and started to talk to himself. Luckily, Pu Yao had just taught him little yao arts recently and he remembered them clearly. He thought back as he talked. As he talked, he couldn't help but add in some of his understandings that he had just gotten through deconstruction.

At the beginning, Nan Yue's expression was filled with puzzlement and curiosity. But her expression gradually became stern and focused.

The little yao arts that Daren talked about were different in many places than what she understood!

Those little yao arts that seemed so simple in her view actually contained a very abundant number of permutations. She had never thought the permutations of little yao arts could be so plentiful and complex. There were such deep connections between different little yao arts

For the first time, the little yao arts were so profound in her eyes!

A bottomless, and borderless ocean appeared in front of her.

Zuo Mo finally stopped talking. He released a breath. His talk was not as detailed as Pu Yao but there was nothing incorrect about the main concepts.

Seeing that Nan Yue had fallen for his con, he was slightly reassured. But after the talk, what to do next? His mind shifted, and he instantly thought of a good idea. He pointed at the flowers and grasses and said pretentiously, "From today onwards, you will start to learn how to deconstruct the yao arts of Vast Water Clear Skies. There are thirteen thousand yao arts in Vast Water Clear Skies. If you can deconstruct all of them, your understanding of little yao arts has just begun."

Zuo Mo felt he was like a conman at this time, especially when he saw Nan Yue's gaze filled with respect. He felt even guiltier. He immediately got Nan Yue to start learning how to deconstruct yao arts.

At this time, Nan Yue realized why Daren had been deconstructing little yao arts all this time! She happily started to learn from Zuo Mo about deconstructing little yao arts. Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo instantly relaxed and started his deconstruction again.

The person and yao buried their heads and started to make “damage.”

After two hours, Nan Yue took a break. When she raised her head, she was very shocked. Daren was one and a half li in front of her!

The shock in Nan Yue’s eyes faded and was replaced by awe and respect.

As expected of Daren!

She definitely had to work harder to reach Daren’s qualifications for taking students!

Nan Yue balled her fists and made a decision.

Ma Fan did not cultivate [Fiend Ling]. He was the only xiuzhe of Vermillion Bird Camp that did not cultivate [Fiend Ling]. Even Xie Shan had taken [Fiend Ling] to study.

Ma Fan was studying [Clear Sky Sword Scripture].

This fifth-grade sword scripture was the sect-establishing ultimate skill of Clear Sky Sect. Zuo Mo did not have much interest in sword scriptures, and after experiencing so much together, everyone had deeper bonds, so Zuo Mo made this public for everyone to study.

However, [Clear Sky Sword Scripture] was profound and hard to understand. Many places were unclear, and those that were just the slightest bit lacking had no ability to understand it. All those of Vermillion Bird Camp that cultivated the sword desired this sword scripture, but there were only a few that could persist in studying it.

Ma Fan was one of them.

The sword scripture he cultivated had no name, and was incomplete. Other than the power of [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction], the other moves were scattered sword moves that he had gathered from other

sword scriptures.

For other people, [Clear Sky Sword Scripture] was too difficult, but for him, it was a treasure. He was one of the first to comprehend sword essence. The stage of his sword essence rivalled Xie Shan after he broke through to jindan.

He was used to taking the best parts from other sword scriptures to use for himself. His sword moves were gathered from a scattering of scriptures, but this allowed him to quickly adjust to using a brand new sword scripture.

The destruction caused by Clear Sky Old Forefather while using the [Clear Sky Sword Scripture] frequently crossed his mind, and reinforced his decision to cultivate this sword scripture.

As he comprehended more of the scripture, many places he did not understand instantly flowed.

Everyone only saw him in meditation daily. No one knew that his understanding of sword essence increased every day.

The silently sitting Ma Fan suddenly opened his eyes. His eyes lit up, and his presence suddenly changed!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo, the swindler of young and innocent yao. Teaching someone when he's just started out himself A little bit of Pu Yao's history is now revealed.

Day 2 of another road trip. I'll have enough internet to read your comments but I'm not sure if I want to log in on an open wifi network to respond and do other stuff.

Chapter 340: Going Fishing

Even sitting cross-legged on the ground, Ma Fan was like an unsheathed sword exuding sword essence!

He didn't seem to move but disappeared.

Xie Shan who was cultivating [Fiend Ling] sudden felt his heart move and stopped to look at the sky. At the same time, Shu Long also raised his head to look at the sky with a shocked expression.

In the air, Ma Fan silently stood in the fiendish mist.

The poisonous fiendish mist was being repelled by an invisible force, and unable to go with in seven chi of Ma Fan's body. Ma Fan's clothes flapped, but what was strange was that while he looked to be of great presence, people only felt the faintest ling power vibrations from him.

"Sword essence" Xie Shan's eyes suddenly widened and lit up. His expression changed slightly.

Ma Fan's arms were spread out like a great bird in flight. The fiendish mist seemed to retreat in fear. In the blink of an eye, there was nothing within thirty zhang of him.

Such a presence made the people of Vermillion Bird Camp below full of admiration. Boss Ma Fan was really Boss Ma Fan! Vermillion Bird Camp was primarily sword xiu. Everyone's cultivation was not high, but their eyes were not lacking. They understood that Boss Ma Fan had gained a new comprehension of sword essence.

The one that saw the most clearly was Xie Shan.

The reason the fiendish mist would retreat was because that there were countless invisible and ethereal sword essences in Ma Fan's surrounding space! These sword essences were silently moving as though they were nurturing something.

Xie Shan seemed to be suddenly struck by lightning. His mouth was wide and his eyes full of disbelief as he looked at the stern Ma Fan.

Manifestation!

Sword essence manifestation!

Impossible!

Wasn't sword essence manifestation a stage that only jindan xiuzhe could reach? He found it hard to accept what was happening in front of him. A beat later, the dumbstruck Xie Shan gradually regained focus. The taste in his mouth was bitter. He was a xiuzhe in jindan who hadn't cultivated to sword essence manifestation, but Ma Fan who was a ningmai comprehended it first.

Ma Fan's entire body was covered in uncountable sword essences, these fine, transparent and intangible Sky sword essences.

Sky Sky

Ma Fan tightly closed his eyes and seemed to understand something.

A vast and greatly vicious presence gathered from all directions. Ma Fan seemed like a leaf boat floating precariously in the storm and rain, to be destroyed at the next moment!

This was

Xie Shan instantly understood. Ma Fan was cultivating [Clear Sky Sword Scripture]! He instantly furrowed his brows and had a worried expression. Looking at the crimson tinged sky, the uncertainty in his heart increased.

The sky here it wasn't a good place to cultivate [Clear Sky Sword Scripture]!

The crimson red sky became even more terrifying. Black clouds rapidly formed.

At the center of the storm, the environment Ma Fan faced was even worse. When he realized that there was a problem, he already had no avenue of retreat. The sky here was filled with black fiendish energy. They originated from the ferocious battle of ten thousand years ago, and after thousands of years, they could easily corrode one's mind.

The sky here had too many elements that did not belong to the sky!

The fiendish mist that had been trying to avoid him just now suddenly roiled fiercely. Dozens of tentacles made from the fiendish mist leapt at Ma Fan and seal him off in all directions. These fiendish mist tentacles were quick like arrows that pierced towards Ma Fan. Just as Ma Fan was going to be entangled and taken away, pia pia pia, the fiendish mist tentacles that approached Ma Fan exploded.

These tentacles were destroyed by the sword essence around Ma Fan.

But this was just the beginning!

Countless red-black fiendish mist tentacles rose from the fiendish mist and leapt at Ma Fan.

Explosions continued. There was too much fiendish mist that had exploded. A while later, they formed a thick fiendish mist. The sound of explosions did not stop among the fiendish mist. A red-black egg-shaped fiendish mist ball hung high in the sky.

Everyone couldn't help but have worried expressions, but they could only look. They could not help at all.

Vast Water Clear Skies.

Nan Yue looked at Elder who had collapsed onto the ground. Her eyes were filled with respect. She had worked very hard in the yao art houses, but when she saw how Elder cultivated, she instantly felt her hard work was nothing in front of Elder.

"I will come back after some time."

Elder threw out these words and disappeared.

Nan Yue was not too puzzled. At this time, she was filled with motivation. Elder had used his actions to explain to her how to cultivate. She wasn't in such a hurry to get [South Sky Arrow Art] now. The things she learned today were enough for her to cultivate for a long time.

She left Vast Water Clear Skies. She needed to digest what she had learned today.

Zuo Mo felt very good, very very good.

He only took ten hours to go thirty li, two hours shorter than Pu Yao's demand. If he subtracted the time that he had spent explaining little yao arts to Nan Yue, he only took nine hours. When Zuo Mo caught the shock and surprise in Pu Yao's eye, he felt very good.

In reality, his spiritual power had almost been exhausted. After nine hours of high speed deconstruction, his response this time was much stronger than the first time around.

Unable to slowly savor his pleasure, he hurried into meditation to recover his spiritual power.

After a whole day, Zuo Mo finally woke up from his meditation. His spiritual power had only half recovered. It was a pity there were no stars in the sky here so he could not absorb the power of the skies. His consciousness had exploded in growth from last time. The number of stars in the void above his sea of consciousness had not grown, but each star became even brighter and sparkled in the void.

Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness had completely changed.

The ice sword river from the past had almost completely disappeared. This made Zuo Mo sweat. Those enchanting black flames had no longer rampaged like they had in the past. The black flames had almost disappeared in the area around the gravestone, and shown the black steel-like ground. The black energy that shrouded the gravestone seemed thicker than before.

According to Pu Yao, the path he walked was star spiritual cultivation. The star spiritual sand in his consciousness contained star power.

Zuo Mo didn't feel anything like star power. However, the ten stars had grown, and his spiritual power recovery rate was stronger than before. Each star spread its light, and the sea of consciousness was bathed in star light.

When Zuo Mo saw the enormous fiendish mist ball in the air, he was

astounded. He hurriedly grabbed Xie Shan to ask. When he was informed that Ma Fan was cultivating [Clear Sky Sword Scripture], he couldn't help but worry. However, he did not have a solution. Of everything he cultivated, his sword scriptures were the weakest at this moment.

Right now, the strongest was his Great Day mo physique. The next was his yao arts. He couldn't help but grimace. As one that originated as a xiuzhe, there wasn't really much to be proud off. Ma Fan's matter wouldn't end anytime soon so Zuo Mo did not go to observe.

He turned around his face and found to his shock that A Gui was looking at him. Usually, A Gui was always steps away from him.

"Are you better?" Zuo Mo probed.

A Gui did not respond. Zuo Mo shook his head. He really was fantasizing. He grabbed A Gui's hand and his consciousness went into her body to make a close inspection.

His brow quickly furrowed together.

A Gui's body was a mess, so withered there was no life. From this point, it didn't seem any different than usual, but Zuo Mo found there was an extremely small patch of purple on A Gui's heart which had not been there before. Zuo Mo would examine A Gui every two or three days, and was very familiar with the condition of A Gui's body.

There was no purple mark in his last inspection. It was possible to see that the purple mark had formed in the last few days.

Zuo Mo's body suddenly dropped down. This meant that new changes had happened in the last few days to A Gui's body. He couldn't help but become worried. If it was a good change, then that naturally was very fortunate. But if it was a bad change, he did not have a measure to deal with it.

Zuo Mo suddenly felt a strong sense of urgency.

He had to find Water Cloud Embryo as soon as possible! But he also knew if he rashly went into the depths of the fiendish mist, his bones wouldn't even remain. Everyone was working hard at this moment, and

this was not the best time to enter the fiendish mist.

Zuo Mo's heart suddenly became restless. He walked out of the campsite.

The campsite was at the border of the fiendish mist. It was possible to see threads of thin fiendish mist float by. His eyes turned to the deeper parts of the fiendish mist. What would it be like in there?

"You can fish!" Pu Yao suddenly said.

"Fish?" Zuo Mo asked with shock.

"Oh, you can take an intelligent talisman, and it will naturally attract many fiend souls," Pu Yao explained. "You can practice your little Yao arts, and also,"

"Also what?"

"Do you remember the soul base essence you swallowed? If you want to strengthen your consciousness in the short term, this isn't a bad method." Then Pu Yao sighed. "You have pretty good luck!"

Zuo Mo instantly became alert. In his view, fiend souls were food. The main reason that he wanted to learn Archaic Desolate Sacrificial Art was to get fiend souls to strengthen his consciousness. With his present strength, entering the deeper parts of the fiend mist was too dangerous.

As expected, Pu Yao was cunning!

Zuo Mo thought and took out a talisman. This was the only sixth-grade talisman that he had, the Nine Turn Sky Earth Disk. He didn't dare to use Lil' Paogda as the bait. The trouble last time was too much. There was a thread of intelligence on the Nine Turn Sky Earth Disk. Even though it wasn't as intelligent as Lil' pagoda, it was perfect as bait.

The Nine Turn Sky Earth Disk that could make many jealous was thrown onto the ground. Zuo Mo stood nearby and widened his eyes.

A short while later, a red light suddenly charged out of the fiendish mist and headed straight for the Nine Turn Sky Earth Disk on the ground.

Zuo Mo snickered. The little Yao art that had already been prepped on

his hand was thrown out.

Hiss-crack!

The little yao art was not powerful, but yao arts could subdue fiend souls to start with. This fiend soul didn't even get the time to shriek before it was destroyed. Zuo Mo casually opened his mouth and sucked it in. That thin strand of base source entered his mouth.

Fiend souls continued to come over.

Zuo Mo quickly found that little yao arts were perfect for dealing with fiend souls. Right now, he was very familiar with little yao arts, and didn't even need to think before he could successfully cast.

What he actually needed to be careful of was that the soul base sources did not slip away. He felt it even more clearly this time. The soul base sources absorbed into his body all entered the stars in the void of his sea of consciousness.

Compared to last time, there was a much less number of fiend souls. Zuo Mo was very unburdened.

"Shixiong, what are you doing?" At some unknown time, Gongsun Cha had come over and asked curiously.

Zuo Mo's hand shook. Several strands of soul base source drifted towards Gongsun Cha.

*

Translator Ramblings: Day three of roadtrip. I might have secure internet but it doesn't matter. Zuo Mo is a terrible xiuzhe, dishonour! Dishonour on you! Dishonour on your sect!

Chapter 341: Shidi's Spell

The threads of soul base source was very faint as though they would dissipate in the air at any moment.

“What is this?” Gongsun Cha had a curious expression. He opened his hand and the threads of soul base source flew towards his palm.

The soul base source flew into his palm. Before he could study it, they entered his skin.

Three shocked exclamations sounded out. The curiosity on Gongsun Cha's face turned to surprise. Zuo Mo was also very surprised, and the last sound of shock came from Pu Yao inside Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness.

Gongsun Cha closed his eyes and savored it for a while. After a moment, he suddenly opened his eyes and said joyfully, “Shixiong, what is this? This is really good!”

Of course it was really good

Zuo Mo muttered inside but he was also happy. He could see that the soul base source of the fiend souls were of great benefit to Gongsun Cha!

His mind suddenly moved and he asked, “Shidi, what spell are you cultivating right now?”

Gongsun Cha's face blushed shyly. He said embarrassedly, “I I just randomly made a way to cultivate. I don't know if it is useful. I was just thinking of asking Shixiong to help.”

Zuo Mo looked with shock at the shy Gongsun Shidi like he was seeing a ghost.

Seeing Zuo Mo's expression, Gongsun Cha's pale face became even redder like a mature peach. “I I heard that battle generals have specialized cultivation spells. Since I didn't have any, I thought about making something close to it.”

His words became smoother as he spoke, and his eyes flashed with excitement. “I found later that there are many battle generals in the war

chess games. Even though they are yaomo battle generals, but I could use them as references. So I got some stuff. Shixiong, help me take a look.”

He ignored Zuo Mo’s strange expression and spoke of his idea.

At the beginning, Zuo Mo was unconcerned. If it wasn’t Gongsun Shidi, and it was any other zhuji xiuzhe that ran to him and said they were going to create their own cultivation spell, Zuo Mo would definitely put his feet on their face.

Zuo Mo’s expression slowly became grave.

It was very clear that Gongsun Shidi’s idea was much more developed than he had predicted. When he finished listening, the first thought he had was

-- it was too crazy!

He looked dazedly at Gongsun Cha.

Gongsun Cha finished speaking in one go and finally noticed the strangeness in Zuo Mo’s gaze. He instantly felt uncomfortable. Had his thinking been incorrect somewhere?

This shy and bashful shidi in front of him had created such an insane and extreme cultivation spell. The contrast was too big!

Zuo Mo felt it was very strange.

Gongsun Cha’s idea was very simple. First, he concluded what was most important to a battle general was the consciousness because the consciousness was of the greatest help to controlling the battle situation. This was also why yao battle generals were the most outstanding of all battle generals.

Of course, ling power was necessary. Xiuzhe battle generals had their own unique qualities.

Where did spiritual power and ling power come from?

The core of the spell Gongsun Cha had created was one word, steal!

When Zuo Mo understood this point, he had to sigh. As expected of a

battle general's cultivation spell. It completely fit with the thinking of a battle general! He was even suspicious. Had the frequent raids in Little Mountain Jie left aftereffects on Gongsun Shidi?

What surprised Zuo Mo even more was that while this technique was very rudimentary and not complete, there were no fatal mistakes.

He now understood why those threads of soul base source would enter Gongsun Cha's skin.

Base source substances like the soul base source were great nutrients for Gongsun Shidi.

"Somewhat interesting!" Pu Yao couldn't resist praising. "In zhuji and knows to create this spell, his future is limitless." He suddenly felt it was very absurd. Without noticing it, there was a great number of people with power and good talent that gathered beside Zuo Mo.

And all of these people without exception had been unknown and disregarded before.

Like Gongsun Cha. He only knew of a few rare battle generals that could comprehend spells on their own. This spell in his view was very rough and rudimentary, but as Gongsun Cha's knowledge and strength increased, the spell could be gradually perfected. It was also the beginning stages of this spell that caused Pu Yao to see the rise of a peerless battle general!

Pu Yao was very emotional. Even he had never thought that Gongsun Cha would reach this step. Gongsun Cha's speed of improvement made him feel shock. Was this guy born to be a battle general?

Such talent. There were only a few familiar names that he knew who could rival it.

He couldn't help but glance at Zuo Mo. This boy had great luck!

Pu Yao suddenly felt anticipation. He already felt amazement at Zuo Mo's talent. Now that he had the help of a battle general of limitless potential, what heights could they reach?

At this moment, he deeply felt that he really made a profit in taking this

student!

The terrible accounts from the past, maybe there was the chance to get them back

Pu Yao rubbed his chin and smiled darkly.

Zuo Mo did not know Pu Yao's schemes. After asking Pu Yao and being informed that there were no significant problems with the spell, he started to help Gongsun Shidi. Gongsun Shidi's spell did not have any major problems, but the most difficult part was the first step. The core of this spell was to steal the consciousness and ling power of other entities for themselves. But at the beginning, he was like an infant and did not have the power to steal.

But right now, there was a great change. The soul base sources of these fiend souls had no impurities, were warm and nurturing. Gongsun Cha had no problems absorbing them.

After discussing with Gongsun Cha for a while, Gongsun Cha instantly wanted to try it out.

Battle generals were really not normal people!

Zuo Mo muttered inside. His actions were not slow as he continued his "fishing." But this time, the soul base sources were given to Gongsun Shidi. Gongsun Cha did not refuse and absorbed as much as possible.

In a short while, two smears of red came onto Gongsun Cha's face as though he was drunk. He instantly sat down cross-legged.

Zuo Mo stopped. Gongsun Shidi's cultivation was still too shallow. It would take time to completely absorb all of this soul base source. So he started to swallow soul base source himself. These were great food to him too.

This patch of fiendish mist was endless, and it seemed there was no end to the fiend souls inside. They continuously leapt towards the Nine Turn Sky Earth Disk. None of them were able to touch the Nine Turn Sky Earth Disk before they were struck by little yao arts and were dissipated like steam to only leave behind a thin thread of soul base source.

After four hours, Gongsun Cha opened his eyes. With a joyful expression, he leapt up and said shamelessly, "Shixiong, let's do it again!"

Zuo Mo nodded. He didn't waste words, and continued to cast little yao arts.

He used each of the five hundred little yao arts multiple times, and included some of the low level yao arts that he had learned from Vast Water Clear Skies or he tried to combine different little yao arts together. The amount of spiritual power expended by little yao arts was very little. Zuo Mo was also very practiced. Adding on that he continuously absorbed soul base source, his consciousness continued to grow and he became even more at ease.

This time, Gongsun Cha absorbed two-tenths more soul base source than last time before he sat down again.

After twenty hours, Zuo Mo felt a bit tired and hurriedly put away the Nine Turn Sky Earth Disk. Having lost their target, the fiend souls instantly left. The surrounding became quiet.

Zuo Mo sat down with crossed legs. Each of the ten stars inside his body were bright, and the falling starlight seemed to turn as tangible as mist.

He could feel his spiritual power was full as though it was going to spill.

Was he going to level up?

Zuo Mo's mind moved, and he started his scripture.

Sword light flashed in Wei Sheng's hands. The fiend souls that leapt forward were instantly destroyed. The few threads of soul base source flew into the flying sword in his hand. This long black sword in his hand was tall, standing up to his chest, and looked like a horse chopping saber. It was simple in design. The black sheath did not have many adornments. He had found this black sword the first day he had been transported here.

At that time, this black sword had been inserted into the ground. He had found the sword sheath nearby. This black sword was filled with a violent

presence. Holding it in his hand, his mind would easily be affected. Originally, Wei Sheng did not like such a vicious sword.

However, he did not throw this black sword away but held it in his hand. He was using this vicious sword to train his resolve!

His expression was calm, his steps unusually determined. The fiendish mist could not go within one zhang of him.

He did not remember how long he had been in this patch of blood mist but he was not nervous. He was actually very excited. The blood mist in his view was just a harder version of the sword cave. Going through the sword cave alone was very dangerous, but his strength had increased most rapidly in that period of time.

Nothing could excite him more than increasing his strength!

Also, being far removed from the common matters of the sect which irritated him, his mind was abnormally clear. He could feel his improvement. This feeling hadn't appeared for a very long time.

Each step was a steady step he took towards the peak of the sword path.

The first day he had been transported to this bloody mist, he had detected the strangeness of the bloody mist. After finding the black sword, he quickly found that the black sword was not affected by the bloody mist at all.

When he found that the black sword could swallow the soul base source, he was shocked. This meant that there was a sword spirit inside the sword.

Flying swords had sword spirits were the finest quality flying swords, but Wei Sheng did not have much joy. This black sword had such a vicious and violent presence, if it had a sword spirit, it would be a vicious spirit!

Strangely, no matter how he investigated, he could not find the existence of the sword spirit.

His heart did not wallow in the strangeness of the black sword. Even the best flying sword was just a material object to him. If his sword heart was strong, it would not be corroded by external evils.

After walking for multiple hours, he stopped and shoved the black sword in his hand into the ground beside his feet.

He had discovered that the fiend souls did not fear the black sword when it was in his hand. Once the black sword left his hand, there would definitely be nothing like the fiend souls within one hundred zhang.

The surroundings were blurry.

Wei Sheng's brow furrowed. These past days, he tried to control his ling power, but his ling power was almost at its bottom. The ling energy in this patch of bloody mist was very thin. He could only replenish his ling power through jingshi, but he usually did not carry much jingshi with him.

The situation wasn't good!

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Translator Ramblings: If the chapter tomorrow is late, it's probably because I was too exhausted by the last few days to wake up in the morning. WordPress' old editor is much easier to use to copy posts and schedule them.

Gongsun Cha's new spell will be expanded on in the future and Pu Yao is so delighted at having a good student. Gongsun Cha: battle general extraordinaire, pretty boy extraordinaire and now stealer of soul energy.

We also get a scene for Wei Sheng. Lucky him to get transported to a dangerous place but have the good fortune to pick up a mysterious weapon that is very helpful in this situation.

Chapter 342: Nan Yue's Little Yao Arts

Nan Yue walked into the yao art house as usual. Her expression was calm. She met many classmates and good friends along the way. Everyone chatted but no one had the carefree expressions they usually had. The mood was slightly tense.

Today was the annual house exam. The results of the exam would greatly determine their future fate. The Purple Lotus Yao Art House wasn't a famous house, but it had some influence in this jie. This could not be separated from their strict exam.

"A Yue!"

A familiar shout came from behind her. Without needing to turn her head, Nan Yue knew who it was. She stopped walking, turned around, and said curiously, "Hong, aren't you exempt from the exam? Why are you here?"

Hong was Nan Yue's best friend. They knew each other from childhood and had a close relationship. Hong came from a very obscure little clan. However, this clan's yao were all skilled in illusory yao arts from birth. Hong naturally studied those yao arts. Due to her outstanding talent, Hong had been accepted as a student by a teacher when she entered the yao art house.

Hong did not need to go through the exam so Nan Yue felt shock at Hong's appearance.

Hong was dressed colorfully and had a blooming smile on her face. "I came to see your exam. How can I miss such an important time?"

Nan Yue was very moved, and said, "It's just an exam. There is no need to be nervous."

"En en, with A Yue's strength, it definitely wouldn't be a problem." Hong was filled with confidence. She suddenly came over with a secretive expression and said in a low voice, "They said that a daren from the Creeping Sedges Corps."

“A daren from the Creeping Sedges Corps?” Nan Yue stilled and then her expression changed. “The Creeping Sedge Corps of Bing Lan Daren?”

Hong was very satisfied with Nan Yue’s expression and giggled. “Other than Bing Lan Daren’s Creeping Sedges Corps, where is there any other Creeping Sedges Corps? How about it, are you moved?”

Other than being taken as a student by a teacher, going into the military was also a pretty good path. In the military, one would be able to learn many practical yao arts, and when enough service was accumulated, it was possible to learn more profound yao arts. Right now, the fighting at the front was raging, and this was the best chance to accumulate service.

Nan Yue smiled and didn’t speak. If she had not encountered Daren, she would definitely be moved. But right now, she did not have any extraneous thoughts.

It was great honor to be able to follow Daren!

She was not clear to Elder’s identity, but there was a point that was undoubtable, Elder had a deep history with the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky. In these past days, she was left full of respect towards Elder. She could clearly feel her own strength leaping forward.

The nondescript little yao arts actually contained such deep meaning.

Nan Yue’s indifference was unexpected to Hong. She made a sound of surprise and re-examined her good friend. Nan Yue did not look any different than usual. She still wore plain clothing, but there seemed to be something extra to her. But what was it? Hong could not say.

“A Yue, did something happen recently?” Hong asked probingly.

“Nothing.” Nan Yue shook her head. Seeing Hong’s concern, her heart warmed. She hesitated but did not speak of Elder to Hong. Without Daren’s permission, she did not dare to carelessly speak of it.

However, Creeping Sedge Corps

In the past, entering Creeping Sedge Corps was one of her goals.

The mood of the yao art house was tense, and slightly restless. The news

that a daren from the Creeping Sedge Corps came to see the exams made every student participating in the exams excited. Creeping Sedge Corps was very strong, and Bing Lan Daren was immeasurable in her power. Bing Lan Daren was also very beautiful, and the dream of countless male students.

For female yao, being able to enter the Creeping Sedge Corps was a good route.

Afterwards, Nan Yue saw the daren that came from the Creeping Sedge Corps. This daren's figure was upright and she was handsome and attractive. Her golden eyes were especially enchanting. This daren most likely came from the Gold Clan. Standing on the stage, a sharp presence filled the room.

Nan Yue found that this presence was stronger than the great majority of teachers in this yao art house. The yao art house teachers may have deeper skill on the yao arts, but compared to the combat yao that came back from the front lines, they were lacking in their killing aura.

Many students became excited. It was rare to be able to enter a military troop like the Creeping Sedge Corps that was known all over the yao world. Without any encouragement, every yao was filled with competitiveness.

The exam began with this anticipation and restlessness.

The exam this time was much fiercer than in the past, but Nan Yue was not excited at all. Purple Lotus Yao Art House was not a famed house, and there were only those few familiar faces. There were no new people that made her eyes light up.

Also, these novel yao arts that she would have been excited about before could not cause any ripples in her heart.

She felt very strange.

It was the first time she felt so strange. In her eyes, those grand and dazzling yao arts seemed to be insubstantial. Her mind would uncontrollably think of little yao art combinations that could replace these

dazzling yao arts.

This feeling made her uncomfortable. Before, she would be excited when she saw this yao arts and she would constantly rehearse them in her mind.

She silently warned herself to not be proud. She could not underestimate everyone just because she learned something. She suddenly thought about Elder talking of little yao arts to her that day. She remembered every word that Elder had said.

Suddenly, Hong poked her from the side. "A Yue, it's your turn."

"Oh," she responded. She refocused and looked at the exam area. Focusing her mind, she flew to the field.

Her opponent was Shi Zheng. This was a familiar opponent. Shi Zheng's experiences were very similar to hers. He also worked very hard, but similarly, no teacher had accepted him. However, he was older than Nan Yue, making his situation even worse.

When Shi Zheng saw Nan Yue, he was joyed. The yao arts he was skilled in could subdue Nan Yue to a certain extent.

"Begin!"

The teacher responsible for judging shouted. Shi Zheng's body lit up with light. This was the yao art that he was most skilled in, [Rock Driving Flow]!

Shi Zheng's clan was yao from rock, and was innately skilled in rock-type yao arts.

This [Rock Driving Flow] was Shi Zheng's best yao art. The lights on his body could perform greatly in defense, and it could stop the enemy from harming him when it was cast.

A light flashed at the other side. The corner of Shi Zheng's eye jerked. So fast!

Nan Yue's yao art was already completed!

However, he did not panic. The higher the level of the yao art, the more time it took to cast. Since Nan Yue finished the yao art so quickly, it definitely was a low level yao art, and couldn't stop [Rock Driving Flow].

Shi Zheng was full of confidence. He knew very few moves, but due to this, the power of his [Rock Driving Flow] was far greater than normal low level yao arts and was at the borders of intermediate yao arts.

Just as he was thinking, Nan Yue's yao art had already hit the light on his body.

The presence of his body loosened.

This was ... Little Yao Art – Mist Manifestation!

The concentrated rock energy suddenly lightened and he almost lost control of it. Shi Zheng was shocked. Little yao arts could be used like this?

Several sounds of surprise occurred on the spectator stage. The eyes of the daren from the Creeping Sedge Corps flashed with light.

Shi Zheng was shocked but not panicked. Little yao arts were just little yao arts. Their power was very limited. If she thought she could use this little yao art to make him lose control of the rock energy, that was a delusion.

He hurriedly adjusted his consciousness to strengthen his control. He heard pia pia pia, three yao arts in a row which was cast with blurring speed. Two of them hit his body, and one hit the ground under his feet.

Little Yao Art – Compression!

Little Yao Art – Gold Transformation!

Shi Zheng's consciousness gathered the rock energy to prevent it from dissipating. He hadn't expected a pressure to push over. When the two powers collided together, the rock energy immediately collapsed and turned to granite!

In the blink of an eye, a thin layer of rock armor appeared on Shi Zheng's body.

Yet when the rock armor took form, it blinked with a metallic gleam as though it was a thin metal armor that wrapped securely around Shi Zheng.

Shi Zheng felt unable to breath. His entire body was enclosed and separated from the outside. Gritting his teeth, he tried to absorb rock energy from below his feet when a great force suddenly came from under him. His figure instantly unbalanced and flew to one side.

The others only saw a rush of water shoot up from under Shi Zheng's feet and throw him to the side. It was another little yao art they were very familiar with, Spring Summon!

Shi Zheng was hit with another light as he flew through the air. His figure was strangely pinned in midair.

Little Yao Art – Spider Restraint!

Nan Yue's ten fingers lit up with light like ten little lanterns.

The ten fingers was poised to act, Little Yao Art – Wind Spear!

Shi Zheng's head rang. He knew he lost. His body was unable to move, and was trapped and isolated by the metallic armor meaning he could not absorb any rock energy. He would only be a sitting target. The power of wind spears was not high, but ten wind spears were more than enough to penetrate him.

“I lost!”

His mind was blank. He didn't even know how he said the words. The spectators rumbled. The struggle they had originally imagined ended with such a strange way.

Clap clap clap, on the stage, the daren from the Creeping Sedge Corps clapped her hands as she rose, and said in praise, “Good! Little girl, are you willing to come to Creeping Sedge Corps?”

Woosh, countless eyes gathered at the same time on Nan Yue's body filled with admiration and envy.

“Many thanks for Daren’s favor!” Nan Yue respectfully bowed and raised her head. Her eyes were crystal clear. “Nan Yue is planning on staying longer in the house. Daren, please forgive me.”

Hong shouted from below the field. She looked with disbelief at Nan Yue and thought she had heard it incorrectly.

The daren from the Creeping Sedge Corps was also surprised but she was not angry. She said faintly, “Never mind then.” Then she sat down.

But those with eyes could see the dissatisfaction of this daren. On the field, Nan Yue seemed unconcerned. Under the strange looks of everyone else, she casually flew off the field.

The exam did not stop due to this little detour. When it ended, there were three students that were picked to enter Creeping Sedge Corps. This daren did not stay. After picking the three people, she took them and flew away from Purple Lotus Yao Art House.

And Nan Yue that shook all of the house was facing Hong, who had a terrible expression, and felt a headache.

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Translator Ramblings: Wu Kong Sword Sect and Zuo Mo’s group are not extremely different. There is a lot of people around, it is better to focus on being good at one thing so you can differentiate yourself and also put your energies into making yourself more powerful in one field so you can trade for services. I imagine the elders and the other disciples get hired for protection jobs and such. They encourage other areas to specialize in, such as what Xin Yan, Yan Le and Shi Feng Rong has done in forging, business and dan-making because it is also of benefit to their cultivation.

Zuo Mo is in a different environment, one where he was isolated in Little Mountain Jie from any services. Unlike Wu Kong Sword Sect that could trade with other sects for services or hire people, he really had no allies or people to trade with. His only option was to forge and gather what he needed and train people. In this aspect, Zuo Mo’s group is actually not too different from Wu Kong Sword Sect who also trains disciples. However, both Golden Crow Camp and Vermillion Bird Camp have more members

and Golden Crow Camp in particular have become a workshop that is running a profitable business. Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha have combined to essentially “mass-manufacture” fighters with sword essence. In conclusion, Zuo Mo is just better at pumping out fighters to make an army and forging more products to sell than Wu Kong Sword Sect. Zuo Mo himself is better at cultivating in the way of yao and mo, but his group is essentially a forging-and-sword sect.

Chapter 343: Integration

Zuo Mo was very tired, but Gongsun Cha looked as though he had just ate a full meal. At the side, Lil' Pagoda was also very content. It may have been due to Lil' Pagoda's urging that while Zuo Mo was "fishing", the three little ones had come over, and divided the threads of soul base source among themselves.

Lil' Black was the first to become full, then it was Lil' Fire. But Lil' Pagoda's round body seemed to hide a bottomless pit.

When his last bit of spiritual power was used up, Zuo Mo still didn't get even one bite.

Lil' Pagoda contently patted its body had had become slightly rounder, snuggled on Zuo Mo's body and ran off to play.

Zuo Mo didn't even have the energy to swear. Dropping to the ground, he quickly started to meditate. The spiritual power in his body had been completely squeezed out. The ten stars in his sea of consciousness started to slowly spin.

As the star light swirled, the void above the sea of consciousness seemed to become brighter. Pu Yao raised his head and his expression changed as he looked at the turning stars.

If Zuo Mo could look into himself at this time, he would find to his shock the starlight given off by the ten stars in his sea of consciousness was integrating into his flesh and blood.

Threads of golden light suddenly flooded out from his flesh and blood. These golden lights were as thin as hairs, and were moving freely in the flesh. These golden lights might be small, but when they appeared, they had a domineering and fiery presence. Pu Yao did not understand much about mo physiques, but he had deep cultivation, and naturally could recognize what these tyrannical golden lights were.

The golden lights were the Great Day essence energies that were born from Zuo Mo's cultivation of the Great Day mo physique. The Great Day

essence energies nurtured his body and made it even stronger. At this time, these Great Day essence energies were like a school of fish that smelt blood and leapt at the dots of starlight merging into the flesh and blood.

This was

Pu Yao was shocked. How could Great Day essence energies swallow star spiritual sand?

Shocked, his expression became grave. What was happening in front of him was beyond the realms of his knowledge. He was skilled in all kinds of yao arts. To his knowledge, spiritual cultivation and the mo physique were clearly divided and never interacted.

Who could have thought the two would actually integrate!

It appeared as though the Great Day essence energies were swallowing the star spiritual sand, but Pu Yao clearly saw that the star spiritual sand did not put up any resistance. Otherwise Zuo Mo's body would have become a terrifying battlefield.

The Great Day essence energies were tyrannical but the star spiritual sand was profound. If the two conflicted, it definitely would be a fierce battle.

This was what Pu Yao was worried about the most. In his predictions, the best result was the two sides were fine. Out of caution, he made up several plans to resolve this issue, but he had not expected that the Great Day essence energies and the star spiritual sand wouldn't conflict at all, but attracted each other.

He looked dazedly at such a fantastical scene.

Could the spirit and the mo physique be cultivated together? But it had never succeeded in history. He actually knew of many great geniuses who had died on this path. The connection between yao and mo had never been broken. The two sides general maintained a friendly relationship since they had the same enemy.

Under this kind of cultural exchange, the idea of cultivating the spirit

and the body at the same time naturally was produced. This idea had appeared many years ago, but there had never been one that actually cultivated the spirit and the body. The conclusion everyone made was that the combination of the two were fine in lower stages. But as one cultivated to higher stages, the drastic gap between the two sides would be expressed.

The reason that Pu Yao had not restricted Zuo Mo from cultivating the Great Day mo physique was because of how powerful the Great Day mo physique was at this stage as it was life-saving. The other reason was that his level was presently too low to cause significant problems.

But the scene in front of him defied Pu Yao's expectations and knowledge.

These Great Day essence energies were not great in number but each was peerlessly powerful. The dots of star spiritual sand could only be produced by yao that had awakened their second spirit. How could they integrate?

The entire process continued for six hours. Dots of star light came continuously from between Zuo Mo's brows. The Great Day essence energies swam everywhere and furiously swallowed the starlight. The starlight released between the brows gradually thinned. When the last bit of star light was consumed, the Great Day essence energies retreated back into the flesh and blood.

Zuo Mo opened his eyes at this time.

His body felt unspeakably comfortable and content. His spiritual power had completely recovered, and he felt it was slightly full as though it had leveled up again. His body was also filled with strength. Had Great Day mo physique also advanced?

Zuo Mo felt it was strange. When he had been at Wu Kong Mountain, the feeling when he was cultivating [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was not so beautiful. Now, he felt very pleasurable each time and it was really addicting. The difference between past and present was too great. He was worried that his cultivation had gone wrong somewhere.

“Pu,” The slightly worried Zuo Mo hurriedly found Pu Yao in the sea of consciousness, “there isn’t any incorrect places in my cultivation, right?”

A strange look flashed across Pu Yao’s face. He did not answer directly, and asked interestedly, “What? Is somewhere feeling not right?”

“No, that’s not it.” Zuo Mo shook his head. “I feel that cultivation is becoming increasingly pleasurable. If cultivation is always this pleasurable, wouldn’t everyone be intoxicated with cultivating every day?”

The dullness and hardship of cultivation was very securely rooted in Zuo Mo’s knowledge.

Pu Yao’s expression was slightly displeased. He felt Zuo Mo’s words were too ungrateful. Despite his displeasure, he was very interested in this matter. Taking Zuo Mo’s start, he followed along and said, “Then let me inspect you.”

As Zuo Mo’s strength increased over time, Pu Yao could not manipulate Zuo Mo’s body like he used to without getting permission.

After the inspection, the strange expression on Pu Yao’s face grew. Zuo Mo instantly panic, “What is it?”

“Your Great Day mo physique is almost at first maturation!”

“First maturation? Maturation? This quickly?” Zuo Mo still and was then overjoyed. The maturation of a mo physique was the representation that a mo physique was advancing. After each maturation was completed, the maturation level of the mo physique would go up a whole level. The more mature a mo physique was, the more power it contained.

No wonder he felt a bit strange. So his Great Day mo physique was maturing!

Zuo Mo was very happy. He hadn’t though the first maturation of the Great Day mo physique would come so quickly. He was also slightly surprised. He had only spent a short time with the Great Day mo physique, and he was already facing the first maturation.

As expected of the Great Day mo physique that ranked second of all

brigadier mo physiques. It wasn't just powerful, it was easy to cultivate.

If Pu Yao knew what Zuo Mo was thinking at this moment, he would die from spitting blood. He didn't look any different on the surface but there were tsunamis in his heart.

It was true that Zuo Mo's Great Day mo physique was facing its first maturation, but Pu Yao hadn't said the second part which was the maturation of the Great Day mo physique had already begun! The maturation of the Great Day mo physique this time was completely different than any of the mo physiques maturations he knew about.

Mo physique maturation was an extremely important and dangerous time for any mo because the mo physique would reorganize itself during this time. If it was successful, their strength would grow, but if it failed, then it was the end. So mo were extremely sensitive to the maturation of their mo physique. When it was the time for a mo maturation, they would find a safe place to safely finish the maturation.

Zuo Mo did not know that his Great Day mo physique had entered the time of maturation. The Great Day essence energies were silently changing his body, yet he did not know. The maturation process that should have been strong and dangerous had become much slower in tempo, so slow that Zuo Mo could not detect it.

As the tempo slowed, risk decreased to the point there almost was no danger at all. It was very clear to Pu Yao that Zuo Mo would have no problems in finishing the first maturation, but it would just occur over a longer time frame.

Pu Yao knew what this meant. The percentage of mo that died during their maturations was the highest of those that cultivated the mo physique.

His expression changed slightly.

Zuo Mo did not notice Pu Yao's abnormality. Since it was a good thing, he was too lazy to think further. Just as he left the sea of consciousness, Lil' Pagoda came over and glued itself onto him. Lil' Fire chirped as it floated around his body.

Lil' Black was in deep slumber on A Gui's head, and Silly Bird was lazily lying beside A Gui.

A black figure flew out of the fiendish mist like a sharp arrow in front of Zuo Mo. It was Tenth Grade. Tenth Grade exuded a killing energy all over. His black crescent had grown slightly. Zuo Mo couldn't resist praising him, "Tenth Grade is really working hard!"

Tenth Grade clearly was very motivated by Zuo Mo's praise. He raised his little head. Just as he was going to start a speech, he suddenly saw a light flash through the narrow crack of Silly Bird's eyelids who had been sleeping. He instantly shook, and the words that reached his mouth were swallowed back down.

Just at this time, a strange sound came from the sky. The enormous egg-shaped fiendish mist ball suddenly cracked!

A vast and viciously sharp presence exploded and spread like a gale wind.

Such strong sword essence!

Zuo Mo was shocked. Ma Fan was in that ball of fiendish mist. He hurriedly raised his head and looked at the sky. The noise disturbed the entire camp. Vermillion Bird Camp and Guard Camp all stopped.

The vast yet vicious sword essence made them feel fear.

Ma Fan looked to be in very sorry state. His clothing was in tatters, and was covered in wounds that seeped blood. What made others feel strange was that his face was unusually peaceful and calm without any hint of pain.

He slowly opened his eyes.

Even though he was very far away, Zuo Mo still clearly captured the joy that spilled from Ma Fan's eyes.

Had he succeeded?

Zuo Mo didn't get to think closely when he saw Ma Fan's body began free falling. He paled. The Light Void Wings suddenly appeared on his

back, and he disappeared from his spot.

Almost at the same time, he appeared below where Ma Fan was falling. He caught the unconscious Ma Fan and flashed back to the camp.

This change happened in a lightning flash. Before everyone could react, Zuo Mo had retreated to the campsite.

He carefully place Ma Fan on the ground. Xie Shan worriedly came over. "Daren, is Ma Fan alright?"

Zuo Mo carefully inspected and said, "Nothing, he only fainted from exhaustion."

Everyone finally was released from their worry.

In the depth of the fiendish mist, Wei Sheng suddenly stopped moving and his eyes lit up. "Sword essence!"

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Translator Ramblings: Yes, I was a bit off yesterday. I edited and then scheduled the post before dropping off into sleep. I'm still very tired but perfectly fine otherwise. Sitting on a car is tiring and so is driving even if there are breaks. I have never appreciated those long distance bus drivers more than now. Unfortunately, I didn't translate at all on the trip so I need to find my rhythm again.

Wei Sheng senses Ma Fan's sword essence first. There's going to be POV switching going on in the upcoming chapters as we are introduced to new characters and stuff will be going on.

Chapter 344: Yi Zheng

Mu Xi observed the troop of xiuzhe in the distance and could not disguise the shock in her eyes. It wasn't just her, even Yan Feng who usually looked down on everyone had uncertain and shocked expressions.

The formation of this xiuzhe troop was not organized, they appeared interlocked together which gave Mu Xi the impression of teeth. The murderous intent was like an undercurrent. The continued fights between the two forces had left a deep impression of this troop.

These xiuzhe were not powerful, and were of equal strength to her subordinates, but she had not won any advantage from this troop in their successive battles.

Her eyes landed on the white-clothed youth at the very center. She suddenly had a feeling that this person may be her archrival.

In their successive encounters, this young xiuzhe was cautious in command, slow and unhurried with the mannerism of a great battle general. She admired him. This person definitely was a core disciple of a large sect and had been well-taught. It was possible to see hints of this from the xiuzhe around him. In order to protect him, they did not care for their lives.

Mu Xi's eyes glittered. She suddenly floated out of the ranks and loudly said, "This one is Mu Xi. We will bid farewell today and meet on another battlefield. Sire, take care!"

The enemy ranks separated, and the white-clothed youth came forward. He said with a slightly smile, "No wonder. As expected of the Palace Lake Wood Clan! Lin Qian is honored!"

Mu Xi was shocked and did not disguise the shock on her face. "Brother Lin actually knows of the Palace Lake Wood Clan, you have vast knowledge, this little female is full of admiration!"

Wood Clan was one of the five largest clans of the yao world, and was the clan with the most branches. Even in the yao world, not every person

would recognize her origins. It was a testament to how powerful Lin Qian's background was to know her origins, especially since he was a xiuzhe.

Lin Qian saw Mu Xi was straightforward and honest and was not putting on a performance. He couldn't help but show hints of admiration in his eyes. "Miss, take care!"

Mu Xi smiled brightly and gracefully bowed. "Have a good trip, Brother Lin!"

Seeing the people disappear, Yan Feng said with slightly anger, "We are just letting them escape like this?"

Mu Xi glanced at him. "Can we stop them?"

Yan Feng stopped. He argued, "If we can slow them down, when the other daren rush over and surround"

"Then we won't have completed our task," Mu Xi interrupted him. She said faintly, "Don't forget what we came to do!"

Yan Feng was speechless.

"This person will become a great enemy of Daren!" the middle-aged person beside Mu Xi said worriedly with a grave face.

Mu Xi combed her hair, and said with a smile, "There are so many daren in the military, when would it ever be my turn to worry about this?"

"Daren is too modest!" the middle-aged person said smilingly. He deeply believed that Mu Xi had a bright future. Off to the side, Yan Feng dismissively twisted his mouth but did not say any words that would provoke public fury.

Lin Qian's procession quickly travelled away. After fighting multiple times with this yao military troop, they had sustained fatalities and injuries on both sides. Lin Qian's expression was as clear as water, calm and steady. No hint of hurry was shown. The xiuzhe that accompanied him were well trained and disciplined. No one spoke extraneously.

Xuan Kong Realm

The sound of bells echoed among the mountain range. A nondescript little temple was settled amongst the peaks. The yellow temple walls were covered in creeping vines, and were topped with grey-green terracotta shingles. There were many stone statues of life-like buddhas placed inside the temples. A small rainstorm had just passed, and the air was filled with the sweet scent of green grass. The rain remaining on the shingles flowed following the eaves like pearls off a broken string. As they hit the puddles on the stones, ding ding dong dong, the sound was very pleasing to hear.

Two dhyana xiu were sitting in the main hall of the little temple.

“Shixiong, I’m afraid I will have difficulty getting time to come visit Shixiong during this trip!” The young dhyana xiu was reluctant to leave. He was wearing blue monk robes. His features were handsome, untouched by mortal matters. A faint layer of light glistened over the pair of eyes. He looked to be about twenty years old, a kind of stillness within his handsomeness. Kneeling on the meditation mat, one could still feel his high spirits.

The older dhyana xiu smiled warmly and said, “It’s good for you to go, you will return in the end.”

The faint yellow monk robe that he wore had been washed for innumerable times. The colour was already faded and patchwork mending could be seen to dot the robe. There were no signs of ling power anywhere on his body. He was not any different than a normal person.

“En, I’ve already ordered the people below to deliver each month’s allowance on schedule!” the young dhyana xiu said in a light voice. “I’ll return very soon.”

Shixiong waved his hand and smiled lightly. He said, “You know that I do not need these material items.”

“That is not alright!” The spine of the young dhyana xiu straightened and he said seriously, “Shixiong needs to promise me to take care of yourself. Only then can I feel safe leaving. There are still some more ling grasses needed for the Nine Song Dan. I can go and thoroughly search

when I leave this time. When the Nine Song Dan is made, Shixiong's cultivation will recover. Hmph, let's see who dares to harass Shixiong then!"

When he got to the end, a thread of violence flashed through his eyes.

"Shidi, you have to avoid corruption," the yellow-robed dhyana xiu said lightly.

"Shixiong is right to lecture me." The young dhyana xiu lowered his head and hurried to admit his wrongs.

"Even if you are out, do not slack in training your Samadhi."

"Yes."

Yi Zheng looked back at the little temple at the back of the mountain, leapt up and disappeared into the sky. He hadn't flown for a long time before he encountered some people. When he saw the people clearly, Yi Zheng's brows couldn't help but slightly furrow.

The others quickly noticed Yi Zheng as well, and slowed down their flight speed.

"I heard that Shidi is going on a long trip, congratulations, congratulations!" The person coming smiled as he bowed with folded hands.

Yi Zheng calmly returned the greeting, "It is due to the protection and love from all the shixiong."

The two sides chatted a bit more, and then left after detecting that the other had no intentions of talking more.

Yi Zheng's mood hadn't been good to start with, and his mood now was even worse. This group of people were the disciples of Cui Shishu's branch. The sect was prosperous right now. The number of disciples had increased, and the number of conflicts and inner struggles had grown.

Yi Zheng's master had left on a mission and never returned. Shixiong had raised him alone. Shixiong was very talented, and ranked within the top ten of this generation. All the elders of the sect thought he had a good

future. Unexpectedly, Shixiong was heavily wounded during a mission. Even though his life had been saved, but his cultivation became non-existent.

Starting from that point on their branch declined even further. Shixiong came to Little Stone Buddha Temple to recuperate. Yi Zheng had been thirteen then, and had worked even harder after that. Fortunately, while Shixiong's cultivation had disappeared, he could still guide Yi Zheng's cultivation. In the last dhyana exam, he had claimed the fifteenth rank and re-entered the eyes of the sect elders to take on this mission.

The rule of the sect was that each disciple had a monthly allowance, but this allowance was just enough for daily cultivation needs. The other disciples received gifts from their masters but Yi Zheng could only rely on other avenues such as teaching lower disciples on cultivation. That was his primary source of income. The sect was still generous to its disciples, and the payment of every mission was very generous. However, there were many geniuses in the sect, and the competition for missions was the fiercest. In the past, he did not have the power to compete.

Until now.

After some preparations, he decided to leave the mountain.

He had already memorized the contents of the mission. During his flight, he started to think. The mission this time was not complex. One of the smaller subordinate sects found a very deep and strange hole. Bloody light roiled in the deep hole. None of the people that went in had come out. What he needed to do was to investigate and see what the situation inside was like. Then he would have to report back to the sect.

After flying for more than ten days, he finally arrived at the sect of the incident, One Light Sect.

Ma Fan still had not regained consciousness when Zuo Mo was pulled back into Vast Water Clear Skies by Pu Yao.

“Pu, what connection does that Wisteria Clan of the South Sky have with

you?” Zuo Mo asked. He could see that Pu Yao cared for Nan Yue. With this guy’s frugal personality, having him proactively passing on yao arts was akin to the sun rising from the west.

Zuo Mo also saw that Pu Yao didn’t just intend to pass [South Sky Arrow Art] to Nan Yue.

“The descendants of old friends,” Pu Yao said faintly.

Pu Yao’s answer provided the speculation Zuo Mo had. He then asked curiously, “What yao art is [South Sky Arrow Art]? A yao art using arrows?”

“A very strong yao art.”

Pu Yao’s answer seemed to avoid the point but Zuo Mo pondered it. A yao art that Pu Yao called strong, then it really was powerful!

Just as Zuo Mo’s gossiping soul was stirred by Pu Yao’s scarce words and he was preparing to delve into this mystery, Nan Yue came.

Nan Yue respectfully bowed to Zuo Mo. “Daren!”

She had shone in the spotlight in the last house exam and shocked all members of the house. Her status in the house had rocketed, and several teachers had come over requesting to take her as a student. However, she had refused all of them respectfully. She had not learned any profound yao arts, but Daren’s teachings had opened a completely new world to her.

She believed that even if there really was no [South Sky Arrow Art], she would still find a path.

It was the understandings she had gained during this past while that had caused her to become even more respectful towards Zuo Mo. Daren’s strength was even more profound! In her eyes, there was a large chasm between the teachers of the house compared to Daren.

“Oh, you’re here,” Zuo Mo pretentiously responded and then asked, “Do you have any questions? If you have them, then ask.”

Nan Yue suppressed the excitement inside, and raised up all the

problems she had encountered and thought about in the recent days.

Because they were all about little yao arts, Zuo Mo did not slack off and tried to answer them by himself rather than throw the questions to Pu Yao. Zuo Mo had been with Pu Yao for a long time, and through listening and watching, the yao art theory that he had come into contact with was much more profound than Nan Yue. Due to this, the perspective from which he approached at the questions was a few fractions deeper than Nan Yue. Nan Yue's eyes lit up upon hearing the explanations and continuously nodded her head.

For Zuo Mo, this was also a significant test. There were two questions that Nan Yue raised which he had not thought about, and greatly affected him.

After all the questions were resolved, Nan Yue smiled happily. Zuo Mo's head was covered with sweat as he released a breath.

If he hadn't been able to answer a question, then it really was embarrassing!

And to be embarrassed in front of a yao[i]

Just as this nonsensical thought came into Zuo Mo's head, he suddenly heard someone shout, "Nan Yue! Nan Yue!"

Zuo Mo raised his head, and saw a group of people, no, a group of yao wave their hands at Nan Yue as they excitedly ran over.

[i] Embarrassing here is 丢人, or lost person. So this is also "lost person" in front of a yao which has another meaning since Zuo Mo is a human and not a yao.

*

Translator Ramblings: POV switching galore. Lin Qian and Mu Xi make an appearance, and so does a new character. Mu Xi is holding on hard to her mission which means that she won't overstep. She is a very prudent person who isn't risking herself to make achievements and no one can say her actions were incorrect because she stayed true to the words of her mission, even though her actions have already caused the true objective of

her mission to slip away.

Xuan Kong is the second realm we are introduced to. It is the Xuan Kong Temple or the Mystical Void/Space Temple and so Xuan Kong Sect is the strongest sect hence its name is put on the realm's name just like Kun Lun Sect and Kun Lun realm. I'm actually uncertain if the dhyana xiu are monks and nuns. I can't remember if Zong Ru has shaved his head so he actually looks like a monk. There also hasn't been any mention of nuns.

Chapter 345: The Prison Battlefield

Nan Yue hadn't expected to meet her schoolmates here, and silently thought this was a terrible situation. She discretely looked to Daren. Inside, she secretly prayed that this incident would not infuriate Daren! This was the second time she had met Daren and she did not know what Daren's temper was like.

However, she had heard that many daren did not like their movements to be known.

"Student Nan Yue, this is?" A deep and calm voice suddenly sounded out by her ears.

She raised her head and felt that the situation was now even worse. This was Teacher Chi! Chi had been one of the teachers that had sought her out after the house exam and wanted to take her as a student. Chi was born from the Fire Clan and was very skilled in fire yao arts. Among the teachers of the house, his power was enough to rank him in the top five.

Seeing so many yao art once, Zuo Mo felt his vision was broadened. This group of yao were of various shapes, most of which were humanoid. There were two individuals that were very eye-catching. One of them had the body like a crisp green tree. Their numerous roots were like unusually nimble feet. They seemed to have a very lively personality, the tree branches were like soft whips that waved in the air. The other one's body was made from hundreds of flowers that gathered and dispersed in the air as they changed shape.

Looking like this, how was it possible to distinguish between the sexes?

This slightly profound question troubled Zuo Mo.

Chi's fire red hair and lion-like features were not all that attention-grabbing in this group of weirdos. However, Zuo Mo noticed him at first glance because he was the strongest of this group of yao, and wasn't just marginally stronger.

Hearing what Chi called Nan Yue, Zuo Mo instantly understood Chi's

identity.

“Sir is Nan Yue’s teacher? Sorry, sorry! I am Nan Yue’s cousin,” Zuo Mo raised his folded hands and said with a smile.

Cousin?

The group’s gazes swept between Nan Yue and Zuo Mo, and their expressions instantly became suspicious.

Daren’s skill at lying really sucked! Nan Yue felt very ashamed. From any angle, Daren showed no hint of being of the same clan as her. However, since Daren had said it, she could only force herself to say, “My distant cousin.”

Distant... the yao all had understanding expressions.

Such a terrible lie could only fool naïve students, but how could it fool an experienced old yao like Chi? However, since the other was not willing to state his origins, Chi did not have to pry.

Everyone had secrets.

“Nice to meet you.” Chi politely bowed to Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo’s consciousness was not as high as his, but it was above these students. Considering the other’s age, he clearly had great talent.

Great talent

Chi’s thought moved, and he pretended to unconcernedly ask, “Which house is Sir in?”

“I’m not in a yao art house.” Zuo Mo shook his head honestly.

Not in a yao art house. The yao couldn’t believe these words.

“Why not?” The tree yao waved its branches. This guy looked like an outgoing one and it quickly rushed to be the first to ask.

“I’m being taught by a teacher.”

Zuo Mo’s response instantly caused murmurs of admiration. Yao art houses were pretty good places for normal yao, but students of a teacher could receive more guidance. Chi nodded his head inside. Zuo Mo had not

lied this time.

He suddenly thought of the string of little yao arts that Nan Yue had showed during the exam. Had it been this cousin of hers that had taught her? The more he thought, the more Chi found it likely. He had taught Nan Yue's class before, and understood this student well. There was nothing to be said of Nan Yue's dedication and work ethic, but her talent could only be considered good. The dazzling performance of her last exam really was not her style.

Chi finally realized why Nan Yue had refused his invitation. It must be that the teacher of her cousin had also chosen to take Nan Yue on as a student.

"Can I ask for the name of your teacher?" Chi asked respectfully. That glimpse of the tip of the iceberg had been enough. Those little yao arts had shocked Chi for a long time.

"Oh, he's called Pu," Zuo Mo's thought moved as he said.

Pu? Chi carefully searched his memory for this name but did not find anything. It didn't seem to be a very famous yao.

Nan Yue wanted to roll her eyes when she heard it. Daren's skill at lying wasn't just terrible! Nan Yue thought the "Pu" that Zuo Mo spoke off was just a random answer. Which yao would be so casual with their teacher's name?

As expected, the flower yao snorted coldly. "If you don't want to say, don't say. There's no need to lie!"

The other yao had expressions of agreement.

Zuo Mo was confused but he did not argue. He took the chance to go into the sea of consciousness and mock Pu Yao. "Pu, aren't you a Sky Yao? How come no yao knows you? You really ended up terribly!"

Pu Yao's expression was visibly unwell.

Having gotten his face back from Pu Yao, Zuo Mo did not care for the cold snort of the flower yao.

Nan Yue secretly glanced at Zuo Mo and thought inside, Daren's lying skill was somewhat terrible, but his face was thick enough.

Chi did not think that Zuo Mo was lying. He had met many powerful and great yao before, and knew many yao had weird personalities and did not care for these things. However, he did not plan on wasting too much time on chatter. He said with a smile, "I came today to show them the prison battlefield. It is getting late so we will bid farewell."

Zuo Mo hurriedly bowed with his hands. Chi took the bunch of little yao and quickly disappeared.

After they went far away, Zuo Mo turned to ask Nan Yue, "What is the prison battlefield?"

Nan Yue's expression instantly became slightly strange. Did Daren not know the prison battlefield? She didn't quite believe it. What yao didn't know the prison battlefield? However, she suppressed the suspicion inside and obediently answered, "The prison battlefield is the place for real combat practice. There are many yao formations inside which can only be solved with yao arts."

"Yao formations?" Zuo Mo's eyes lit up. Just this phrase stirred great interest in him. Yao formation, true to the name, should be the formations that yao use. Was there any differences compared to the seal formations that xiuzhe used?

He instantly said, "Oh, take me to see."

Nan Yue found it even stranger, but still said respectfully, "Yes!"

Twelve hours was plenty of time for Zuo Mo. He wasn't in a hurry and taught Nan Yue yao arts along the way. He explained in great detail the many variants of the little yao arts, and along the way, explained why he had deconstructed yao arts last time.

Nan Yue learned a lot, and unknowingly arrived at the prison battlefield. It was the first time she found time passed so quickly.

"Daren, this is the prison battlefield!"

Zuo Mo curiously examined the prison battlefield. After the first glance, he couldn't move his eyes away.

Countless curved streams and rivers criss-crossed and passed through the void like glowing pipes. Some of these water flows were slow, some soft, some flowed against the current, and there were all kinds of weird ones. Among the river flows, there were some that had all kinds of strange water grasses growing in them and others had multi-colored fish that swam within. Zuo Mo's eyes landed on an enormous fish that was thirty zhang in size that occasionally opened its gigantic mouth. Zuo Mo's heart tightened as he looked at it.

Other than the river flows, the other places were all filled with other things like lightning balls, and clouds of fire which could be seen everywhere.

Such powerful yao formations!

After looking closely, Zuo Mo felt dizzy and shocked! No matter if it was the river flows, the water grasses, the fish, the lightning balls or the clouds of fire, they were all part of the bigger formation. One move against them would affect the entire entity.

This was a "living" great formation. Any change of one part of the formation would cause a change in the entire formation.

After observing for a long time, he turned and asked Nan Yue, "How do you play?"

"Play?" Nan Yue stumbled over Zuo Mo's strange way of asking. She could only say, "Just go in. There are three levels to the Clear Skies prison battlefield. If you can enter the innermost level, you can enter the second prison."

"The second prison?" Zuo Mo was yearning to try. Were there ten levels in Ten Finger Prison? He was already so amazed at the first prison. What was the second prison like?

"Come, let's go try it out!" Finishing, he pulled Nan Yue and charged in.

Nan Yue hadn't expected Daren to charge when he said so. She saw how

excited Daren appeared. Had Daren really never come before? Thinking to that, she couldn't help but hurriedly remind him, "Daren, if you fail, it may wound the consciousness."

"No problem."

Before Daren's words landed, Nan Yue felt the scenery in front change and become bright red!

Not good, a fire cloud!

Her expression changed drastically. In the prison battlefield, the yao arts that she was most afraid of were those like the fire cloud.

A dragon made out of fire seemed to smell them and with a burning presence, leapt over.

"Interesting!"

Daren's voice came over from the side. She finally remembered that Daren was beside her, and her heart instantly was greatly reassured.

Zuo Mo really felt it was interesting. This fire dragon was made from seven interlocking fire yao arts and was very clever. The seven fire yao arts were all little yao arts, and were not complex yao arts. What it tested was the reaction abilities of those trying to go through the prison.

There were many ways of dealing with the fire dragon. Zuo Mo chose the simplest one.

Little Yao Art—Water Blade!

A transparent water blade entered the center of the fire dragon

Boom!

The fire dragon instantly turned to seven balls of fire and exploded.

Nan Yue's eyeballs almost dropped out. She had clearly seen the little yao art that Daren had just casted. She was able to generally estimate the power of the fire dragon from its presence. She did not doubt that Daren could overcome this fire dragon.

But it was only a Water Blade!

There wasn't any difference compared to the Water Blade she could cast. How was it possible how was it possible

She looked dazedly as the balls of fire flew.

Zuo Mo noticed Nan Yue's expression and recalled that he had this "follower." He explained, "You have to look at the structure of the fire dragon. It was made from seven interlocking fire yao arts. If you can find the crux of this kind of yao art, it really saves energy."

There wasn't time to say more. A lightning arrow shot in front of Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo unhurriedly raise a finger, and a transparent water ball appeared in front of him.

Little Yao Art—Water Ball!

The lightning entered the Water Ball. Countless arcs of electricity sparked and crackled on the surface of the water ball.

"There is no trick to this. Just respond quickly," Zuo Mo flicked the Water Ball covered in layers of electricity and said sedately. "When casting little yao arts, the most basic point is speed."

Before his words landed, countless water grasses in the surroundings suddenly and violently headed over!

Zuo Mo flipped his hand and a fire dragon that was just the same as the one before swam around the two of them. Everywhere it passed, the water grasses turned to dust.

"You have to learn and use"

He appeared to have the mannerisms of a master, and was very composed. He enjoyed Nan Yue's awestruck gaze, and his ego was very satisfied.

What Zuo Mo did not know that his three continuous attacks seemed to rouse the silent prison battlefield out of its slumber.

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo is very ignorant but it is not his fault. Who expects to be pulled into a completely different culture without their permission? Nan Yue continues her education by a half-educated Zuo Mo. It is the blind leading the blind except Zuo Mo is being led by someone who isn't but still likes seeing him trip.

Chapter 346: The Prison-Breaking Battle

“Nan Yue’s cousin really looks weird,” the tree yao waved its branches and spouted words like a spring spouting water, “doesn’t look anything like Nan Yue. From a glance, you can see he isn’t a good yao. How can Nan Yue have a cousin like this, it really is strange”

A cold snort came from the ball of flowers floating in the air, “Shut up!”

“Don’t you find it strange?” The tree yao was slightly puzzled. “How can you not find such a strange matter strange? Don’t you find it strange”

Chi felt a headache and shouted lowly, “Shut up!”

The tree yao’s words stopped. He obediently closed his mouth. He didn’t dare to disregard Teacher’s words. After being silent for a moment, he really couldn’t stop himself and murmured, “Teacher, don’t you find it strange”

Everyone wanted to faint.

Chi didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. The tree yao was the descendant of one of his friends. If he had the chance, he would always take the tree yao along. But this guy was a chatterbox, and had really strong sense of curiosity. If he was attracted by something, he definitely would not let it be.

“The prison battlefield is up ahead!” Chi’s topic changed as he pointed at the front to try to deflect this guy’s attention.

As expected, the tree yao’s attention turned to the prison battlefield. “So this is the prison battlefield!”

The other yao didn’t feel much. Several of the yao in this group had already gone through the prison battlefield already. After entering Vast Water Clear Skies, many people would give it a try. Even if they didn’t have the strength, they wouldn’t actually lose their lives in the prison battlefield, they would only be minorly wounded. If they were lucky, not even a hair would be damaged.

Little yao with guts liked to explore the prison battlefield. The yao arts in

the prison battlefield were a few fractions stronger than what was in other areas, and were suited for real combat. Also, if they wanted to enter the next prison, they must go through the prison battlefield.

“Go, let’s go in.” Chi saw the tree yao was attracted to the prison battlefield and released a breath. He hurriedly took the yao in.

Entering the prison battlefield, the scenery instantly changed. The tree yao waved its branches and said emotionally, “It is such a strange place ...”

But no one paid attention to him at this time. The other yao had come to the prison battlefield before and their nerves tensed.

Teacher Chi was beside them, but he was responsible for teaching and guidance. Of course, in moments of danger, he would act and protect them. However, they all still hoped to become Teacher Chi’s student, and naturally did not slack off. All of them paid attention as they started to defend.

Due to their high numbers, the pressure was much less, and they appeared to be at ease.

“All of you, spread out,” Chi said in a deep voice.

Hearing this, the yao instantly spread out, and entered their own battle modes. The prison battlefield was a place to practice for real combat. In here, slacking off and short-cuts gave no benefits.

Yao arts successively came at them. All the yao were one hundred and twenty percent alert as they carefully responded.

“The fire dragon is a commonly used fire yao art, and has pretty good powerful. It will be suitable for your use for a long time. The most important place of this kind of fire yao art is its structure. Different structures will form different fire dragons. Like this fire dragon, it is made from six different little yao arts. Oh, not a bad combination.”

Chi casually stopped a fire dragon, and reviewed it calmly.

“It needs you to be very familiar with little yao arts. Nan Yue is very

outstanding on this point. You need to learn from her.”

When the other yao heard this, they worked even harder. Clearly, Chi’s praise of Nan Yue motivated them.

“Do not copy these yao arts.”

Zuo Mo’s words shocked Nan Yue. She couldn’t help but say, “Why not? Aren’t these yao arts good?”

Three lights flew out of Zuo Mo’s hand like three sharp sword energies. They entered a mountain-like lightning cloud. In the blink of an eye, the lightning cloud brimming with astonishing primary lightning was like a bubble that popped and disappeared. Nan Yue’s eyes almost fell out as she watched.

“Yao arts are full of innumerable transformations. There are five hundred kinds of the most basic little yao arts. This is unique among all cultivation methods. How many yao arts are there now? No one oh, no yao knows. But in Vast Water Clear Skies, there is no less than ten thousand kinds. If you just copy, you will forever be led by the nose by other people, and be exhausted by the pursuit. It is very simple, you will never finish learning!”

It was the first time that Nan Yue heard such a daring way of thinking. She listened extremely carefully and was afraid of missing a word.

“We will not copy them, we will deconstruct them.” Zuo Mo’s tone was faint and his attitude calm. With the flick of a finger, the yao art heading towards him turned to dust as though it was an example of his perspective.

“The number of yao art permutations is innumerable but there are patterns to be found. What we need to do is to find their patterns. When we find their patterns, you will be able to create yao arts that belong to you. And how do we grasp the patterns hidden behind the multitude of variations of yao arts?”

“Deconstruction!” Nan Yue blurted out.

“Right, how did it go? The person that understands you the best will forever be your enemy and not your friend. This phrase also works with yao arts. Oh, we need to first be the enemy of the yao arts.”

“Nan Yue understands!” Nan Yue felt like she was filled with awareness, her face flashing with light. There had never been a moment like this when she was so aware that she had clearly grabbed the pulse of destiny!

The respect and awe in Nan Yue’s eyes made Zuo Mo feel as pleasurable as though he was in a hot spring. In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao couldn’t help but mock, “You’re pretty good at learning and selling at the same time.”

But he clearly underestimated the thickness of Zuo Mo’s face. This guy snickered and said proudly, “Right, I feel the same.”

Pu Yao finally remembered Little Mo ge was someone that could tolerate everything. Talking about face with him was never as good as talking about jingshi.

His happy mood assisted Zuo Mo’s performance. His hands flew and streamed. No matter how powerful the yao art was, none of them could get within thirty zhang of him.

Just as Zuo Mo was having fun playing, the surroundings suddenly became silent. All the yao arts seemed to have disappeared.

Silence, a deathly silence. All the river flows became silent.

Zuo Mo’s hairs on end.

The sudden stop of the prison battlefield bewildered Chi’s students who stared at each other.

Chi made a light sound and his eyes brightened as they widened. “Prison-breaking battle? You guys will get a great spectacle today!”

“Prison-breaking battle!” all the students exclaimed in shock. Prison-breaking. Most of the yao who entered the Ten Finger Prison had heard of it. But most only heard of it. It was more like a legend.

Prison-breaking battle. It referred to the prison battlefield that had detected an enemy that could pose a threat to it. It would then use the power of the entire prison battlefield to deal with the enemy.

Prison-breaking battle, creation after destruction.

If a yao won this ferocious prison-breaking battle, Vast Water Clear Skies would be reconstructed.

Vast Water Clear Skies had been created three hundred years ago when a great yao skilled in water yao arts had completed the first prison's prison-breaking battle.

Those that could break the prison had a certain connection to power, but that was not the definite trigger. Otherwise, there wouldn't have been so many powerful great yao that went through Vast Water Clear Skies without activating the prison-breaking battle.

Today, someone had activated the prison-breaking battle!

Exclamations of shock sounded in the prison battlefield. They all understood what the unusual scene in front of them meant.

The news that the prison-breaking battle was activated spread with astounding speed. Every yao in Vast Water Clear Skies was disturbed. Like a tide, they flooded towards the prison battlefield.

At the same time in the second prison that was neighbouring to the first prison, many yao raised their heads with shocked expressions. Immediately after, numerous figures flashed towards the door of the prison with astounding speed!

Prison-breaking battle!

The prison-breaking battle that had not appeared for three hundred years!

"Daren" Nan Yue's voice was shaky. She looked with fear at the deathly silent prison battlefield.

"You have to remember not to lose your calm at any time. The more you

panic, the quicker you die on the battlefield.”

Daren’s words caused shame to appear on Nan Yue’s face. “Yes!”

If she was so timid, how could she follow Daren in the future?

The terror inside decreased greatly. She raised her small face with a determined expression.

What she didn’t know was that Zuo Mo’s entire scalp was prickling at this moment. He had rich battle experience. Even though the surroundings were silent and motionless, but the dangerous presence was rising.

“Pu, what is happening?” he carefully asked Pu Yao.

Pu Yao narrowed his blood red eye, and lightly said, “There’s only this much stuff in the prison battlefield, what situation can happen?”

“There really isn’t anything?” Zuo Mo didn’t quite believe it.

Pu Yao’s face was mocking. “This is just the first prison.”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo changed his thinking. That was right, Vast Water Clear Skies was only the first prison of the Ten Finger Prison. If it really was so dangerous, there wouldn’t be so many people. He hadn’t done anything. If something unfortunate happened, it wouldn’t be his turn.

Comforting himself so, his heart was reassured.

Before the stone in his heart landed, a strange power passed over, and Nan Yue disappeared from beside him.

All the other yao in the entire prison battlefield except for Zuo Mo were sent by this mysterious power out of the prison battlefield.

Many of the yao that were transported out had confused expressions, but when they saw the area surrounding the prison battlefield was filled with yao, they all shook.

But right now, no yao paid attention to them. Everyone’s gaze was staring into the prison battlefield.

The rivers that followed constantly through the void of the prison

battlefield, the lightning balls, the fire clouds, they had all disappeared. They could clearly see that figure that was at the very center of the prison battlefield.

All the yao widened their eyes. A yao that could activate the prison-breaking battle definitely had a limitless future!

Chi and his procession of yao stared so much their eyes almost dropped out. The tree yao excitedly waved the tree branches. “Strange cousin! It’s the strange cousin!”

Light flashed through Chi’s eyes as waves were created inside his heart. The yao that had activated prison-breaking battles before were all great yao that had each left a deep mark on history.

This person of average appearance was so powerful?

When Nan Yue was sent out, Zuo Mo instantly understood the situation was targeting him.

Since the other had such powers, they definitely wouldn’t give him the chance to leave the prison battlefield.

He had been tricked!

Someone dared to trick ge!

Zuo Mo’s anger rose, and his stubbornness came out. The tendons in his neck bulged. His features enraged, he pushed up his sleeves, and murderously gritted his teeth as he uttered Dong Fu slang.

“Come on, baby!”[i]

*

[i] This part was the Chinese homonym of Come on, baby, and the “baby” part was 卑鄙 (bei bi) which means low, contemptible.

Translator Ramblings: Pu Yao is totally fine with seeing Zuo Mo in trouble if it isn’t dangerous. Zuo Mo doesn’t understand what is going on but no one can trick ge!

Chapter 347: One Battle!

Zuo Mo was filled with battle intent, his blood boiling. His back arched forward, his hands placed in the air in front of his chest with his ten fingers spread out like a wild beast waiting to pounce. He gave others the feeling of danger! This was the starting position of Great Day mo physique for physical battle which he instinctively used.

The surroundings were deathly silent, and caused Zuo Mo's concentration to be highly focused. He was using all of his consciousness. Recently, his consciousness had greatly advanced. He had never used so much spiritual power at once as he was doing today. The usual "fishing" would always wring out his spiritual power, but the expenditure of little yao arts was very low so the process had been a drain of small increments.

The movement this time was without keeping anything back, and he was going all in.

The lively spiritual power wrapped around his body. Everything in the surroundings was quickly drawn out in his mind, and was as clear as it was a mirror image.

The temperature of the surroundings rose, and the heated air grew heavy. The dark and deep void started to light up, and the surroundings turned crimson red.

Zuo Mo was motionless. His eyes narrowed, the presence of his entire body was quietly restrained inside. He was like a statue.

"How many has it been years since someone activated a prison-breaking battle? He doesn't look very good, really a monster!" Leng Yue said emotionally to his good friend Chang Zheng. The two of them had charged from the second prison to Vast Water Clear Skies. Before they even took a breath, they saw Zuo Mo standing alone in the prison battlefield.

Leng Yue wore a black silk robe, the sleeves of which were woven with

gold silk into complex patterns. His figure was upright and handsome. He was from a famous family, and was usually very lofty. Pride and condescension had already deeply entered his bones. However, he was not stupid. Facing the monster that was in the prison battlefield right now, he had no assets to be proud of.

Individuals that could activate the prison-breaking battle were all monsters that stood above all monsters. If they could continue being monsters, after one or two centuries, they would even have the qualifications to enter the Council of Elders.

Chang Zheng stared unblinkingly, and tsked in wonder. "As expected, a monster. I cannot even feel his presence. Just this method of concealment is nothing our generation can do." He then said suspiciously, "But this position ... why does it look like a mo skill ..."

Leng Yue was from a famed family and naturally knew more. He examined for a long time before he nodded. "It is a mo skill!"

"Cultivating yaomo together? That is ridiculous!" Chang Zheng's face was full of disbelief.

Leng Yue was also filled with doubt. He did not dare to make a conclusion, and could only say, "We'll know later."

The two yao stared unblinkingly at the prison battlefield. They had gone through Vast Water Clear Skies' battlefield in the past. With their power, they naturally had not had a hard time. They were very curious. Was the legendary prison-breaking battle really that powerful?

At this time, the prison battlefield started its first wave of attack.

The red light seemed to be pulled by an invisible power. They came from all directions, drawing out lines of dazzling red light as they gathered into a red mark with astounding speed.

The red mark of light dramatically expanded. An enormous ball of fire instantly floated about one hundred zhang from where Zuo Mo was. The crimson red flames continuously spat its fiery tongues. Rich fire elemental power spread following the waves of heat. Zuo Mo felt he was situated in

a large dan cauldron, and it was hard to endure the baking.

The eye-catching red light, the meteor-like red energy, the burning ball of fire, the flickering tongues of flames, they all caused the yao looking in from the outside to have expressions of praise.

“Qian Liu Daren of peerless water yao arts, I hadn’t expected his fire yao arts to be so domineering.” Chang Zheng’s expression was full of admiration.

Leng Yue also had a face full of respect, and said, “Supposedly, Qian Liu Daren was only twenty eight when he broke the prison and remade it into Vast Water Clear Skies. It really is worthy of respect and terrifying that he could set down the name of a prison when he was twenty eight.”

“Ah, if there wasn’t someone having a prison-breaking battle now, we would not have the good fortune to watch.” Chang Zheng suddenly smiled and said, “I wonder what Qian Liu Daren would think if he knew his Vast Water Clear Skies is being challenged?”

The enormous ball of fire burned and spread a scorching presence. The fire element power that was able to wound the mind splashed in waves against everything in the surroundings. Zuo Mo’s figure under the fireball was as minuscule as an ant.

“He seems to have confidence,” Leng Yue suddenly said.

“Of course. Those who are average cannot activate the prison-breaking battle.” Chang Zheng had a matter-of-fact expression but then his tone changed. “However, the fire yao arts left by Qian Liu Daren’s impression in the Ten Finger Prison is not so easy to deal with.”

“Who are you helping? That’s like not saying anything at all.” Leng Yue rolled his eyes.

“Haha, we’re here to see the spectacle, the spectacle!” Chang Zheng laughed awkwardly.

The two spoke quickly, but their eyes were unmoving as they locked onto

Zuo Mo in the field.

Zuo Mo narrowed his eyes and only showed a narrow crack. No one could see that there seemed to be a cold and eerie fire burning soundlessly in the depths of his eyes.

The open arms, the spread fingers, the slightly curved figure, they all give the yao a feeling that he was planning to hug this fatal and tyrannical ball of fire!

Zuo Mo was not nervous at all.

The burning and fatal presence given off by the enormous ball of fire in front of him did not cause any ripple in his heart.

Of the five elements, the fire element was his most familiar element after water. From the first Li Water Sword Scripture, to the Golden Crow Fire after that, he was an expert at playing with fire.

The fireball in front of him was somewhat similar to the fireball that Pu Yao had once demonstrated to him. In the beginning, Zuo Mo had encountered difficulties when he was comprehending the Li Water Sword Scripture. When Pu Yao taught him, he had also created an enormous ball of fire.

This familiar scene made his mind go slightly astray, but it was only a sliver. His body naturally entered battle mode. He no longer was that inexperienced Wu Kong Sword Sect disciple. After so many battles, he sensitively caught the opportunity.

He attacked first.

In the void, he stepped forward and then disappeared from the view of the yao.

The strange step stirred exclamations of shock. What the yao were even more shocked about was his action. To charge straight at the ball of fire, wasn't that just going to find death? This fireball was formed from almost all the power of the entire prison battlefield. The fire element power

contained within it reached a terrifying level. If he was touched by any of the streaks of flame, he most likely would not be able to retreat with his body intact.

The fireball seemed to feel the threat. The tongues of flame rose, and crimson red whips of fire shot at Zuo Mo. In the void, the fire element power reached a horrifying level.

Sweat rolled down Chi's forehead. The density of fire element power in the prison battlefield made him, someone skilled in fire yao arts, feel his heart speed up.

Zuo Mo stepped out of the void, his steps not slowing. He stepped forward and seemed to step into the void again.

Without knowing it, a faint layer of gold covered his legs

The bursting tongues of fire furiously leapt at Zuo Mo, and he was almost struck a few times. There was only the difference of a few hairs. Such a risky scene made Nan Yue's face pale and she almost shouted a few times.

Zuo Mo's expression was indifferent as though he did not detect the danger. His steps were like a stroll, at ease and calm.

The crowd of yao watching did not lack those who had knowledge. Their expressions changed. None of them had seen such a strange walk before. Leng Yue and Chang Zheng felt their bodies freeze as their eyes shocked shock.

As all the yao were shocked by Zuo Mo's steps, no one noticed layer of faint light on Zuo Mo's hands.

With each step, the light on Zuo Mo's hand would become slightly brighter.

When Zuo Mo made his twelfth step, the light on his two hands was so thick it was almost tangible and could flow like liquid.

What was this?

The yao's eyes were unconsciously attracted to the light covering both of

Zuo Mo's hands. They were filled with curiosity

Everyone knew this was Zuo Mo's killing move. No matter how profound his steps were, they could not defeat the fireball. He still needed to rely on an offensive yao art. The multicolored light created multicolored afterimages during Zuo Mo's high speed movement. As Zuo Mo flickered in and out, it became broken sections of a rainbow.

Killing move!

It definitely was a great killing move!

Everyone widened their eyes and didn't dare to blink.

Nan Yue suddenly covered her mouth and muffled the shout that had reached her mouth, her eyes were filled with disbelief.

Heavens, how how was it possible?

That was

Zuo Mo's mind was almost icy cold, as he made another step, as he went closer to the fireball, continued to rise in temperature. His presence continuously grew with his steps.

His figure slightly paused as it went against how people normally moved.

Thirty zhang away, the domineering and scorching heat hit his body as though it was incinerating him.

He crouched down slightly and both of his hands dropped to his side.

The slightly lowered eyelids were completely open now, revealing the calmness in the depths of his eyes. It was like cold butter thrown into the fire. The flame exploded. The boiling battle intent burned every one of Zuo Mo's nerves.

All the tongues of fire of the fireball flooded towards Zuo Mo, the fire twisted into a burning sea.

The continuously rising presence reached a peak. He suddenly raised his

face.

“Kill!”

The rampaging and violent killing essence suddenly shot outwards with Zuo Mo as the center.

Zuo Mo jumped up into the air like a flying sword leaving its sheath. Carrying a patch of multicolored light, he struck towards the sea of flame in front of him!

Among the sea of flames that covered the sky, a multicolored smear carved out a straight and blinding line, causing sparks to fly like the rain.

Among the sparks, the multicolored light struck the ball of fire!

All of the domineering and explosive presence, all of the battle intent, it all seemed to enter the ball of fire along with this blow.

The prison battlefield paused.

Everything paused.

Time seemed to have stopped.

Pia.

A sound like an eggshell being cracked. The domineering and terrifying crimson red ball lightly exploded and turned to a handful of sparks.

The sparks were like rain and mist as they fell. Zuo Mo's figure floated in and out of view. The presence on his body disappeared, the multicolored light on his hands also disappeared.

Silence, deathly silence.

For ten whole breaths, no one made any sound. Only ten breaths later did the yao seem to suddenly wake up. Exclamation rose and fell.

“Who saw what yao art that was?”

“Too powerful!”

“Haven't seen it before. Definitely a secret yao art! Such a weirdo! I

wonder which hidden family he came from!”

“Worth it! Didn’t come for nothing! It is so worth it”

None of the yao in the surroundings could keep their calm. The crowd was very excited.

Among the yao, Nan Yue tightly covered her mouth. There was only one thought repeating in her mind.

That was

The discussion in the surroundings seemed to be far away to her ears. No one could have thought that among all of these many yao, only she understood that move.

That was—

—Little yao arts!

*

Translator Ramblings: Not really too much plot in this chapter, everything is action. Nan Yue is the lone mind that understands among this group.

Chapter 348: Scheming

Little yao art, a sixteen little yao art combination!

The rainbow colored light lingered in Nan Yue's pupils. She had almost stopped breathing. Sixteen kinds of little yao art versus the fire yao art of Qian Liu Daren. The difference between the two was like comparing a child and a battle hardened warrior.

Standing aloofly among the rain of light, there was no joy on Zuo Mo's face, nor smugness.

Nan Yue suddenly felt that Daren had a great presence.

Leng Yue and Chang Zheng's were shocked, but the shock quickly turned to extreme passion and excitement. No one knew what Qian Liu Daren's fire yao art was called, but no one cared at this moment.

Clear Skies Qian Liu was a name that was legendary for the yao.

They had not personally seen how Qian Liu Daren completed the prison-breaking battle three hundred years ago, how he had reformed "Vast Water Clear Skies," they could only imagine from hearing the tales and histories. Yet today, another yao had activated the prison-breaking battle. A new legend was being created front of them.

Zuo Mo's grand and dazzling lights and the fierce combat in the battle just now made every yao present feel their blood boil.

A new legend was going to begin!

Even if this yao of unknown origins was so young that it was almost outrageous, no one doubted his power at this time.

"Do you recognize his movement technique?" Chang Zheng impatiently asked. Leng Yue's eyes and knowledge were just a bit higher than his.

Leng Yue's face was serious. "It's a bit like [Nether Stepping Movement Art] but his feet have a golden aura. This does not match the records of [Nether Stepping Movement Art]. It is very strange. It must be another high level yao art."

The organization of yao arts was chaotic and complex because too many kinds of yao arts existed throughout history. Additionally, after the thousand year war, yao arts gradually entered a phase of rapid development. All kinds of novel and wondrous yao arts appeared, and this also became a huge problem for the ranking system of yao arts.

As the large yao art houses developed, the house-taught yao arts gradually replaced the clan-taught yao arts. Due to this, the yao art rankings finally settled.

From the most basic little yao arts, to low-level yao arts, to intermediate-level yao arts, to the astonishing high-level yao arts, to the even stronger earth-level yao arts, and then to the sky-level yao arts. This complete yao art system was constructed. This system had an extremely strict division. It wasn't just based just on the power of the yao arts but included such things as the difficulty of casting, and the amount of spiritual power used. There was a special bureaucracy whose purpose was to judge the levels of yao arts.

Chang Zheng's expression was solemn. "Can you guess which yao art house it is from?"

"Can't see it."

The use of clan-taught yao arts had declined. Even the young yao that came from the large clans mostly chose to enter a yao art house to learn. The famed clan yao arts of the past had been gradually merged into the yao arts of the various yao art houses, and became the ultimate skill of those houses.

Sky-level arts mostly existed in the legends. Almost all the experts, including all of the Sky Yao, had died in the great battle thousands of years ago. The earth-level and sky-level yao arts they knew were lost in the rivers of history.

What the largest yao art houses competed with were the high-level yao arts. These were the trademark arts of each yao art house. There were similarities between the basic and intermediate yao arts between some yao art houses but it was rare that high-level yao arts were the same between

houses. Each yao art house was extremely careful when passing down their house's high-level yao art. Only the most accomplished and core disciples had the qualifications to learn.

"This kind of level is probably also the peak if it's in the Great Ten." Chang Zheng threw his confusion to the back of his mind and praised.

Leng Yue asked in response, "Great Ten? These three hundred years, how come not even one of the students of the Great Ten activated the prison-breaking battle?"

"True," Chang Zheng nodded his head, "this yao art house is going to be famous. It may even enter the Great Ten."

"This guy may not be from a yao art house." Leng Yue's words were shocking.

"Not from a yao art house?" Chang Zheng turned his face in shock. "You mean that he's using clan-taught yao arts?"

"Maybe." Ling Yue's gaze focused. "Look at his battle method. Does he look like one from a yao art house?"

Chang Zheng pondered this and an expression of agreement grew. "Since you mentioned it, I also had this feeling. It doesn't seem like the stuff from yao art houses." He responded very quickly and said with a smile, "I wonder which yao art house will benefit this time."

Clan-taught yao arts like this were what the large yao art houses desired the most. In the great war thousands of years ago, the yaomo had lost, and greatly suffered. Countless kinds of knowledge had been lost. The lost knowledge had formed through countless years, and represented the highest level of yao arts. They were the brightest pearl of the entire yao art system.

The yao arts that were developed after the war had developed mostly from the remaining basic yao arts and intermediate yao arts. That was the origins of most high-level yao arts. But higher ranks? The legendary earth and sky-level?

A few thousand of years was too short for them to be redeveloped. Other

than the top yao art houses, the great majority of yao art houses only had high-level yao arts. The yao art houses that possessed earth and sky-level yao arts had not gained them through their own power, but were just luckier.

The clan-taught yao arts of the past were the best part of the ancient yao arts. If they could regain these clan-taught yao arts, it would be of great help in understanding higher-level yao arts. Of course, there were differences between clan-taught yao arts. What they needed the most were those outstanding clan-taught yao arts.

If this yao really was using clan-taught yao arts, he was a tasty morsel for any yao art house.

[Nether Stepping Movement Art] was a high-level yao art and one of the trademark arts of the Dragon River Yao Art House.

The amazing scene just now, in Leng Yue's perspective, this movement art was not worse than the [Nether Stepping Movement Art] of the legend. Even he couldn't help start scheming.

Behind the back of each yao art house was the shadow of some large clans. When the thousand year war had just finished, due to the fact that the peak and high level individuals of each clan had been lost in high levels, it lead to the loss of large amounts of yao arts. Many clans encountered difficulties in their cultivation paths, and lacking guidance, they had to openly discuss and study with other clans. This marked the rise of the yao art houses.

As the Council of Elders supported and administered it, the yao art houses became even more popular. Now, a yao art house was like a rope that tied several, or even a dozen, clans together to become a singular being with a common purpose. This was also why the clans were willing to share their clan yao arts.

In the Ice Day Yao Art House that Leng Yue attended, the Western Mountain Cold Clan occupied a seat on the Council of Elders of the yao art house.

If he could recruit this yao into the Ice Day Yao Art House, then he

would have contributed greatly! He wouldn't just be able to receive the top art of the house, [Cold Day Ice Art], but maybe his clan would get another seat on the art house's Council of Elders.

Even though Leng Yue was usually proud and cold, his breathing sped up when he thought about it. He wrung out his mind thinking of what conditions he could use to persuade the other. He felt lucky about this prison-breaking battle occurred in the first prison. Otherwise, even thinking about recruitment was a delusion.

At his side, Chang Zheng looked with shock at his good friend. But then he thought and understood.

However, he did not think well of Leng Yue's plan. In his view, those that could activate the prison-breaking battles were the top geniuses of each era. The two of them could see this, would the other yao art houses not? In terms of competitive power, how could Ice Day Yao Art House compare to those top yao art houses?

His gaze swept around, and found that there were more yao around now than before. He was very calm. He wasn't from a large clan, just a normal student.

Light continuously flashed. In the blink of an eye, the surroundings were filled with yao.

This was really a spectacle!

Chang Zheng thought inside.

Nan Yue was still immersed in the grand battle and did not notice Teacher Chi drift next to her.

Seeing this, Chi could only cough.

The startled Nan Yue noticed Teacher Chi, and hurriedly bowed. "Teacher Chi."

"Oh, Nan Yue!" Chi's masculine face was filled by a smile, and he said intimately, "The role of the Chief Student Elder in the school is empty. Are you interested? You are very young, and it is rare for you to have the

strength you do now. With great power, you have to be brave and take on responsibilities.”

Nan Yue stilled where she stood. Chief Student Elder meant being the elder of all the students. This was a role that every student dreamed about. The Chief Student Elder could receive the guidance of all the elders in the entire Council of Elders of the yao art house. When they graduated, they could enter the yao art house and take on a core role. Even though they were students, their status would be much higher than normal teachers.

This role was far too important so in the last seven years, the Purple Lotus Yao Art House that Nan Yue was in had kept its Chief Student Elder position empty.

Now Teacher Chi was telling her she could be Chief Student Elder?

She felt she was dreaming.

Taking a few deep breaths, Nan Yue tried to calm the excitement inside. This world changed so quickly. A few days ago, she was working to become a student of a teacher. Now, the position of Chief Student Elder was being offered to her.

All of this was so fantastical, and unrealistic.

But Nan Yue quickly calmed down. Her experiences of hardship caused her to understand worldly matters better than normal students. The calm Nan Yue did not need to waste much effort to understand Teacher Chi’s motivations.

Looking at the calm Nan Yue, Chi was slightly shocked. For the first time, he properly looked at this student that didn’t have outstanding talent. To be able to maintain calmness in the face of such a great temptation, she wasn’t average.

Maybe he had missed a good seed. Regret flashed through Chi’s mind but that dot of regret quickly disappeared. The role of Chief Student Elder was far above anything he could promise. However, he was also very clear if they wanted to compete for the mysterious male yao in the prison battlefield, the only advantage the Purple Lotus Yao Art House had was

Nan Yue.

Compared to an expert that could activate a prison-breaking battle, a position of Chief Student Elder really was not anything. He believed those cunning and slippery elders of the house would see this clearly.

If he could help bring this matter to a favorable conclusion, would his efforts be unrecognized?

He looked with burning eyes at Nan Yue.

Chapter 349: Rage

Nan Yue shook her head and said, "I need to first ask Cousin's opinion."

Chi knew his intentions had been seen. His old face reddened slightly but it quickly turned back. "Of course, of course."

The tree yao, the flower yao and the other students looked from a distance as Chi talked with enthusiasm on his face and all of them were shocked without an exception.

The sparks fell like rain.

Zuo Mo widened his eyes as he warily observed the surroundings. The scenery in the surroundings had not changed, but the feeling of danger did not lessen, but had become even more oppressive.

Had that just been a warm-up?

Zuo Mo felt no fear. Just the opposite, an excited battle desire filled his body. He wanted the upcoming fight to be even fiercer!

The exquisite sixteen little yao art combination had dismembered the other's fireball in an instant. What really excited him was that he had actually used one of the transformations of the Great Day mo physique, [Light Void Wings], in his crisis.

What [Light Void Wings] strengthened was speed, to become as fast as lightning. It was the first transformation Zuo Mo learned. When he had used it just now, he had a great idea. He suppressed the formation of the pair of golden wings, and diverted the power to his legs. It actually produced the effect of stepping through the void.

So [Light Void Wings] could be used like this!

Zuo Mo suddenly felt there was light, and was greatly inspired. Since the power of the Light Void Wings could be pushed to his legs, what would happen if he pushed it to his arms? Or any other place? He was even considering, could the other transformations be used like this?

He was yearning to try and filled with the intent to battle.

He had really made a profit today!

What he did not know was that Pu Yao's eyes almost dropped to the floor in his sea of consciousness.

In his view, the new change of the Light Void Wings was somewhat wondrous but it was not enough for him, a great Sky Yao, to be shocked. What he felt was inconceivable was the use of mo skills in the Ten Finger Prison!

This was not possible!

He almost shouted.

Ten Finger Prison was constructed from yao arts, and only the power of yao arts could be used in the Ten Finger Prison. No matter if it was mo skills, or xiu spells, they definitely could not appear in the Ten Finger Prison. Even the first prison, Vast Water Clear Skies, was not an exception!

But what happened in front of him completely broke this rule that had existed for countless years.

What what was this?

Strangely, a thread of fright appeared in Pu Yao's heart.

Zuo Mo did not know of the thread of fright floating in Pu Yao's heart, but even if he knew, he would only snort and mock. He cultivated a variety of things, and did not have a bias towards any kind of power, and was curious about them all.

Even more so, he didn't have the time to chat with Pu Yao. Even though the fireball had been destroyed, but the dangerous presence filling the surroundings had not weakened but had increased.

When the last spark fell, a change occurred.

In the void, a faint incorporeal shadow appeared. A heavy water element

based power spread.

Glittering and transparent rivers of water criss-crossed as they appeared around him. Some were fast, some were slow, some were clear like precious gems, some were as turbid as mud.

The prison battlefield seemed to have returned to its usual state.

Zuo Mo's consciousness didn't dare to stay back and suddenly spread out.

A water arrow suddenly flew out of a river flow in front of him. This transparent water arrow announced the start of battle.

Blue light suddenly exploded!

Numerous water yao arts flew out of the criss-crossing river flows. They covered the skies and ground like a thunderstorm!

The yao in the surroundings changed expression. Even those experts that thought they were skilled in water yao arts were so shocked they almost jumped up when they saw the scene.

This attack included three hundred and sixty one water yao arts, from the simplest water arrow, the water bomb, to the combinations that formed water birds, water butterflies, to the higher level water dragons and beasts. What was even more astounding was that each water bird seemed almost alive, the transparent feathers extremely detailed.

The yao at this time finally knew what terrifying level Qian Liu Daren's water yao arts had reached!

Clear Skies Thousand Streams, awe-inspiring and terrifying!

Shocked, the faces of the yao became slightly intoxicated. Such beautiful water yao arts definitely were peerless. As to Zuo Mo who had activated the prison-breaking battle, no one looked at him again.

Maybe he was amazingly talented, maybe he was the successor to a mysterious yao art, but in front of Qian Liu Daren, he was fated to lose his halo, he was fated to become as inconsequential as a speck of dust.

Inside the battlefield, Zuo Mo's expression changed drastically.

His vision was filled with the flooding blue sea that was made from the light of numerous water yao arts. These glowing and beautiful water yao arts were of different shapes and various speeds, but they all had the smell of danger.

The hairs on Zuo Mo's body stood on end. Each water yao art was not difficult or complex for him, but when three hundred and sixty one water yao arts came at the same time, he was instantly in a life threatening predicament, and did not even have to room to dodge!

Incredible water yao arts!

The scent of death was so close. His face was slightly cold as though Death's decaying face was pressed against his with a strange smile.

His mind was blank, his limbs were wooden. All of his battle intent gone, all of his motivation became fragile like glass in front of such a peerless attack, and was instantly shattered.

Zuo Mo's body was frozen and unable to move a finger.

He could only looked dazedly at the ocean-like blue light rushing towards him. The almost tangible water element power was pressing at his brows. He watched as he was going to be swallowed by this vast ocean of blue light.

Damn it!

Zuo Mo suddenly shook and woke up from his dumbstruck state. What followed right after was shame from the heart! He had actually been shocked by the enemy's attack, so frightened that he had lost all intent of rebelling!

Damn it!

Zuo Mo's eyes suddenly turned bright red like two balls of flame. The cold blood in his body suddenly boiled. Strong anger filled every part of his chest! He was furious because of his weakness, he felt furious for losing

his resolve!

Breaking through the hard ice, the erupting desire to battle, his anger and shame merged together!

Zuo Mo instantly sank into a rage.

His eyes crimson red, in a raging Zuo Mo's hands closed together and then opened. Hiss-crack, a blinding lightning net appeared between his hands. The thin silver lightning snakes curved as they swam. Thirty thumb-sized hard lightning bolts moved uncertainly in the lightning net.

[Yang Fiend Hard Lightning]!

If Zuo Mo was clear in mind at this time, he would be joyful at his improvement in the yao arts. When he used the [Yang Fiend Hard Lightning] this time, the presence it gave was completely different, and was very pressuring. No matter if it was the increase in spiritual power or his understanding of the yao arts, all of it was completely on display through the [Yang Fiend Hard Lightning] that he had used so many times.

A furious bellow suddenly sounded from inside the blue light.

Immediately after, a dot of silver energy suddenly lit up inside the blue light. Then this silver energy became increasingly brighter and bigger!

What was this?

The yao watching were slightly shocked. They speculated on what kind of yao art this silver energy was.

Boom boom boom

Sounds of explosions continued inside the thick blue light like explosions from the bottom of the water.

But quickly, the faces of the yao who were more attentive were slightly weird. They found to their shock that the sound of the explosions had changed starting from the tenth explosion. It was not as deep and muffled, and was increasingly bright.

Was it

They couldn't help but show shock in their eyes.

The explosions were like thunder and rolled in waves.

Just as the yao were uncertain, an enormous sound exploded. Every yao felt the silver light turn blindingly bright and their vision instantly turned to white.

When the light dissipated, and the eyes of the yao recovered to look at the battlefield clearly, they instantly were amazed.

How how was it possible

In the battlefield, Zuo Mo's body was covered in smoke and fire. He cut a very sorry figure.

But no yao laughed at him now. They looked in disbelief at Zuo Mo, their mouths unconsciously sighing in shock. The yells of those young and beautiful female yao came in waves. Their expressions were excited and uncontrollable.

Chi was dumbstruck. Just now, he had also lost himself in Qian Liu Daren's water yao arts and judged that Zuo Mo could not win, then he saw the hardy Zuo Mo standing in the battlefield. Shocked, he had to sigh lightly. If before this battle, he had thought that Purple Lotus Yao Art House had a chance of recruiting the other, after this battle, he understood that Purple Lotus Yao Art house could not keep the other.

Deep respect and joy stemming from the heart showed in Nan Yue's crystal-like eyes!

The yells of the female yao quickly infected the other yao. Even those people that usually did not show their emotions now used all kinds of ways to vent the excitement inside.

In the last round, they saw the hope of Zuo Mo's victory!

This was a prison-breaking battle!

The one that broke one of the prisons would be able to rename the prison they defeated!

This was an honor that each yao dreamed of, this was the beginning of a legend

Right now, this was happening in front of them. Such a lucky matter to be able to personally see it. This was also why they could not maintain their calm, and were so excited!

The spectators were peerlessly excited. They used all kinds of methods to tell their friends and family what was happening. The people that had started recording yao arts previously grinned up to their ears as though they had won the lottery.

Just as every yao was excited, Zuo Mo opened his eyes in the battlefield. The pure red eyes did not show any signs of dissipating.

Still in a rage, Zuo Mo turned and looked around like a wild beast.

The yao on the outside gradually calmed down. The criss-crossing rivers in the battlefield had not disappeared. This meant that the prison-breaking battle had not finished. Qian Liu Daren definitely left another move behind.

Just as the yao were speculating, they suddenly found the guy that was smoking in the battlefield looked around as though he was searching for prey. He quickly walked murderously towards one of the river flows. The abnormal movement in the battlefield instantly attracted all of the yao's eyes. Some yao with good eyes even noticed that Zuo Mo seemed to be shouting something.

In the blink of an eye, Zuo Mo charged in front of a river flow.

The movement that Zuo Mo made immediately after caused the hearts of all the yao to stop. Outside the battlefield, it was a deathly silence—
—he inserted his hand into the river flow in front of him.

This guy what did he want to do?

Chapter 350: You Dare Attack Ge!

The raging Zuo Mo seemed to be insane, growling from the deepest part of his throat like a furious animal roaring.

“You dare attack ge dare attack ge”

“... .. you will definitely die”

“... .. destroy you f***ers”

.. ..

Zuo Mo seemed to have been messed with. Angry, he searched for anything that he could attack. He changed his reactive and defensive posture, and attacked head on!

Didn't the water yao arts fly out from these river flows?

Then he will flatten all of these river flows!

With both of his hands in the river flow he attacked, his fury and rage did not make him lose his judgement, but heightened the sensitive intuition of a wild beast. In just that instant, the structure of the river flow constructed of yao arts seemed to flashed across his mind like flowing water.

Without needing to think, he started to deconstruct it.

In his eyes, the enormous river flow was not any different than those rocks and flora he previously deconstructed, just a little bit bigger in scale.

Who had left the impression of the river flows? What was Clear Skies Thousand Flow? Prison-breaking battle?

What was that?

His eyes crimson red and only held the most primitive crazy desire for battle and stubbornness.

Deconstruction, deconstruction, complete deconstruction!

The river flow was more complex than any yao art he had deconstructed before, but Zuo Mo's attacking capabilities were far stronger in this

moment than normal. His mind was unprecedentedly focused, his reactions unusually sensitive and his intuition abnormally accurate!

The hands that were in the river flow swayed gently like reeds. The water flow was lit up with a faint glowing like and had a blurry beauty.

The yao outside the battlefield were completely struck dumb by Zuo Mo's actions.

Gulp!

Simultaneous sounds of swallowing. It was so clear and ear-piercing in the deathly silent Vast Water Clear Skies. No one cared. Their eyes couldn't bear to stray from the figure in the battlefield for a moment.

Of course they could see that Zuo Mo was like a provoked lion who had started to furiously retaliate. Anyone who wasn't an idiot could see.

But

But didn't this guy know this was the prison battlefield that Qian Liu Daren set down? That was Qian Liu Daren! The Qian Liu Daren who had the appellation of Clear Sky Thousand Flows, the King of water yao arts, the Qian Liu Daren known in the world and had the qualifications to enter the Council of Elders!

Shouldn't every yao be shaking and filled with admiration and respect in front of the marks such a legend left behind?

But that furious figure in their field of vision was such an eyesore, so painful that they felt disbelief.

Why was he angry? How could he be angry? That was Qian Liu Daren

Arrogance!

A term jumped out in the hearts of the yao. They could not believe that one of a younger generation dared to use this kind of posture to face the prison battlefield that Qian Liu Daren had set down! No, this was not facing off, this was a challenge!

That was right, this was a challenge!

Heavens! There was a yao who dared to challenge Qian Liu Daren!

All the yao were shocked by their thoughts and looked dazedly at the battlefield.

Nan Yue did not notice Teacher Chi whose mouth was wide and had a dazed expression. Her black eyes were tightly locked onto the hands that Zuo Mo had immersed into the river flows. When those hands lit up with the familiar glow, her eyes instantly became very wide.

Daren was using... .. deconstruction!

For a whole moment, her mind was blank, but she shook and reacted. She did not know just how shocked the expression on her face was. She pressed hard against her furiously beating heart, her lips white from being bitten by her teeth as she stared at Daren's hands!

As though that pair of hands had a kind of magnetism!

If Daren was really deconstructing Qian Liu Daren's

She almost didn't dare to keep thinking, but she knew that the scene in front of her was a once-in-a-thousand chance. To be able to see Daren deconstructing the water yao art of Qian Liu Daren, even if it was not successful, it was a chance that would only appear once in her lifetime!

The taste of blood suddenly spread inside her mouth. She instantly reacted. She had been too nervous and bit through the skin of her lip. However, this little distraction caused her heart to relax slightly. Out of the corners of her eyes, she noticed that people were casting recording yao arts. She instantly thought, she was so stupid, she even forgot about the recording yao arts.

There were recoding yao arts among all the yao arts, and had the same purpose as the xiuzhe's mirage jade scrolls. However, the recording yao arts could be stored in the sea of consciousness of the yao, and were more convenient.

She hurriedly cast a recording yao art to prepare for her to study slowly when she returned.

This entire distraction caused her to calm down greatly. She could finally act calmly. Watching the lights on Daren's hands, her mind quickly matched the corresponding yao arts. Very quickly, the face that had just calmed down showed shock again.

Little yao arts!

All of them were little yao arts!

Nan Yue could clearly see. She was able to match the little yao arts to the dozen of lights that lit up. When she realized this, she was truly stunned.

Did Daren plan on using little yao arts to deconstruct Qian Liu Daren's water yao arts?

She had been amazed when Daren had used a little yao art combination to defeat Qian Liu Daren's fire yao art. Even though she felt shocked, but she could still accept it. Qian Liu Daren was famed for his water yao arts, and no one had heard of his fire yao arts. But Daren was now using little yao arts to deconstruct the water yao arts that Qian Liu Daren had become famous for. This caused Nan Yue's mind to short-circuit.

No matter if it was the disbelief of the yao outside the battlefield or Nan Yue's blank mind, they did not affect Zuo Mo inside the battlefield at all.

He wasn't deliberately using little yao arts, but it was because he only knew little yao arts. From when he had started to deconstruct yao arts, Pu Yao had only taught him one method, to use little yao arts. Pu Yao had also made little yao arts appear wonderful, and that any yao art could be deconstructed with little yao arts etc etc.

This directly gave Zuo Mo the wrong impression, that all deconstruction should be done with little yao arts.

Also, these river flows that were in front of him in his view were just

some more complex yao arts. So he did not hesitate in following his usual habits as he started to deconstruct it.

What he did not know was that Pu Yao in his sea of consciousness was gaping and wide eyed. The usually cold and evil face was dumb, and his eyes had almost dropped out.

There was only one thought left in his mind, this guy was using little yao arts to deconstruct

This river flow was more complex than any object that Zuo Mo had encountered in Vast Water Clear Skies. He was even able to see the deep laws of water yao arts within them.

However, there was no true difference in Zuo Mo's eyes, it was just more complex.

When the raging Zuo Mo encountered a complex problem, his response once again was unexpected to Pu Yao. He didn't become more restless, but he was like a lion that met a comparable rival. His desire to fight and compete expanded!

He had attacked first, and unconsciously became the proactive one.

The lights on his hands continuously changed, and the rate of change accelerated, so fast that it was hard to decipher. The speed that his hand cast little yao arts continuously grew faster. In a short time, it surpassed the fastest speed he could cast at.

Zuo Mo did not notice this.

But he was clear that just this speed was not enough to deconstruct the river flow in front of him.

Zuo Mo's repeated attacks of little yao arts instantly caused the river flow to retaliate. The river flow in front of him suddenly lit up with faint light. In the void, it looked like a glowing belt of light that floated.

Zuo Mo made a muffled grunt and his crimson red eyes became even more reddened.

Just now, five water yao arts had silently sneaked near him from the

river flow. He had almost been hit. The raging Zuo Mo became even more furious. Without another word, the rate of little yao art changes on his hands increased another step.

The speed he was casting little yao arts now was two times his fastest speed!

The effect was immediately seen!

The peaceful river flow suddenly severely rippled. The river flow in front of Zuo Mo suddenly shook fiercely like the twisted body of a snake in pain struggling fiercely.

In response the speed of the river flow also increased.

Numerous translucent schools of fish appeared in the river flow. These schools of fish all had various shapes, their bodies transparent and made completely of water. If they were not seen from at a close distance, it was very difficult to detect them.

There were so many schools of fish that they could not be counted. Once they were formed, they furiously leaped towards Zuo Mo's hands in the river flow.

His mind unprecedentedly focused, Zuo Mo instantly noticed the change of the river flow. But his feeling was completely different than those of the spectators. These furiously charging schools of fish, in his mind, were just new changes in the structure of the yao art making up the river flow.

He didn't have any fear, and felt very excited because this meant that his deconstruction method was right. The river flow had detected the danger which was the reason it retaliated so fiercely.

Come on, baby!

Zuo Mo's blood rose to his head, his desire for battle rising to a peak. The little yao arts his hands were casting were even more insane and became faster!

His two hands turned to one ball of intangible shadows. It was impossible to see his ten fingers clearly. His consciousness and finger

movements were unusually in sync at this moment. With the smallest change of his finger, his consciousness would automatically make the corresponding change.

Lights flew between his flying hands with astounding speed. Some of these various colored lights headed straight for the schools of fish, some grouped together, and there were even several dozen that welcomed the school of fish like a net.

Zuo Mo felt unspeakably great. The little yao arts seemed to have become an instinctive part of him, and he had no problems casting them!

But he did not immerse himself in the feeling of pleasure. He only had one target in his eyes. Deconstruction! Complete destruction!

He was going to completely deconstruct this damned river flow!

Dare attack ge!

Die die!

All die!

Faster! Even faster! Just a bit more!

The speed of the two hands seemed to suddenly decrease. If it was put in slow motion, one would find the practiced motions seemed to pause, but this stop was very short, so short that people would find it hard to detect.

After this extremely short pause, the two hands that had been blurry into one ball slowly separated.

Two balls of shadow, two balls of furiously changing light balls!

The river flow that had been vibrating fiercely suddenly stopped. The body of the continuously struggling glittering snaking river seemed to freeze in this moment!

The rushing river flows around, the spraying waves, they all stopped in the sky.

Time seemed to suddenly stop. All the river flows in the entire prison battlefield froze, silent and motionless.

Chapter 351: Thousand Flow Water Breath

Pia pia pia

The dense sounds of corn popping rang without warning. With Zuo Mo's hands as the starting point, the explosions rapidly spread with astounding speed towards the two ends of the river flow. When it reached the very end, the entire river flow was bombed into countless snowy-white water foam by another even stronger explosion.

Zuo Mo's figure was instantly swallowed by the wave of water foam.

The fine water foam was like snowflakes which had been blown free, sombre and beautiful.

This beautiful scene was forever imprinted upon the minds of the female yao that were watching. The desolate and silent void, the sky full of snowflakes that had been thrown about; the scene was picturesque.

It wasn't just the female yao. Even those male yao that only admired strength were shocked by the scene in front of them.

However, they quickly broke free of their shock. The deathly silent Vast Water Clear Skies seemed to be suddenly ignited. The soundwave instantly swallowed all of the yao. The yao could not hear other people's words, not even their own words, but they were so excited they could only uncontrollably shout in awe.

"Heavens, what did I just see? Who can tell me?"

"Too crazy! Too crazy!"

"Impossible, this is impossible! This is Qian Liu Daren's water yao arts! Qian Liu Daren's water yao arts" a male yao held his head as he looked dazedly at the battlefield and murmured.

Leng Yue and Chang Zheng looked soullessly at the battlefield. All the power they had seemed to have been drained away. They didn't even have the strength to speak.

Compared to the disbelief and shock of the male yao, the female yao

were very excited and exuberant.

“Oh, so handsome! Who knows who this guys is? I definitely have to pursue him. He is too handsome, too intoxicating!” A beautiful female yao’s face was blushing as she spoke.

“So beautiful, he definitely is a romantic yao!” Another female yao’s eyes were intoxicated, and her face adoring.

The excited Nan Yue was instantly shocked inside and out. She shook, and the hairs on her body began standing up. Then she couldn’t help but think, if Daren heard this, she didn’t know how he would respond.

This thought flashed through her mind before disappearing. She suppressed her excitement, and start to think back to the little yao arts that Daren had just cast. She was very familiar with little yao arts. If she could see it, she definitely could quickly identify what kind of little yao art it was.

But the light that just covered Daren’s hands was completely different than the little yao arts that she had seen before. Had Daren used new yao arts?

This suspicion flashed past her mind.

She shook her head. Intuition told her that Daren had still used little yao arts. She didn’t recognize those strange lights but they seemed to be slightly familiar.

Her eyes suddenly widened. She thought of a possibility.

If the speed that little yao arts were cast was fast enough, and broke through the normal barrier

The shock of Qian Liu Daren’s water yao arts being defeated was a far greater blow to all the yao than the fireball being dissipated before. Qian Liu Daren had been young when he had set Vast Water Clear Skies but the male yao in the battlefield certainly did not appear to be of a great age.

Qian Liu Daren had established his name of Clear Skies Thousand Flow.

It was possible to predict that the mysterious male young yao in the

battlefield would be known throughout the world regardless of whether he finished the prison-breaking battle in the end.

Previously, everyone had felt Zuo Mo had been too arrogant to challenge Qian Liu Daren's water yao arts, but right now, many yao were seriously considering how probable it was that Zuo Mo could win.

The short attack allowed them to understand the mysterious young male yao in the battlefield had potential no less than Crystal Clear Thousand Flow.

This world was really crazy.

A legend that only existed in heroic tales was really happening in front of them. The feeling of dreamy surrealism made many yao felt dazed for a moment.

Chi's mouth was bitter as he grimaced. He knew his plan had failed. Chi couldn't predict what level Nan Yue's strange cousin would reach, but the power that he displayed now was not lacking compared to the young Clear Skies Thousand Flow.

A genius whose future was limitless, was it even possible that the little Purple Lotus Yao Art House could recruit him?

"Strange Cousin isn't just strange, he had some talent!" The tree yao carelessly praised as though what he had just seen was a normal house battle.

Every single blossom on the flower yao's body flipped like numerous pairs of eyes simultaneously rolling their eyes.

The other students at the side really could not resist themselves due to the tree yao's otherworldly conduct. "Shut up!"

Before, they had felt that Zuo Mo's conduct was full of ignorance about his own abilities, but now, Zuo Mo had risen to a height that they could admire. In their view, even the House Elder of the Purple Lotus Yao Art House might not have the qualifications to judge Zuo Mo. So what was the tree yao? How could he speak so grandly?

The tree yao waved his branches in shock. “Don’t you also feel the same? So strange! Has some skill! Really strange! How can you be more strange than the Strange Cousin”

This time, even the other yao that had been preparing to mock saw the situation clearly and shrunk back.

To argue with this deluded person was to find displeasure for themselves.

Before the fine snowy-white water foam had dissipated, there was another string of explosions and the layers of snowy-white foam rippled. The attention of all the yao were attracted. The explosions came endlessly. Thick snowy-white water foam completely covered the entire prison battlefield. No yao was able to clearly see Zuo Mo’s figure.

But those explosions were enough to prove that Zuo Mo was still in the battlefield.

Zuo Mo charged in every direction, his eyes crimson red as he howled like a crazed wild beast. If he found a river flow, he would instantly leap over.

Roused by the killing, he inexhaustibly searched for the next river flow, and continued to deconstruct. He became even more practised and his efficiency increased drastically. After a while, he was able to locate the weak points to break through before the first wave of counter-attacks arrived. It was like solving problems. There were many kinds of problems, but as he became familiar, his way of thinking became clear, and naturally became more at ease.

He completely had no intention of leaving face for the other. There was only one thought in his mind.

You dare to attack ge, all die, die!

Destroy, destroy, completely destroy!

The criss-crossing river flows continuously exploded into snowy foam.

When the last flowing river was deconstructed, Zuo Mo widened his eyes among the snowy foam turbulence and looked around. He wanted to find his next target. As his consciousness expanded, he suddenly found that they all seem to have been resolved.

All resolved?

There was nothing left?

Fine cold water foam covered his face. The temperature of his boiling hot head couldn't help but decrease. The anger inside seemed to have been pretty much vented. He showed an expression of reluctance. He felt very exhilarated at doing deconstruction.

Just as he was enjoying it, the target disappeared.

Suddenly, a warm and gentle presence suddenly shot out of the void. The flying and moving snowy-white foam seemed to have suddenly come to life. Their speed slowly decreased until they were set in the void.

This presence could not be considered strong, there was no tyrannical presence that could conquer the world. It was warm but not conspicuous, yet peerlessly weighty. It was like a boundless ocean, so vast that it inspired awe. Under this warm and vast presence, threads of vitality like the sun being born slowly rose up from the water.

As the presence appeared, it covered the entire Vast Water Clear Skies, and covered every yao in Vast Water Clear Skies.

"Is this water breath?" Leng Yue reached out with his palm as though he wanted to grab this presence, and murmured to himself.

Every yao who cultivated water yao arts had serious expressions at this moment. They spread out their arms as though they wanted to throw themselves into this vast presence.

Yao like Chi who cultivated fire yao arts seemed to be sitting on pins. Without knowing it, a thin layer of sweat covered their heads.

Water breath was one of the base sources of power comprehended after water yao arts were cultivated to a very deep level. There were many kinds

of little yao arts. Each yao's water yao arts were different, and the water breath they would comprehend would vary. When yao that comprehended water breath cast water yao arts, the power was much greater than normal water yao arts.

As the cultivation deepened, the comprehension of water breath would continuously change. The more the comprehension of water breath was perfected, the deeper the understanding of water yao arts.

Comprehending water breath was the most important badge for every water art cultivating yao to have a deep understanding. Countless yao who had spent decades cultivating water yao arts were unable to comprehend water breath.

It was not strange or unexpected that Qian Liu Daren had comprehended water breath when he was young. But that attributes that Qian Liu Daren's water breath showed made every yao feel awe.

Vast and full of life!

The more the yao was skilled in water yao arts, the faster their hearts beat. Shouldn't such high level laws only appeared on those old yao that had cultivated for centuries?

Zuo Mo was also very shocked.

He was very familiar with water element spells. Even though water element spells and water yao arts were completely different, but the base source of water did not change. This presence was not dominating, but it was extremely pure.

Then an unprecedented feeling of anger filled every pore of Zuo Mo's body.

He wasn't a greenhorn that just stepped onto the battlefield. When this water breath appeared, he instantly found the terrifying power under its warm and peaceful surface.

It was like a basin of cold water was poured from his head to his toes, and cooled his heart.

Zuo Mo found that, in front of this vast presence full of life, he was so minuscule he was like a speck of dust.

Minuscule like a speck of dust

A dot of light suddenly appeared in Zuo Mo's eyes that were still bloodshot. It was like the spark that lit up in the wild. He raised his face and looked forward as though he was going to penetrate the thick white water foam with his eyes.

He suddenly smiled. With the mannerism of a peerless expert, filled with nonchalance.

The curve of his mouth increased until the corners of his mouth reached his ears and revealed the snowy-white, neat and sharp teeth. The tone of his voice as it came out was completely opposite his aloof appearance. It was gritted through his teeth, and was filled with undisguised ferocity.

“Ge dislikes people that never commit the most!”

The murderous Zuo Mo started his insane actions.

A golden light flashed on his back, and a pair of faint golden and transparent wings appeared. Countless hair-thin gold threads climbed up from the bottom of Zuo Mo's feet until they entirely covered his legs. The golden threads suddenly tightened as though they tied up his legs.

Light Void Wings, Golden Crow Feet!

Immediately after, numerous hard lightning appeared and floated around Zuo Mo to form a thick net of lightning.

Yang Fiend Hard Lightning!

One hundred and eight bolts of yang fiend hard lightning!

After finishing all this, Zuo Mo didn't raise his head, and his hands started to swipe and move with difficulty!

Chapter 352: The Reappearance of Wasteland Sacrificial Art

A grey shadow flew out from Zuo Mo's right hand.

The grey shadow was like a wasteland beast that had left its cage. It grew in size, and the deep hissing it made shocked people down to their souls.

Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art!

The last joker in Zuo Mo's hands was unhesitatingly thrown out at this moment.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao had a complicated expression, one that Zuo Mo would think was spectacular at this time. His expression was complex and showed a faint bitterness. The Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art was the yao art that his teacher had created. Teacher had never hidden any part of it from him. He could recite any part of the yao art, but even so, after one thousand years, he still could not successfully cast this yao art.

Thinking back to his nickname of [Encyclopedia of Yao Arts], it seemed full of irony.

[Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art] looked simple but it actually was complex in many places. Otherwise, how could Pu Yao still not be able to find the method to cast it after so many years had passed? Last time, he had only wanted to try, and just gave a few words of guidance. He had not expected Zuo Mo to successfully cast the art.

Today, Zuo Mo's movements were still unpractised, but he had successfully cast it again. It was enough to show that he had grasped the crux of this yao art, and his success was not just a matter of luck.

What was an incredibly difficult yao art in Pu Yao's eyes was easily grasped by Zuo Mo and without the other knowing its difficulty. Other than bitterness and mockery, he couldn't help but admire Zuo Mo's talent.

Thinking back carefully, he found that inexperienced youth he had first met was more average in all areas compared to the present.

This guy's staying power was very strong!

He suddenly snickered. His consciousness was greater than Zuo Mo's. The prison battlefield could block Zuo Mo's consciousness, but could not stop Pu Yao's consciousness. Pu Yao knew everything about what was happening outside.

His mood instantly made a one hundred and eighty degree turn, especially when he saw the spectacular expressions of the spectating yao.

Maybe it was pretty good to have such a student. Even though Zuo Mo was not a yao, and was a human, but in the eyes of Pu Yao who usually did not tread the conventional path, this wasn't a concern at all.

At some time in the future, he definitely had to urge Zuo Mo to go to the yao world.

It would be really fun to cause a storm!

Imagining the shocked expressions of those old guys, he couldn't help but roar with laughter.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's free yet somewhat insane laughter echoed.

Zuo Mo did not hear Pu Yao's laughter. His mind was focused as he cast the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art.

The simple yet authoritative presence was like a vicious wasteland beast slowly walking out of the mist. The oncoming presence was suffocating!

Its movements were not fast, but were filled with perfect ease.

It suddenly stopped its movement.

The spectating yao felt their throats tighten as though a noose had been suddenly tightened around their necks. They couldn't breathe.

Terror suddenly jumped from their feet up, the bone-aching coldness

spreading through their entire bodies, their minds completely blank.

He seemed to see an ancient wasteland beast the size of a mountain looking down indifferently.

The mountain-like presence covered the world, and bore down like a mountain.

The yao lost their courage. They wanted to turn and run. Those that were less daring collapsed onto the ground. Even those guys who thought themselves powerful had ashen faces at this moment.

Qian Liu Daren's water breath was vastness and full of life.

And this grey figure was filled with tyranny and destruction!

The second prison.

Numerous yao suddenly stopped what they were doing at the same moment. They raised their heads in shock.

A dangerous presence filled with tyranny and destruction rushed past them like a gust of wind.

The enormous second prison sank into a strange silence.

A moment later, these yao that had been hard at work unhesitatingly dropped what they were doing, and started to fly in the same direction. If one looked from above the second prison, they would find that numerous figures seemed to be attracted to one location.

It was the entrance to the first prison.

Feeling the danger of the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art presented, the vast water breath that had been warm and peaceful a moment ago suddenly roiled.

Zuo Mo seemed to be situated in an angry ocean. The enormous waves that charged up could swallow him at any instant. These furious waves contained power that could crumble mountains and upend seas. If he was

touched the tiniest bit, even with the Great Day mo physique, there would only be one outcome—his body completely shattered!

The complete reverse of the peace and harmony, the prison battlefield had turned to the other extreme. Zuo Mo understood this represented another attribute of the water breath. After experiencing the voyages on Endless Ocean, he understood just how the furious water could be terrifying powerful.

His surroundings were filled with abundant moisture.

Almost in the blink of an eye, a boundless ocean appeared under Zuo Mo's feet.

Minuscule, Zuo Mo once again felt just how minuscule he was!

In front of this raging and vast water breath, people were forced to admit their insignificance.

Zuo Mo bit his lips tightly and tried to maintain his resolve. His hands were still methodically swiping in the air.

All of his strength was gathered in his body!

Come!

Zuo Mo suddenly raised his flushed eyes.

Almost at the same time, two empty red lights suddenly lit up in the grey shadow. They were like a pair of vicious eyes. The ignited red eyes were lantern sized, and like giving the touch of life to a painting, the figure of the wasteland beast that had been slightly intangible did not seem to feel transient any longer.

It was alive.

Even though the figure of the wasteland beast was not defined, but all of the yao had a strong feeling, it was alive!

The tyrannical and destructive presence suddenly exploded like a volcano and headed into the clouds!

It really was alive!

The spectating yao all shook. The two terrifying presences conflicted. They were like beauties that had just been abused getting abused again!

Among the crowds of yao, light flashed occasionally outside the prison battlefield. Each flash of light meant that a yao could not withstand the two oppressive presences and was forced out of the Ten Finger Prison.

Inside the Ten Finger Prison, if their mental defenses were broken, they would be forcibly ejected from the Ten Finger Prison. This kind of situation was not common. The yao cultivated their consciousness. In terms of mental strength, they were much stronger than xiuzhe or mo.

But today, after the successive blows from two peerlessly presences, the yao that usually cultivated in the first prison could not bear it. Even Nan Yue only stood for three breaths before she was pushed out of the Ten Finger Prison.

In comparison Leng Yue and Chang Zheng's situation was much better. They usually cultivated in the second prison, but there was no ease on their faces. They seemed to be struggling to bear it. The other yao fortunate enough to remain all had pained expressions on their faces but no one retreated of their own accord.

Everyone knew that the faceoff between the two presences that was coming would be a great conflict!

To be able to personally see a battle of such a level, even if they had to pay a great price to watch, they would unhesitatingly choose to do so, much less just tolerate some pain. This kind of opportunity was rare!

The lantern-sized vicious eyes glowed with red light. The waves that seemed to cover the sky did not seem to affect it.

It suddenly opened its mouth.

The open mouth suddenly formed a great suction force.

Numerous waves were forcibly pulled away from the water by this force and flew towards the open mouth of the wasteland beast. The furious ocean suddenly paused shortly.

The surface of the water that had instantly calmed rippled. It was rebelling against this suction.

The light of the two enormous pupils in the grey shadow increased. The suction power increased!

Whoosh whoosh!

Like a whale drinking rivers, numerous pillars of water were sucked into the mouth of the wasteland beast. The wasteland beast's mouth seemed to be a bottomless hole. No matter how much water entered, it showed no signs of expanding.

But how could the vast ocean formed by the water breath be defeated so easily?

That was the water breath that Crystal Void Qian Liu Daren had left behind!

The vast ocean was colossal and showed no signs of shrinking. Many schools of fish suddenly appeared under the water. These schools of fish were different than the schools of fish that appeared before. They were of flesh of blood.

Life!

Zuo Mo suddenly understood. These schools of fish were truly lives that had been created by the water breath!

There were innumerable schools of fish. They furiously leapt at the wasteland beast. The strong vitality they carried was like boiling water and caused fear.

The shaking vitality did not serve as nutrients, but poison.

This blow was like the grass that broke the camel's back for the yao who had been struggling outside the battlefield.

Innumerable lights flashed. None of the yao outside the battlefield remained!

For the first time, the wasteland beast showed wariness. These fragile lives caused the powerful wasteland beast to feel danger. Zuo Mo was very

surprised!

Just as Zuo Mo felt shock, the lantern eyes of the wasteland beast suddenly blinked slyly.

Zuo Mo was shocked still by this person-like action of the wasteland beast.

The figure of the wasteland beast suddenly started to change.

Its body suddenly turned to shadow and divided into a top and bottom half.

Almost at the same time, Zuo Mo's hands seemed to be out of his control as they unconsciously started to move.

Little yao arts, number one, number five hundred.

The top half of the grey shadow suddenly started to furiously spin clockwise, while the bottom half spun counter-clockwise.

That absurd and conflicting feeling appeared again. Zuo Mo felt as though he was being pulled by two wagons in opposite directions, and was unspeakably uncomfortable.

After having experienced it before, Zuo Mo instantly understood what he needed to do.

Straight Pass-Through Form!

A power that was not strong instantly penetrated the centers of the two yao arts.

Under the feet of the wasteland beast that had turned to a whirlwind, a thread of white light suddenly rose, and above its head, a blackness started to spread.

In the blink of an eye, the grey shadow turned to black and white parts that were clearly defined.

A black and white millstone.

The furiously turning millstone produced a much stronger suction force than before.

The schools of fish that came from all directions were like thin streams that were pulled into the millstone before they could even resist.

There was no flesh or blood flying. Everything was so silent it looked like a picture.

In the center of the millstone, a glowing bead gradually took shape.

The vast water breath filled with life quickly decreased, and the bead in the middle of the millstone became larger and glowed like a drop of dew.

The blood in Zuo Mo's eyes gradually retreated. His consciousness was extremely drained.

Having recovered his calm, the first action Zuo Mo did was gather his last thread of strength, grabbing the bead, and shoving it into his mouth.

His vision darkened and he instantly lost consciousness.

Chapter 353: Spread

Wei Sheng progressed with difficulty. Each step required a great deal of concentration from him.

His clothing was in tatters and covered in dust, his entire person looked very fragile. Only that pair of black eyes showed a sharp light that seemed to penetrate the thick fiendish mist.

The dangers of this journey was hundreds of times greater compared to this trip in the sword cave.

Those soul beasts that could take form were especially vicious and cunning. They seemed to be one with the fiend mist, would silently approach to ambush and were hard to defend against. They also had an endless supply of illusory techniques that enchanted a person's mind. If it wasn't for the strength of Wei Sheng's resolve, he would have fallen a long time go. They came like the wind, their speed was lightning fast, their attacks vicious. If he was the slightest bit careless, he would land in a precarious situation.

In the most dangerous incident, he had encountered three fiend soul beasts. What surprised him was that these three fiend soul beasts knew to cooperate among themselves. In that battle, he had been wounded in a dozen places. The most serious wound was so deep his rib bones could be seen.

If he did not have healing lingdan in his dimension ring, he would have died from the wound alone.

However, Wei Sheng was still Wei Sheng. Having left the sect to come to such an unfamiliar and dangerous place, it was as though he had been released from a heavy burden. The chains on his heart were shattered. He was like a bird that had escaped the cage and was unspeakably relaxed. He did not feel uncomfortable at the dangers in front of him.

He continuously experienced the ambush of all kinds of fiend soul beasts, the illusory techniques that ensnared a person's mind. These dangers did not made him want to retreat, but tempered his sword heart

even making it more refined and pure.

His talent in cultivating the sword was very exceptional in the beginning. The worldly apparition when he entered zhuji had caused everyone to feel anticipation about his future. Even Lin Qian of mysterious origins treated his talent slightly favorably. It was possible to see just how talented he was.

Having rediscovered the calm of his sword heart, and adding on the honing from the dangerous situation, he was like a treasure sword uncovered from the dust, and gradually showed his sharpened edges!

There wasn't much ling power left.

He thought inside as his gaze looked towards the depths of the fiendish mist. Previously, sword essence had exploded suddenly in the direction he had been travelling. This gave him hope. He had a strong feeling that he was not far from his target.

But right now, he needed to think of everything he could do and control the consumption of ling power.

He was like the most frugal miser. If he could use one thread of ling power, he would not use two threads. He also tried to absorb ling power from the jingshi in the dimensional ring, and tried to purify it of impurities. He did everything he could do.

Even so, he was a sorry figure.

Caressing the black sword in his hands, he raised his head again and walked forward with determination.

He trusted the sword in his hands.

"Shixiong fainted again?" Gongsun Cha gazed curiously at the unconscious Zuo Mo. He reached out to poke and see if Shixiong was really unconscious.

The "again" of Gongsun Cha's words made the other people's features twitch.

“Ehm, Daren must be cultivating a special technique.” Xie Shan found a shoddy excuse. Zuo Mo was his boss. He had to help disguise it.

Shu Long’s mouth imperceptibly curved up but he quickly became stern again.

Gongsun Cha’s face was regretful as he muttered, “I had been hoping he could help me fish today”

“Hm, Daren will rest. He probably will wake up soon,” Xie Shan could only say.

He had checked. There were no problems with Daren’s body.

Shu Long had been planning on reporting to Zuo Mo. He could only leave now. He was the leader of the Hardship Guards. There was a pile of matters waiting for him everyday.

The camp of the Hardship Guard was always set up separately. Walking into the camp, it was very busy.

For other people, the abundant black fiendish energy was akin to poison, but for them, it was nothing less than the best nutrients.

“Head, when will Daren come to the camp?” When A Wen saw Shu Long, his eyes lit up, and he ran over with his black spear. The other Hardship Guards also crowded over.

Shu Long felt a head but still said expressionlessly, “Daren is cultivating now. When Daren finishes, I will report at the first moment.”

“Oh.” Everyone’s sounds carried slight disappointment.

In this period of time, the Hardship Guard had all improved greatly. There were many people that had finished forming their weapons. Almost half of the Guard Camp had finished forming their weapons. Compared to before, their combat capabilities were much stronger. Some more accomplished, like A Wen, rocketed in their improvement.

In this short amount of time, he had become the second strongest in Guard Camp after Shu Long. He had just woken up from his meditation,

and had gained greatly. He was very innocent and he desired Daren's praise. Everyone in the camp had improved greatly. Every one of the flower slaves had comprehended a few spells.

Shu Long also hoped that Daren could come to the camp. That would greatly increase morale.

He hadn't expected that Daren was unconscious again.

He could only go tomorrow, Shu Long thought.

Nan Yue rubbed her forehead as her head ached. Being forcibly ejected from the Ten Finger Prison meant that her consciousness had been wounded slightly. But at this time, she did not put any attention on her lightly wounded consciousness.

She only wanted to know one thing now—had Daren finished the prison-breaking battle!

She wanted to enter Vast Water Clear Skies again, but before her consciousness recovered, she had no way of entering Vast Water Clear Skies.

Tightly biting her lips, her heart was in the air. What would Vast Water Clear Skies look like now?

But she could only be impatient. She comforted herself, tomorrow, by tomorrow, she would know the result. No matter if Daren had completed the prison-breaking battle or not, this matter would spread tomorrow, and the result would naturally float to the surface.

Daren had accidentally activated the prison-breaking battle. Due to this, other than the first and second prison, no one had managed to rush over in time. Right now, the news had not spread, but she dared to guarantee that by tomorrow, this matter would shake all of the yao world.

This was a prison-breaking battle!

She suddenly became excited. To be able to follow such a daren, what honor this was!

In the yao world, powerful yao would usually have many followers. Many of them would become their daren's students, but most of them would only have the identity of a follower. However, this did not mean that they were lower than others. The guidance of a master, even if it was just a tiny bit, would greatly benefit them.

Even more, Daren had promised to pass her [South Sky Arrow Art]!

Thinking about this, she unconsciously tightened her fisted hands.

Nan Yue, you have to work hard, and cannot disappoint Daren!

She repeatedly motivated herself, her little face filled with determination. She understood her responsibilities. South Sky Wisteria Clan had already declined and was tiny. She did not think about recovering the past prosperity of the Wisteria Clan of the South Sky. Her only hope was to use her efforts to help the clansmen leave behind their situation of poverty. At least, they would have better lives.

Nan Yue, you can do it!

She told herself.

The vast ocean seemed borderless.

Water shifted at a part of the ocean, and in a moment, a terrifying whirlpool over two hundred li in diameter formed. The whirlpool spun with astonishing speed, the strong force pulling the center of the whirlpool to collapse into itself.

A deep passage appeared in the center of the whirlpool.

A handsome male flew out of the passage. His features were soft in its lines, a warm and elegant smile on his face that would create positive feelings, and had a transparent crystal on his forehead.

"He broke Vast Water Clear Skies, and swallowed my water breath bead as well," the male shook his head and smiled. "Looks like a pretty talented young little yao."

Just as he was talking to himself, a dash of fire landed from the sky.

“Ha ha! Little Qian Qian, your Vast Water Clear Skies was broken!”

A face appeared in the mountain-sized ball of fire. He was roaring with amused laughter.

Hearing the other's appellation of him, Qian Liu's forehead twitched. But he knew if he argued with this unreasonable guy, that was definitely going up against a wall. He could only smile and say, “Three hundred years have passed, it's time for it to be broken.”

The fire-faced person that had been laughing at his misfortune a moment ago couldn't help but snort. “Hmph! Three hundreds years and no one came out. That group of old guys talk that whole set every day, there's no use.”

Qian Liu hurriedly urged, “That can't be said. Even though there are no experts, but their methods at nurturing intermediate level yao is very effective.”

The temper of the fire-faced person was very explosive. He swore, “Effective my ass! No experts, there won't be one to be able to be seen in public.”

“They have it hard.” Qian Liu sighed. “Supposedly, a few good seedlings have come from the yao art houses. They can be considered to have set up a path.”

The fire-face person's temper lowered slightly, but he still growled, “It's too late. We've already started the battle with the xiuzhe. If they came a few years earlier, then that would have worked.”

Qian Liu said with a smile, “It may not be a bad matter for them to arrive in time for this great battle. Without the tempering of true battle, it is hard for these people gain strength.”

“In any case, you always have excuses!” The fire-faced person clearly was impatient and did not want to stay on this topic. He changed direction. “What, don't you want to know what the new first prison looks like?”

Qian Liu blinked. “There is still one day until the new first prison will form.”

The flames around the body of the fire-faced person stilled. He had forgotten this. He hurriedly glossed over. “What do you think this boy’s origins are?”

“How can I guess? I’ll know when I see tomorrow.”

“Hee hee, I can’t wait.”

Vast Water Clear Skies had been broken.

The news quickly spread through all of the large yao jies like it had wings, and instantly created waves. Right now, the yao army was winning on the front lines. This news was a boost in morale for the troops. All of the yao felt excited.

Was a new era about to come?

The prison-breaking battle that had not been activated for three hundred years once again entered everyone’s view. Some old yao were so excited they started to reminiscence about the prosperity of the yao before the thousand year war.

However, no one knew the origins of the mysterious guy.

All kinds of recording yao arts appeared, but people quickly found that all the recording yao arts did not have an ending, lacking the most important and crucial part.

Speculation and discussion filled every corner of the yao world. Each yao was waiting for the arrival of the second day, waiting for the new first prison to take form! Each yao desired to know—

—What would the new first prison be like?

Chapter 354: The Wasteland Beast Chessboard

Bam bam bam.

The sound of knocking on the door woke Nan Yue up. She really had been too tired yesterday and slept deeply. She opened her heavy eyes, and opened the door to the room. When she saw the people that come outside, all the drowsiness instantly disappeared.

The person that had knocked was Chi. His face was full of a warm smile. Behind him was a large crowd of people. Nan Yue found many of them familiar to the eye. But when she saw the House Elder of the Purple Lotus Yao Art House, she couldn't help but still.

"Nan Yue, did we disturb your rest?" Chi's tone was filled with warmth and concern, and none of the usual sternness as though he had become a completely different person.

"Oh, no no." Nan Yue instinctively shook her head.

She finally recalled what those old looking people that looked familiar were. They were the elders of the yao art house.

Two, three... .. twelve!

Nan Yue's scalp turned numb. All of the elders of the Purple Lotus Yao Art House Council of Elders was standing in front of her home! These elders that usually were high up and indifferent all had smiles on their faces, and harmonious auras. All of the upper level of the Purple Lotus Yao Art House was here without an exception.

Seeing Nan Yue still where she stood, Chi instantly understood what it was. He couldn't help but smile and say, "What? Are you not going to invite us in to sit?"

"Oh oh oh!" Nan Yue finally reacted and seemed to wake up from her dream. She hurriedly moved away from the door. "Please come in, come in!"

The procession streamed in.

The House Elder examined the bare room and said with a slight smile, “Student Nan Yue is really living simply! As expected of the role model of our house’s other students. Our other students should learn from this valuable attitude.”

Nan Yue sweated. She wasn’t simple, she was just poor. At this moment, she did not know how to respond, and could only murmur in agreement.

“However,” the House Elder’s tone changed as he said passionately, “as the Chief Student Elder of the Purple Lotus Yao Art House, Student Nan Yue should shoulder a heavier burden! This is too far away, and not convenient. Oo, The house’s Purple Lotus Park has a Spirit Clarity Residence still empty. Student Nan Yue will find it much more convenient when moved over there.”

Chi’s gaze showed threads of admiration. Spirit Clarity Residence was the highest level of residence in the Purple Lotus Yao Art House. There were only three suites in total. The House Elder actually gave one to Nan Yue. The most valuable part of the Spirit Clarity Residence was the Spirit Clarity Pool. It could increase the cultivation speed of the consciousness. To say nothing of the high price in constructing the Spirit Clarity Pool, it could only be built on special geological forms.

After that, the elders took their turns to persuade and were unparalleled in their friendliness.

Nan Yue seemed to go through the entire process as though it was a dream. She did not know what to do. She only gradually refocused when the House Elder and the others had left for a while.

Chief student elder? She had become the Chief Student Elder? And they had given her a Spirit Clarity Residence to use?

Was she still dreaming?

But when she pulled herself out of the initial excitement, she quickly understood the crux. It was not hard to guess what the attitude of the House Elder and the elders were for.

They were here for Daren!

Even though they hadn't mentioned one word about Daren today, but Nan Yue was one hundred percent certain that they had come for Daren!

No, she had to report this to Daren!

She suddenly remembered today was the day the first prison formed.

Thinking to this, she instantly became excited. She inspected her consciousness. Even though she had not fully healed her injuries, but she had recovered enough to enter the first prison. She instantly entered meditation and directly entered the first prison.

"Argh, motherf***er!" the pained Zuo Mo wailed.

It had been a long time since his consciousness had been wounded. The long-absent pain appeared again. The feeling of pain seemed to have grown even stronger.

"This is the result of trying to show off," Pu Yao mocked neutrally.

"Ouch ... ouch, which guy was scheming against me? No, I can't have suffered for nothing, I have to return it!" The pained Zuo Mo still exposed his vengeful nature.

"You aren't a match," Pu Yao said mercilessly.

"How can it be known without a fight? Tell me quickly!" Zuo Mo looked as though he would not give up and was murderous.

"Crystal Void Qian Liu."

"Crystal Void Qian Liu? What thing is that?" Zuo Mo's face was curious.

"It isn't a thing, just a three hundred years little yao."

"Che, just a three hundred year little yao." Zuo Mo said unconcernedly.

A tendon throbbed in Pu Yao's forehead. He forcibly suppressed it. "He comprehended water breath."

"Water Breath?" Zuo Mo instantly became alert and said braggingly,

“That was water breath? Didn’t it get destroyed by my Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art!”

Your Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art

The tendon in Pu Yao’s forehead jumped again. He pretended to be calm and said, “That was an imprint he left behind three hundred years ago.”

“An imprint left three hundred years ago!” Zuo Mo jumped in fright. “In other words, he was this powerful three hundred years ago?”

“Right.”

The expression on Zuo Mo’s face changed as he said embarrassedly, “Peace is valuable, peace is valuable. It’s not good to fight and kill for nothing!”

Ignoring Pu Yao’s disdainful gaze, he asked curiously, “Why did his imprint attack me? I didn’t offend him.”

“He finds you an eyesore.”

Pu Yao’s caused Zuo Mo’s expression to become even more embarrassed. “It seems that Ten Finger Prison is really a dangerous place. I should not go to such a kind of place.”

Pu Yao heard this and thought inside, no, if Zuo Mo was afraid and did not go to the Ten Finger Prison in the future, it would be a troublesome matter. He was very familiar with Zuo Mo’s personality. This guy could not be forced, and could only be tempted. If there were enough benefits, this guy would howl and charge.

“There’s a bit of danger, but there are also many benefits.” Pu Yao’s expression was indifferent as though he was speaking objectively. “You destroyed his imprint, and swallowed his water breath bead. Haven’t you felt anything?”

Zuo Mo finally remembered after Pu Yao’s remember the bead he had swallowed before he had fainted. He hurriedly made an examination and immediately found the water breath bead.

A glowing dewy bead floated in his sea of consciousness. The sea of

consciousness where a sea of flames danced had a lively and abundant humidity. The faint moisture spread from the dew bead. Wherever the moisture passed, the wounded consciousness was like burnt soil receiving nurturing and became full of life again. Zuo Mo felt unspeakably comfortable.

This was something really good!

Zuo Mo's mind moved. The dew bead flew in front of him and a warm moisture blew into his face.

"The water breath bead can heal?"

To make Zuo Mo understand the value of the water breath bead, Pu Yao naturally spoke endlessly. "Not just healing. With it, you will have an easier time comprehending your own water breath. Once you have comprehended water breath, it will merge into the water breath that you comprehend. You will have an easier time casting the great majority of water yao arts, and water element spells, their power would also be greater."

"This powerful?" Zuo Mo felt very excited. He was clear to the value embodied. With this water breath bead, it meant that his affinity to water had increased. This would increase the strength of a major type of yao arts and spells.

Water element spells, he knows them! He cast a [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] with pride. A palm-size cloud instantly floated in his palm.

Hm, the cloud ball from the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] this time was different than before.

The cloud ball seemed to be alive. The threads of rain that fell seemed to contain vitality. When they landed in Zuo Mo's palm, then sunk into Zuo Mo's skin and disappeared. Zuo Mo felt refreshed.

The sixth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]!

Zuo Mo's eyes widened, his face full of disbelief. Just with the addition of a water breath bead, his [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] had leveled up to the sixth level!

The sixth level of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] was significantly useful!

Zuo Mo was overjoyed.

Treasure! Great treasure!

“Can this even be called a treasure?” Pu Yao seemed to know Zuo Mo’s thoughts, and an imperceptible smile floated on the corners of Pu Yao’s mouth. He continued to tempt Zuo Mo, “The water breath was just from the prison-breaking battle of the first prison. Each prison of the Ten Finger Prison has something good. Only what is in the later prisons can be called treasures.”

“Each prison has their own?” Zuo Mo’s eyes lit up.

“What? Are you interested?” Pu Yao glanced at Zuo Mo with deliberate calmness.

“Interested! Very interested!” Zuo Mo nodded frantically. He rubbed his palms and said warmly, “Pu Yao, let’s get them all! So many treasures, they can’t be wasted!”

“This will depend on your skills.” Pu Yao did not refute it. “The later prison-breaking battles will be more powerful than this.”

Countless jingshi spun in Zuo Mo’s eyes. He drooled and said with a stupid smile, “That’s nothing, we can wear them down, wear them to death!”

The water breath bead was wondrous as expected. Not long after, Zuo Mo’s injured consciousness was healed. Zuo Mo was full of praise, and desired the other treasures even more.

“Let’s go, you have not named your prison battlefield yet,” Pu Yao said as he pulled Zuo Mo into Vast Water Clear Skies.

Zuo Mo looked at the unfamiliar environment, his mouth wide, and his face stunned.

The criss-crossing river flows from before had all disappeared. The shards of stone under his feet had also disappeared. What replaced them were squares of different colors. The various colored tiles extended into

the distance like an enormous chess board.

“What what is this?”

“Nothing big.” Pu Yao suppressed the shock inside and said in a normal tone. “You broke the first prison left by someone before you, so the first prison will be reconstructed.”

“Oh, so it’s like that.” Zuo Mo’s face showed realization

He casually walked forward and stepped into a green square. There were no changes. He stepped into another square, and there was still no change.

It just changed appearance.

The shock in Zuo Mo’s heart disappeared. He felt it was very boring, and his expression disappeared.

Suddenly, the scene in front of him changed again.

He seemed to have flown to a very high place and was looking down from an aerial view. He saw an enormous chessboard, the disorderly tiles formed a strange shape. The figure seemed slightly familiar to Zuo Mo. He quickly understood what the pattern was. Wasteland beast, that was a wasteland beast!

“Create a name.” Pu Yao’s light voice sounded at Zuo Mo’s ears.

“Wasteland Beast Chessboard.” Zuo Mo’s mind moved, and he blurted out.

Boom boom boom!

The sound was like thunder. The pattern of the wasteland beast on the chessboard seemed to suddenly become alive. A thread of grey smoke came out of the chessboard, and in a blink, turn to a wasteland beast.

The lantern sized red and vicious eyes, the bleak and disdainful presence, the roiling and shapeless body.

It glanced at Zuo Mo and suddenly burrowed back into the chessboard.

The chessboard under him once again became what it was originally.

In the minds of the yao that had excitedly charged into the first prison, three words floated up simultaneously—Wasteland Beast Chessboard!

Chapter 355: Bidding

Wasteland Beast Chessboard!

Nan Yue couldn't resist repeating it lightly. The squares of various colors under her feet spread into the horizon without end.

Lights occasionally flashed. Every yao who entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard was filled with shock. There were no obstacles in their vision. They seemed to be on a broad plain. The yao further away seemed like black dots in their field of view.

The strange colored squares under their feet reminded them this was a place filled with weirdness.

Some of the people that had been doubting the prison-breaking battle had their suspicious dissipate when they saw the completely transformed first prison. They stared dazedly with wide mouths as they looked at the borderless chessboard that was almost unimaginable.

Nan Yue fought free from her shock. She released a long breath. She was filled with curiosity. What was unique about Daren's Wasteland Beast Chessboard?

She wanted to try when a slightly cold voice sounded from behind her.

"Pardon me, are you Student Nan Yue?"

Nan Yue turned around and saw a slightly thin but handsome youth standing with a smile. He bowed slightly. "This one is Leng Yue, from Western Mountain Cold Clan."

"Western Mountain Cold Clan?" Nan Yue was slightly bewildered. The Wisteria Clan of the South Sky might have a glorious past, but it had been in decline for a long time. Struggling on the poverty line, how could Nan Yue pay attention to those rich and powerful families?

Leng Yue responded very quickly. Seeing the expression on Nan Yue's face, he understood that the other's birth was definitely very normal. He couldn't help but rejoice inside. Yesterday, the news he had sent back to the sect had attracted attention from the clan. For this, they had used all

their power to investigate the origins of the mysterious prison-breaking yao.

Even though the origins of the prison-breaking yao was a puzzle, but they still found some clues. For example, Nan Yue.

Up to here, there was nothing that Leng Yue had to do. He did not have the qualifications for future matters. But his luck was really good, and coincidentally encountered Nan Yue when he entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

Towards a very alert Leng Yue, how could he pass such a good chance?

It was a pity that he wasn't the only one with good luck. Those that had the power to find Nan Yue weren't just the Cold Family.

"Are you Miss Nan Yue?" A ethereal looking female clad in a white robe appeared at the side and politely bowed to Nan Yue. "This one is Bai Rou Lian."

"Haha! Such a coincidence!" A brawny large male about three zhang tall appeared out of nowhere and bowed with great politeness towards Nan Yue. "Miss Nan Yue, an is Cang Ze."

Leng Yue and Bai Rou Lian's expressions were not too good, but they were all from influential families, and had some shrewdness. Even though they were wary, but their faces quickly were covered with smiles again as though they were good friends.

Nan Yue was not dumb. When she saw this, she knew what was happening, and grimaced inside.

At this time, a voice that was like a blessing from Heaven sounded at Nan Yue's ears. "Nan Yue."

Zuo Mo had detected Nan Yue's position and ran over. Nan Yue was his follower in name, and was really one of his people. Towards his own people, Zuo Mo usually cared for them. From their recent interactions, Zuo Mo felt that Nan Yue was good in all areas, and hard working. She was worthy of being fostered.

When Nan Yue saw Zuo Mo, it was like she had seen her savior.
“Daren!”

Woosh, the other three people’s eyes landed on Zuo Mo. Even though they had all seen Zuo Mo’s figure from the yao recording art, but when they saw him from close up, they were still stunned by Zuo Mo’s youth.

“Daren!”

The three of them were abnormally in sync as they respectfully bowed. The respect on their faces were not out of politeness but came from their hearts. They had a good family background, and received the best teachings, their strength was far above those of their age, but all of this could not be discussed when compared with the daren in front of them.

In front of such a genius that was able to leave behind his mark on yao society, what assets did they have to be proud of?

“En?” Zuo Mo paused. These three people he did not know called him Daren?

Their brains were wonky?

He looked suspiciously at Nan Yue and pointed at the trio. “What is this?”

“Daren, I’m not very clear either.” Nan Yue’s expression was pitiable.

Zuo Mo turned his face around. “Who can tell me what is going on?”

As a boss of a group of experts, he naturally formed a presence over time. Once he was serious, the unquestionable tone made the trio’s hearts shake. All three of them were smart. In that short sentence, the three could detect many things.

Even Leng Yue who had originally assumed that Zuo Mo came from an unknown family turned changed his previous speculation.

“This junior is Bai Rou Lian, and is representing the White Family to congratulate Daren for his successful prison-breaking.” Bai Rou Lian was the first to speak. Her tone was respectful, her voice was sweet and pleasing to hear. “The White Family has prepared some gifts for Elder.

Daren, please accept them.”

Leng Yue and Cang Ze felt depressed. This wench had gone one step in front of them. They instantly felt as though they had eaten a fly, and were unspeakably uncomfortable. However, the two reacted quickly and hurried to speak.

“The Cold Family”

“The Grey Clan”

Zuo Mo listened and generally understood what was going on. He waved his hand and interrupted the two people. “Alright, say what you need. One by one.” Finishing, he pointed at Bai Rou Lian. “You first.”

Bai Rou Lian was smug inside but did not dare to forget herself. She respectfully said, “The White Family earnestly requests for Daren to enter the Peace River Yao Art House. The entire house will give you the best treatment. The White Family is willing to give six million each year, and a Heart Spirit Residence. The White Family will pay for all of Daren’s expenses, and Daren can cultivate all the yao arts of the Peace River Yao Art House.”

Nan Yue gaped. Heavens, six million each year! Even if she graduated from the Purple Lotus Yao Art House and found a job, her monthly income definitely would not surpass one thousand. Yet what was more valuable was that Heart Spirit Residence. Compared to the Spirit Clarity Residence that the House Elder had given to her this morning, the Heart Spirit Residence was even more expensive. A Heart Spirit Residence’s price on the market would start at ten million on the market.

Really generous! Nan Yue’s expression was stunned.

Zuo Mo was very happy. Haha, so much jingshi! Oh, no, the yao world should not be using jingshi, but Zuo Mo understood that this definitely was not a low price. It could be seen from Nan Yue’s expression.

However, Zuo Mo was a very experienced person. He had an innate intuition about bargaining. Adding on his wealth of battle experience, the three brats in front of him were three rich and sweet lambs.

Zzt zzt zzt

The sound of knives being honed sounded in Zuo Mo's heart, but his expression remained neutral as though he was a person who did not care for mortal matters.

He pointed at Cang Ze and said, "You talk."

Cang Ze became alert. "Daren, our clan is willing to give Daren eight million annually. The clan does not have a Heart Spirit Residence but the clan is willing to provide Daren three Golden Souls each year."

Bai Rou Lian's expression instantly became terrible. She was not shocked that Cang Ze was able to give a tribute of eight million each year. What she was shocked about was Golden Souls!

The rumors said that the Grey Clan possessed a Gold Tree. It seemed that it was true!

Leng Yue's expression was ashen. The last hope in his heart was destroyed. To say nothing about the fact the clan had not given him the power to negotiate, but even with the permission, he believed that the clan would not be able to give a price higher than this.

It was not just the Cold Clan was unable to do so, the White Clan was also unable. When he saw Bai Rou Lian's black face, the depressed Leng Yue felt much better.

Even though he didn't know what Golden Soul was, but his intuition told Zuo Mo this definitely was something rare and good.

"Golden Soul!" Pu Yao's voice trembled slightly. "Take this one!"

Zuo Mo did not accept. He nodded to Cang Ze and then turned his gaze to Leng Yue.

Leng Yue docilely said, "Daren, we cannot give a price higher than Brother Cang Ze."

This result was not unexpected to Zuo Mo. Something that even Pu Yao changed expression at, it definitely was something good. He guessed that Leng Yue could not give a higher price, but out of caution, he still asked.

“Okay.” Zuo Mo said to Cang Ze, “You follow me. Nan Yue, come as well.”

Cang Ze was overjoyed and hurried to follow.

Bai Rou Lian’s black expression disappeared. Leng Yue did not have any more interest in seeing the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, and returned to report this matter.

There was no one around. Zuo Mo sat down and said to the two, “Sit.”

Cang Ze respectfully sat down, and Nan Yue sat down next to Zuo Mo.

In just this little while, Pu Yao quickly introduced Zuo Mo to the Golden Soul. The Golden Soul was born from the Golden Tree and was very rare. Pu Yao had assumed that the Golden Tree had gone extinct. The Golden Soul could quickly strengthen the consciousness and also expand the sea of consciousness. What it was most valuable at was that it could strengthen the spirit, and cause it to become even more pure and refined.

Yao cultivated the consciousness. How strong the consciousness was what determined strength. But the strength of the consciousness could not cause it to become pure and refined. Pure spirit was even more stabilized, and the sea of consciousness was even more secure. Unpure consciousness would become a hidden weakness. The deeper one cultivated, the more dangerous it would become.

Golden Soul was a great treasure that was not easily found, and for Pu Yao whose spirit was greatly wounded, Golden Soul was what he desperately needed to heal himself!

So when he heard the words Golden Soul, he couldn’t control himself.

What Zuo Mo cared about was another problem. The only place he could interact with them was in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. To say nothing of the fact he was now trapped in the ancient battlefield, even if he left, he could not come to the yao world.

Golden Soul was like the water breath bead. It could be taken into the Ten Finger Prison. This was what Zuo Mo prioritized.

However, there were no problems on his side, but he was not sure that Cang Ze would accept his conditions. The other would not easily give something like Golden Soul away.

So he spoke of his problem.

As expected, when he heard that Zuo Mo could not move to the Grey Clan, Cang Ze's expression was not good. Truthfully, the price that Cang Ze gave was already the highest price.

Zuo Mo might have reconstructed the Wasteland Beast Chessboard but this was only the first prison.

In other words, what Zuo Mo displayed now was astonishing potential and not great strength. Before it became strength, potential was just potential no matter how amazing it was. It was filled with uncertainty and risk.

Cang Ze was silent for a long time. Zuo Mo instantly thought it was bad.

Damn it, if something this good flew away, he would cry!

Just as Zuo Mo had a headache, Pu Yao finally couldn't resist speaking.

Chapter 356: New Changes

“Ask him what level of Grey Scar Art he has cultivated to?”

Zuo Mo immediately detected Pu Yao’s urgent tone when he suddenly spoke. After being in contact with Pu Yao for a long time, Zuo Mo gradually learned some of Pu Yao’s habits. Usually, Pu Yao looked down his nose at the great majority of matters, but when it was something that was of great help to him, he would not disguise his urgent desire.

Speaking from this perspective, Pu Yao was very straightforward. However, the great majority of the time, his straightforwardness was not very easy for a person to accept.

For example, he did not disguise his desire for the Golden Souls. Also, for example, if Zuo Mo did not get the Golden Souls for him, then what was waiting for him were countless pitfalls.

Pu Yao’s threats were bare naked.

Zuo Mo knew this very well. He coughed lightly, and said, “What step have you reached with your Grey Scar Art?”

Cang Ze was very shocked. Grey Scar Art, the other knew Grey Scar Art? Nan Yue detected Cang Ze’s shock from the side. She thought inside, was this another yao art like the [South Sky Arrow Art]?

Daren was really mysterious!

Cang Ze tightly stared at Zuo Mo as he wanted to see hints from Zuo Mo’s face.

But Zuo Mo was a very experienced person. He stiffened his face, and copied Pu Yao’s expressionless face very well. Inside, he muttered, I was such a pure and generous person before. After staying so long with Pu Yao, I’m now skilled in conning and lying.

Of course, he would not feel any guilt. He was trying to act out his role properly.

Cang Ze could not find any clues. Since the other could say the name of

the Grey Scar Art, he should not be speaking nonsense. Of the many yao arts that existed now in the Grey Clan, [Grey Scar Art] was very unnoticeable. Those youths of the clan who had the slightest talent would not choose this yao art as their primary cultivation. They would like yao arts such as [Grey Sea Art] or [Grey Cloud Art] that were more powerful.

But as the grandson of the clan leader, he knew more than normal Grey Clan members. For example, the council of elders had never stopped their secret studies of the [Grey Scar Art].

The Grey Clan had so many yao arts, but why did the other just mention the [Grey Scar Art]?

Countless thoughts flashed through Cang Ze's mind. He lowered his head and said respectfully, "This one has not cultivated Grey Scar Art."

"Not cultivated?" Pu Yao stilled.

Zuo Mo reacted rapidly and stilled as well. "You have not cultivated Grey Scar Art?"

"Has the Grey Clan created some other powerful yao art?" Pu Yao murmured to himself. His brows furrowed, and he was slightly surprised.

"Has your Grey Clan created some powerful yao art?" Zuo Mo learned and sold it at the same time.

Cang Ze gritted his teeth. "Not created new yao art, but this student is stupid and has not been allowed access to Grey Scar Art." His heart beat wildly, his term for himself changing from "this one" to "this student."

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's brow smoothed as he released a breath. "Tell him you will teach him Grey Scar Art, and exchange for five Golden Souls each year."

"You know Grey Scar Art?" Zuo Mo asked Pu Yao suspiciously.

"That thing is very simple, it just curves from normal." Having found his confidence, Pu Yao waved his hand with bravado.

Zuo Mo was both trusting and suspicious. Pu Yao really knew too many things. However, his thoughts did not affect his reaction. He lightly

coughed, "I happen to know a bit about cultivating Grey Scar Art."

Cang Ze felt a strong feeling of happiness burst over his mental defenses. He actually felt a thread of dizziness.

His voice trembled slightly. "Really?"

"Yes," Zuo Mo forced himself to say.

At this time, Cang Ze showed his quality as the grandson of the clan leader. He did not lose control due, but suppressed his excitement. He asked respectfully, "What can my Grey Clan do for Teacher?"

Zuo Mo looked with praise at Cang Ze. He thought inside that this boy was very adept. However, he did not give the other a discount due to his praise. "Ten Golden Souls each year."

When he opened, Zuo Mo doubled Pu Yao's price.

It's not ge is greedy, ge has a home and people to support!

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao gazed with bulging eyes.

Hiss, Cang Ze sucked in a breath. Even though he had predicted that the price the Grey Clan would pay would not be low, but ten Golden Souls annually, this price still far surpassed his estimate.

"This matter is grave. This Student needs to ask the elders of the sect."

Cang Ze carefully answered.

"Alright." Zuo Mo did not waste words. He pointed at Nan Yue and said, "She is my follower, just find her in the future."

Hearing this, Cang Ze hurriedly exchanged spirit imprints with Nan Yue. A simple "Grey" character flew in front of Cang Ze. At the sides were two grey-green sparse shrubs. Nan Yue also took out her own spirit imprint. Her spirit imprint was the two characters "South Sky" formed by a curved purple vine.

Noticing Nan Yue's spirit imprint, Cang Ze's heart moved. In his investigation, Nan Yue did not have much of a background. She was born from a very small clan, their living conditions were difficult, and they were

very normal. Seeing her spirit imprint, he couldn't help but be shocked.

Being from an influential family, he naturally would not lack knowledge about spirit imprints. The way that the "South Sky" was written was completely different than what it was written like now. This kind of spirit imprint would mostly appear on those clans with long histories.

He noted it down, and planned on making an investigation when he returned. He reached out with a finger and gently poked the "South Sky." A purple light flew into his spirit imprint. Nan Yue did the same.

After exchanging spirit imprints, the two sides would easily get in contact.

Cang Ze hurriedly bid farewell. He was in a hurry to go back and report. He had a feeling that this chance was very likely to be a chance in the Grey Clan's fortunes.

After Cang Ze left, Zuo Mo taught Nan Yue for a while before he left.

"So he went the way of deconstruction." Qian Liu was slightly puzzled. "A pretty unique style."

The fire-faced person seemed to be uninterested in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. Looking around, he suddenly snickered and said, "Those little brats probably can't stop themselves now."

Qian Liu knew the people the fire-faced person was referring to. He smiled but did not speak. He continued to observe the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. He had left Vast Water Clear Skies three hundred years ago when he had broken the prison. He had not paid much attention to this incident in the past.

But his curiosity did not decrease today. He could not remember how long it had been since he came to Vast Water Clear Skies. As an expert that stayed in the seventh prison, the first prison was really a distant memory. Today, he had come especially to take a look at what the newly constructed prison by the guy who had broken his Vast Water Clear Skies looked like.

“I heard he is also very young?” Qian Liu asked interestedly.

“Very young!” The fire-faced person’s eyes raised his eyebrows. The face inside the ball of fire raised his brows with schadenfreude. “He’s probably on the list of the little brats as a target to challenge.”

“That’s not bad.” Qian Liu said neutrally, “Competition is good.”

He took back his consciousness and said with regret, “Pity I cannot activate the prison-breaking battle. The powerful stuff is all in there.”

The conditions to activate the prison-breaking battle were mysterious. For example, no one had activated the first prison, Vast Water Clear Skies, in the three hundred years. However, in the last three hundred years, the second, fourth, and fifth prisons had all been activated. The pattern involved was hard to predict.

Qian Liu had activated a prison-breaking battle and knew much more than normal people.

The conditions to activate the prison-breaking battle did not have a direction connection with power, but the level of the person. It was also a very subtle connection. It would not work if the person’s level was too high, like he was currently. He could activate the first prison’s prison-breaking battle three hundred years ago, but the present him could not do so.

It would also not work if their level was too low.

Also, the Ten Finger Prison seemed to favor young yao. More accurately, young yao with high levels.

It really was a pity!

Qian Liu shook his head regretfully. The other’s most powerful yao art imprint was inside the prison-breaking battle. The Wasteland Beast Chessboard was filled with profound and exquisite deconstructing yao arts. It was like a rich sea of problems.

Qian Liu had fought against many experts before but it was the first time he had seen such an unique style. His heart itched and was hard to

resist.

The fire-faced person saw the regret on Qian Liu's face and suddenly crowded over. "I have a solution."

"What solution?"

"Get the group of brats to come." The fire-faced person seemed to want the world in chaos. "That group of brats definitely is full of motivation right now. Let them come break the Wasteland Beast Chessboard."

Qian Liu's thoughts shifted, but he shook his head and said, "The prison-breaking battle is not so easy to activate."

"Hee hee, that isn't our business. I speculate that the group of old farts is also interested," the fire-faced said and snickered. He then said with righteous magnanimity, "Don't worry about this matter, I'll get them to come!"

Qian Liu was truly curious about Zuo Mo's yao arts. He smiled and did not stop the other, only saying, "Don't make it too big."

"Don't worry, don't worry." The fire-faced person's expression was excited.

Zuo Mo came out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard and felt a warm gust of air on his face.

He shook, and hurriedly opened his eyes. A familiar face was almost pressed to his.

"A Gui!"

He released a breath. Holding up A Gui's face, he asked curiously, "What were you doing?"

A Gui stared dazedly at him and did not reply.

When Zuo Mo finished speaking, he stilled. Wait. Joy suddenly came into his eyes. "A Gui, A Gui!"

A Gui stilled looked dumbly at Zuo Mo without any response

The joy on Zuo Mo's face gradually retreated. He examined A Gui closely. Her eyes were still empty and wooden. He couldn't help but have a disappointed expression. A Gui had not recovered. He shook his head, and mocked himself. He was really too greedy.

He quickly recovered from his disappointment. Even though A Gui had not recovered, but she was much more lively now compared to before.

At the very least, this was a sign of a good turn of fortunes!

Thinking it through, the depression over Zuo Mo's heart instantly swept away, and he roused himself. Jumping up, he picked A Gui up and put her on his back as he charged outside.

"A Gui, let's go. We'll go to Shu Long's place to play!"

Chapter 357: Shadow Mo Guard A Wen

Ever since the Guard Camp was established, it seemed fated to have a hidden competitive relationship with Vermillion Bird Camp, even though the majority of the camp guards were once Vermillion Bird Camp's captives. At the start, Vermillion Bird Camp had been unparalleled in its strength, and dominated all of Little Mountain Jie. In reality, for a very long time after the camp was formed, Guard Camp had been in a very awkward state. They were weak offensively, could not fight for Daren, and in many occasions, they were a burden.

Even many people from Vermillion Bird Camp could not understand why Daren would set up Guard Camp who was so weak in battle.

Everyone in Guard Camp had a grudge. They furiously cultivated without holding back any energy back. They never asked why they were cultivating, why were they cultivating like this. They only buried their heads and cultivated. Hardship? They were xiu slaves, they were not afraid of hardship.

Finally, the situation changed when Shu Long formed his armor. After forming his armor, Shu Long did not just recover his youth, but his combat abilities had become comparable to the top tier under Daren's command. The Crow Fiend Mo Kill Formation was finally effective in battle, but the main force in battles was still Vermillion Bird Camp.

Their heavy and clumsy armor caused their movements to be slow. This made them take up a more defensive position in battles.

The situation had finally changed now.

Shu Long tightly grasped the long halberd in his hand. A cold feeling passed back as though a burst of strength burrowed into his body. His chest was filled with motivation.

It wasn't as simple as just getting a weapon!

Shu Long suddenly saw Zuo Mo and A Gui in the doorway, and hurriedly bowed.

Zuo Mo looked around. Seeing everyone working hard, a smile came onto his face. "Not bad."

Zuo Mo had been worried about morale previously. Seeing the business of the campsite, his heart relaxed slightly. In reality, Guard Camp's morale had been good all along. This place was filled with black fiendish energy. It gave the Guard Camp the hope of surpassing Vermillion Bird Camp. They worked even harder on their cultivation. Vermillion Bird Camp's morale was more severely affected, but after Zuo Mo threw them [Fiend Ling], they had settled down.

The path to leave this land could be slowly searched for, but if they did not even have the ling energy to cultivate, that was a blade that hung above the necks of xiuzhe.

A Wen saw Zuo Mo and ran over. "Daren, Daren."

When Zuo Mo saw A Wen, he asked with a smile, "A Wen, how's your cultivation going?"

A Wen was much healthier than when he had been rescued. His exquisite armor did not feel clumsy at all, but nimble and light.

"Ha ha, Daren, look." A Wen held up his black spear as though he was presenting a treasure. "My weapon formed too! And I also comprehended some fun things!"

The completely black long spear had no adornment, but it gave the feeling of being finely crafted. The lines were smooth and flowing, two grooves on either side of the spearpoint. The fiery red charm hung at the head of spear and caused the black spear which originally seemed murderous and cold to have a hint of fire.

"Can the spear leave your body?" Zuo Mo asked.

"No." A Wen scratched his head and said, "The black speak is condensed from killing energy. If it leaves my hand, it will dissipate."

Zuo Mo's interest was stirred. "Come, show me."

A Wen obeyed. With a somersault, he flew out twenty zhang. Seeing this,

the other people in the campsite stopped what they were doing and cheered A Wen on.

“Little Monkey, one more!”

“Little Monkey, don’t embarrass yourself in front of Daren!”

“Ha ha, Little Monkey, if you can’t do it, switch for someone else!”

When A Wen had been rescued, his figure had been very small. Even though he was much healthier now, but among this camp of burly men, his figure really was on the small side. Adding on that A Wen’s personality was lively and active, he was also clever, everyone called him Little Monkey.

“Ha, just be jealous!”

A Wen shot back. His smiling face suddenly turned serious as he stood holding his spear.

The noisy camp instantly quieted. Everyone’s mirth retreated, their expressions becoming serious. A Wen might be young, but he was exceptionally talented, and was firmly held his spot as the second strongest member of the Guard Camp, his strength just a bit less than Shu Long’s. They were also very curious about what A Wen had comprehended from staying in meditation for so long in the fiendish mist.

Shu Long had a gratified expression. He was the oldest, his personality was steady and well-established. His competitive desire was weak. He had basically taught everything to A Wen. Seeing A Wen improve rapidly, he was very happy.

A Wen’s expression was serious. The air flowed in streams around him and gradually sped up. In an instant, the air started to hiss like an arrow travelling at a high speed.

Clang!

With the sound of metallic impact, many black and gold plumes popped out of the black armor.

Zuo Mo was very shocked.

A Wen's figure was thin and slender to begin with. With the addition of these long feather-like black gold plumes, he looked even more nimble. A Wen bent his legs slightly and then his figure disappeared from his spot.

So fast! Zuo Mo's pupils slightly shrunk. His eyes were not ordinary but he could only see a streak of black. He was shocked. Unless Zuo Mo used the Light Void Wings, he would be left eating dust behind A Wen with that speed.

"This boy's talent isn't bad." Pu Yao couldn't resist popping in. "Look, this is the difference! He can cultivate to this step using a trashy [Hardship Guard]. Don't you feel ashamed?"

"Ashamed? Why should I be ashamed?" Zuo Mo did not turn his eyes and responded, "It's better the stronger he is."

Pu Yao finally recalled the person in front of him had such a thick face that he was immune to mockery of this degree.

Zuo Mo rubbed his chin and said directly, "Not bad, not bad! This fast, we don't have to use turtle tactics in the future. Can he fly? It will be great if there is flight!"

"Don't think so optimistically." Pu Yao could not bear to see Zuo Mo's content state, and smirked. "This boy is very talented. The other people lack greatly compared to him. They can only be heavy armor Hardship Guards." His tone then turned. "So many cultivation sects, they are all blind to dismiss such a good seed."

Pu Yao started his usual habit of mocking everyone.

Zuo Mo ignored him and looked seriously at A Wen. A Wen's speed was extremely fast, and rivaled the sword xiu when they flew on their swords. His nimbleness was actually better than sword xiu.

Zuo Mo, who could be considered to be an old-timer, was very clear how much of an advantage such speed would be in combat.

Midair, A Wen flipped again, and the black spear in his hand suddenly thrust.

Hiss!

A section of the spearpoint suddenly appeared out of the air in a place thirty zhang from his body!

“What is that?” Zuo Mo’s expression changed.

“Air-breaker, a little technique. Don’t make a mountain out of a molehill.” Even though he said this, Pu Yao could not disguise the pride on his face. “So young and he comprehended Air-breaker. It can be considered rare for mo guards.”

Pu Yao’s tone turned to be slightly regretful. “Actually, Shu Long’s talent is also not bad, but it is a pity that his age when he started cultivation is slightly old.”

All of the others sighed in shock. They widened their eyes in fear of missing any detail. Many of the techniques that A Wen was showing now was great inspiration to him, especially the camp guards that had broken through and formed their weapon.

In the air, A Wen seemed unconstrained by space. The tip of his spear thrust would appear in any place within one hundred zhang of him according to his will.

In a good mood, Pu Yao started to urge. “Actually, hardship guards like this boy’s kind is rare. The greatest duty of mo guards are to protect their master, not to kill enemies. That is why mo guards are frequently large blockheads. These people from Guard Camp are too weak. The best mo guards are Mountain Range Bull Mo, and Stone Rhinoceros Mo. If they cultivate [Hardship Guard], tsk tsk, they are just moving mountains. If it is the mantis mo that cultivate [Hardship Guard], it is more common for shadow mo guards specialized in speed to appear. But mantis mo are guys who will die if they are touched. Who would use them as guards? Maybe if they do not want to live a long time.”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo noticed the other people in Guard Camp. As expected, they were all big blockheads. Each person’s body was full of exaggerated muscles. Their figures were half again as large as normal people on average. Adding on the thick armor, they were like mobile steel

forts.

At this time, the red charm on A Wen's black spear suddenly turned to a thread of fire and wrapped around the tip of the spear.

"Kill!"

A Wen shouted. A light that intermingled red and black tore apart the air.

Boom!

Everyone felt their vision light up. A burning and fiendish wave of air blew through the entire Guard Camp.

When the air gust subsided, a deep pit about five zhang wide appeared on the corner of the campsite.

It was an easy matter to make a pit five zhang wide. However, this pit seemed slightly deep. Zuo Mo flew to beside the pit, and looked inside. His heart was instantly shocked. This pit most likely was not less than twenty zhang deep.

Making a pit with a width of five zhang was not hard, but a pit that was deeper than twenty zhang was very difficult to accomplish!

This pit was formed like a knife cutting tofu. The bottom and top part of the hole were the same width. This showed one thing. A Wen's attacking force was concentrated and evenly distributed.

Zuo Mo judged that if he was hit, he would probably lose half of his life.

A Wen's figure flashed and he appeared next to Zuo Mo.

"Not bad, Little Monkey," Zuo Mo praised. "You have really broadened my vision."

A Wen's face suddenly became flushed, and slightly embarrassed. "Daren, do not ridicule this humble performance."

"Ho, Little Monkey, you're embarrassed now?"

"Ha ha, Little Monkey's face is very thin!"

The people in the surroundings instantly started. A Wen was even more

embarrassed. He scratched his head and stood at the side. Seeing this, the other people laughed even more happily.

Zuo Mo also couldn't resist roaring in laughter.

"Is what you say true?"

The elders in the room exploded. Many of the elders unconsciously stood up. These elder's emotions were turbulent, and they forgot to keep their strength back. All the furniture in the room creaked and exploded in pieces.

Cang Ze's scalp turned numb. He did not dare to breath. "He said so."

"How can he know how to cultivate Grey Scar Art? He definitely is a liar!"

"Who cares if he is a liar. Catch him and then we will know!"

"Catch? What if he really knows? If we offend him, we will really lose greatly!"

The Grey Clan elders talked over each other, their faces red and their necks thick as though they were going to kill someone.

Cang Ze buried his head lower, and grimaced inside.

"Alright, all of you shut up!" A deep voice sounded. All of the voices disappeared.

The Chief Elder finally spoke. Cang Ze wiped away the cold sweat and celebrated inside.

"What conditions does he have?" The Chief Elder opened his eyes in his wrinkle-filled face.

"Ten Golden Souls. Each Year."

The enormous elder room was deathly silent.

Chapter 358: Public Challenge

“Have you gone to see the Wasteland Beast Chessboard?” a student excitedly asked his classmate.

Another student hurriedly took up the topic. “Of course, how can I miss it? They are really strong! They say it is a very young yao. I wonder which yao art house this monster came from.”

“There are yao beyond yao, bro!” Student A said emotionally.

“Right? I had assumed before that all the geniuses were part of the Genius Alliance. Didn’t think there would be people outside.” Student B felt it was slightly impossible to believe.

“Ha, I’ve long found that group of lily-white faces an eyesore. They take away all the girls based on their strength, and leave us with nothing. A hero finally comes down from the Heavens. Hero! He definitely has to strike a blow against their arrogant aura and save all of us!” Student A spread out his arms and shouted.

At the side, a snort suddenly came. “Delusional!”

Student A was enraged and suddenly turned around his face. However, he instantly faltered when he saw who had come. He dejectedly pulled Student B and fled.

Mu Wu Shang disdainfully stared at the two fleeing figures, but a shadow came over his mood. His steps grew slightly faster. He quickly reached the lecture room. When he stepped into the room, a wave of noise blew into his face. He unconsciously frowned.

The terms of prison-breaking battle, and Wasteland Beast Chessboard continuously appeared. His mood became even more terrible. He noticed that when some students saw him, they purposefully increased their volume and made expressions in secret.

Mu Wu Shang unconsciously clenched his fists. He snorted coldly, turned and walked out of the lecture room.

“Che, what Genius Alliance, that is a true genius”

“Yes, yes”

The sounds of discussion behind him burrowed into his ears. His face was blackened.

In a depressed mood, Mu Wu Shang flew to Daytime Peak. Right now, it was class time and there were not many people on Daytime Peak. Standing on the six thousand chi Daytime Peak, he looked into the distance. Mu Wu Shang's depressed mood instantly eased greatly.

“Haha, I guess you were here.” A familiar voice came from behind him.

Without needing to turn his head, Wu Mu Shang knew who had come. Jin Ling, his best friend from childhood. The two were from large clans, and had close relations. The two of them had played together from very young and could be considered childhood sweethearts. However, the two of them had developed a platonic friendship, and were like siblings rather than the more intimate relationship their parents wanted.

“Why concern yourself with these people.” Jin Ling urged, “It seems that we suppress them too much usually.”

Mu Wu Shang did not speak, but his heart eased.

There were two members of Genius Alliance in Bright Might Yao Art House, one was Mu Wu Shang, the other was Jin Ling. Genius Alliance was a loose organization among students. It was established four hundred years ago and was created by the twelve top genius students from the many yao art houses of the yao world.

The Genius Alliance only recruited those with outstanding students. After developing for more than four centuries, the influence of Genius Alliance was much greater than it started with. In four centuries, each generation's alliance leader of the Genius Alliance was the undoubted leader of their generation of students. When these geniuses finished their schooling, if they would enter the important systems of the yao world or they were managing major areas. In its four century history, nine Sky Yao had appeared among their numbers. This was almost seven-tenths of the Sky Yao that had appeared over this four century period.

Each student thought it an honour to enter the Genius Alliance, and the scheduled exchanges inside the alliance was fatally attractive to these people who were cultivating maniacs.

If they could enter the Genius Alliance, they would definitely have a bright future.

However, these great talents also garnered much ire. On one hand, due to thinking highly of themselves, they were very brazen in their actions, and naturally did not attract favor. On the other hand, the elders that had already left the Genius Alliance liked to take care of their younger juniors in the Genius Alliance. This meant that the Genius Alliance was given a great amount of resources, and caused many yao to feel it was unfair.

The reason that this prison-breaking battle was related to the Genius Alliance was that the Genius Alliance had been planning on a prison-breaking battle recently. They were used to being high-profile and so this plan had been made public early on so everyone knew.

But at this time, the sudden prison-breaking battle that appeared caused the Genius Alliance's position to be very awkward. Those students that disliked the Genius Alliance before were naturally happy. The Genius Alliance that had never been in a reactive position before finally tasted what it was like to be roasted on a fire.

However, these young geniuses were all very proud. How could they swallow this?

Mu Wu Shang was also the same.

Jin Ling's tone was light, but she also had a fire suppressed inside.

Suddenly, the spirit imprint on Mu Wu Shang's arm lit up. Mu Wu Shang noticed the "Ancient" character inside the light, and a blush came onto his black face. His eyes became excited.

A ball of light floated from the spirit imprint and a face that they were very familiar with showed up. He said excitedly, "Great, both of you are here. Saves me from making another trip. Quick, come to the Wasteland Beast Chessboard now!"

Mu Wu Shang and Jing Ling exchanged looks. They were excited. The Alliance was going to act!

The two did not waste words and instantly stood to fly with their greatest speed to the cultivation seclusion rooms. The two each rented a seclusion room, and entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. They quickly found the Alliance.

Forty six yao.

Mu Wu Shang and Jin Ling were all greatly shocked, and then they immediately became excited. It was possible to see how much the Alliance prioritized this matter when so many alliance members were present. When they saw the youth that looked very honest at the front, they couldn't help but become excited again.

He had an very interesting name, Huai Boy. He was one of the supervisors of the Genius Alliance. Those that had roles inside the Genius Alliance were those that were very powerful, more powerful than normal members.

Huai Boy's appearance was very normal. He always had a smile on his face, appeared to be harmless, and honest. But today, the smile on Huai Boy's smile disappeared. The narrowed eyes were lit up.

"Just received news that the master of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard has challenged us directly!"

Mu Wu Shang's excited expression froze on his face. He looked dazedly at Huai Boy, his mouth gaping. The other student members all had shocked and disbelieving faces.

Challenging the Genius Alliance!

Was this guy crazy?

"This has already been broadcasted by all the major yao channels."

"We do not know if someone is scheming and pushing their agenda from the shadows, or if it is the person's challenge. But this is not important."

“Because we will use reality to tell everyone that doubts us.”

“Who is truly the geniuses!”

Like usual, Nan Yue entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

However, today seemed

She looked strangely at the surrounding yao. She noticed that they all seemed to be very excited. Has something major happened?

Did someone activate the prison breaking battle again? She shook her head and smiled, and felt amused that she would have such an absurd thought.

“I heard that the Genius Alliance are coming to break the Wasteland Beast Chessboard!”

This sentence burrowed into Nan Yue’s ears. Nan Yue shook and felt a basin of cold water had been poured over her head. What? Genius Alliance wanted to break Daren’s Wasteland Beast Chessboard? She focused and listened closely.

“Ah? Why is Genius Alliance at odds with the Wasteland Beast Chessboard? I remember now. They seemed to have said they were going to break a prison before. Had their goal also been Vast Water Clear Skies?”

“Ha, you definitely do not know. The one making the challenge is the mystery person!”

“Mystery person? The owner of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard?”

“Just that one! Go watch the news, they’re broadcasting it everywhere.”

Nan Yue wasn’t in the mood to cultivate and immediately left the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. Her room was just four walls, where would she have the yao news tree? She hurriedly put on an outer garment, pushed open the door and flew up. She recalled that the center of the city had an enormous yao news tree.

She saw the yao news tree that reached up to the clouds from a long way off, and adjusted her direction to fly towards it.

This yao news tree was the largest of the three closest cities. The enormous crown of the tree was like a small mountain with innumerable forts. Countless vines drooped down from the tree branches and were heavy with pod-like fruits.

Yao filled all of the yao news tree.

Nan Yue picked a place with few people and landed. When she just steadied her body, her consciousness wrapped on a thin vine in front of her.

With a pop, the fruit of the yao news tree exploded and turned to a multi-coloured mist.

The rainbow mist quickly changed and became a beautiful female yao. The female yao's expression was very excited, and spoke very quickly.

"The mystery young expert that just finished the prison breaking battle and reconstructed the Wasteland Beast Chessboard has publicly challenged the Genius Alliance. We are now doing a special report about this matter. Up until now, the Genius Alliance has not made any formal statements about this matter, and the new master of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard has not been seen. However, this matter is definitely not unsubstantiated. Maybe we will soon see a spectacular struggle"

Nan Yue's head rang.

Impossible! This was impossible!

Daren definitely would not challenge the Genius Alliance!

This thought was so strong that Nan Yue did not doubt it. She had not spent much time with Daren, but she did not feel that Daren, from any perspective, would be such an arrogant and impulsive yao.

There definitely was someone spreading fake information!

Nan Yue was not dumb and instantly understood. However, her expression did not turn for the better but became even worse. No one was

ignorant of the power of the Genius Alliance!

Almost all yao knew what those geniuses were like. Regardless of whether this information was real, with the conduct of the Genius Alliance, they definitely would not rest!

Why was it like this

“Shixiong, move faster,” Gongsun Cha said, unsatisfied.

In the fiendish mist, Zuo Mo’s face instantly fell. After absorbing the soul base source of the fiend souls, Gongsun Cha’s speed had increased which caused Zuo Mo’s “fishing” to be unable to keep up.

Zuo Mo was discontent. “So noisy! It’s good that you even have something to eat!”

Tenth Grade flew up and down at the side, his little face slightly distressed.

“No, Shixiong, you have to be responsible for satiation since you are responsible for the food!” Gongsun Cha’s face was rascally.

The corner of Zuo Mo’s eyes twitched. He forcibly suppressed the impulse to kick Gongsun Cha away. Suddenly, his gaze focused and he stopped all movement. Raising his face, he looked towards the deeper parts of the fiendish mist.

Sword essence!

Chapter 359: Activation

Sword essence!

There was sword essence within the fiendish mist!

Zuo Mo's eyes flashed. The sword essence coming from the fiendish mist was faint, but he was sure it wasn't an illusion. Out of caution, he closed his eyes and spread out his consciousness. A moment later, he opened his eyes. They were ecstatic.

There were people!

There were people inside the fiendish mist!

Nothing could excite him more. He hadn't been this excited even after he completed the prison-break battle. Ever since they stepped into this vast, desolate, and mysterious ancient battlefield, uncertainty and worry had always been clouds over his heart regardless of how calm and composed he appeared.

There was no sign of life to be seen on this unknown ancient battlefield. This place was silent and barren, filled with danger. All the signs supported that this was a land of death. The scariest part of a dead land was the dangers all around it. The impoverished and dangerous environment meant that Zuo Mo and the others did not even have a chance to breathe.

But now, Zuo Mo suddenly found that there were people existing in a place he assumed was dead. How could he not be ecstatic? It was like searching endlessly in the darkness, and suddenly seeing a glimmer of light. At least, they had a chance to rest. Zuo Mo believed that if they had enough time, they could definitely walk out of the ancient battlefield.

"There are people ahead!" Zuo Mo pointed excitedly at the depth of the fiendish mist as he said to Gongsun Cha.

"People?" Gongsun Cha was stunned. After a moment, he suddenly reacted. "There are people inside?"

"En." Zuo Mo nodded heavily. "Someone is using sword essence in there."

In that direction. It's a bit far from us, but not impossibly so. I can feel it, but it is not very strong."

"What should we do?" Gongsun Cha hurriedly asked.

"Gather everyone, and we will advance in that direction. We need to be fast, or we will miss them." At this time, Zuo Mo showed the decisiveness of a leader and did not hesitate in issuing instructions.

Wei Sheng stared at the fiend soul beast in front of him, the black sword in his hand slightly raised. However, his heart sank slightly. The body of this fiend soul beast was longer than three zhang. It was shaped like a scorpion. Between the two pincers, he was able to see the criss-crossing teeth that sent chills through his heart.

It's body was completely covered in shiny, black armour covered with red seal scripts that curved like earthworms. There were two dark red dots for eyes that lit up in the fiendish mist, and shocked one's soul.

Its body was close to the ground, the two pincers slightly raised as a dark and vicious presence tightly locked onto Wei Sheng.

This fiend soul beast had silently closed in with intentions of ambushing him. If it wasn't for the fact that Wei Sheng' cultivation level had progressed greatly, his sword essence spiritually clear and taken to heart, Wei Sheng himself was not sure he could survive after an ambush by such a vicious beast.

However, Wei Sheng did not panic due to his shock. He was not willing to show weakness, and his sword essence locked onto the other.

This fiend soul scorpion seemed to know the prey in front of it should not be underestimated. It did not dare to move rashly, and it seemed very wary of the great black sword in Wei Sheng' hands.

The two descended into a stand off.

Wei Sheng closely watched the fiend soul scorpion, the black sword in his hand did not tremble at all. He had killed his every step the entire way

on his trip through the fiendish mist. After continuous, hard battles, his body was very tired and at the end of its strength. The black sword seemed to lose its spirit. The aura had gradually faded. This caused Wei Sheng to feel it progressing was even harder, and basically had left him no opportunity to rest.

The exhaustion of his body was like a tide, wave after wave crashing against Wei Sheng's mental defenses. Suddenly, Wei Sheng recalled the time when he had been a sword servant. Just with his simple and crude sword art, he had been searching for his sword path in the wilderness.

At that time, he had been so innocent and so satisfied!

There were no conflicts inside the sect, no unspoken criticism about the sect, no other thoughts. He was like the sword in his hand, simple to the utmost.

He lightly sighed.

There were many matters in the world that people were helpless against, could not brush off or dodge. Like this patch of fiendish mist. It continuously corroded his ling power. Now he understood why so many xiuzhe would stay in a distance place away from the troubles of the world.

As Wei Sheng's mind was distracted, the cunning and vicious fiend soul scorpion instantly seized at a chance.

The glowing red eyes drew out two soul-shaking streaks in the fiendish mist. The speed of the fiend soul scorpion was like lightning. It was so fast, and the sound was so muffled that there wasn't even a vibration in the air.

Wei Sheng's heart was shocked. He knew he was in an unprecedentedly dangerous situation. When he had sighed just now, he instantly knew. That the wandering thought was a sign of extreme danger. It mean that his body was weak to the point of collapsing which was why his mental defenses had been so lax.

But he had not expected this vicious beast to be so sensitive and cunning to accurately seize this chance!

His wrist flipped, and the horse-chopping sabre that was up to Wei Sheng's chest seemed to be as light as air as it block in front of his chest.

Dong!

Among the sound of steel striking, Wei Sheng's body shook and he retreated seven steps.

Wei Sheng grimaced inside. If his condition wasn't so poor, then he wouldn't have retreated even one step under such a force. But his endurance, and ling power had reached their tail ends. His battle experience was rich and he knew that the vicious beast in front of him was cunning and deceitful. It definitely had detected that he was weak inside.

As expected, the red light of the fiend soul scorpion exploded. It did not attack but like before, it dashed forward.

Such a cautious beast!

Wei Sheng did not have the time to finish praising it when a great force passed over. He made a muffled grunt, and took ten steps back before he steadied his figure.

Was he going to be buried here today?

Wei Sheng sighed inside.

Only now did the fiend soul scorpion truly confirm that Wei Sheng had reached his last legs. It attacked without hesitation. It was very cunning, and knew that Wei Sheng had almost no strength left, so it tried to use brute force to destroy Wei Sheng.

Dong dong dong!

The sound of impacts were endless like a tempest.

Wei Sheng struggled to endure like a little boat in a hurricane, suddenly moving up and down as though he could be swallowed by the waves at any moment. The attacks of the fiend soul scorpion were relentless and as fast as lightning. Wei Sheng was surrounded by danger. The already tattered clothing at this time was destroyed by the small yet sharp turbulence like

butterflies in flight.

A stream of blood came from the corner of Wei Sheng's mouth. The ling power in his body was drained, his channels started to crack. He would not be able to persist for much longer, as his channels would shatter into countless pieces, and his cultivation would instantly collapse.

The black sword that had seemed vicious before was like a dull sword of ordinary metal without any sheen.

Was he really going to lose his life here?

Wei Sheng was in a daze, his moves slow as though he could fall at any moment. Yet unexpectedly, after more than ten continuous attacks, he was still standing, barely. If one looked closely, they would find that when the fiend soul scorpion's pair of pincers was going to strike him, the black sword in his hand would coincidentally appear in front of the giant pincers.

The moment his body was in danger, Wei Sheng would always make an instinctive response.

Without conscious thought, without ling power, his mind was completely blank.

Dong dong dong

The hurricane was ongoing, so long it made one feel hopeless.

Yet the scene was filled with weirdness. Wei Sheng's eyes were wooden, empty and without thought, his movements were slow. Yet the instant the giant pincers were going to touch his body, his hesitation would disappear. His movements would be unspeakably simple and crisp, but when paired with his wooden expression, it was even stranger.

It was as though if one more straw was added to his load, Wei Sheng would fall.

But no matter how the fiend soul scorpion tried, even when the giant pincers tore the air apart in their attacks, they were stopped by Wei Sheng's movements that were filled with strangeness.

Nan Yue stood on the borderless Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

She bit her lips tightly. Just on her way here, she had already seen seven groups of people from the Genius Alliance. The Genius Alliance did not have any intentions of disguising its retaliation.

Dozens of the Genius Alliance Supervisors continued to announce that they would definitely break the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

The Genius Alliance were usually high-profile, but declaring such a thing in public had never happened before. Anyone with eyes could see the master of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard had infuriated the Genius Alliance. A guy that offended the Genius Alliance, what good outcome would he have?

How could Nan Yue, who had been hearing of the Genius Alliance since she was very young, not know this? Before, the Genius Alliance was a place that was high and out of reach. She did not dare to even think of having a connection with the Genius Alliance, much less entering it.

But in a night, the Genius Alliance actually became her enemy. How could she not feel terror? She knew they were targeting Daren; but as Daren's follower, Daren's enemies were her enemies!

She felt great pressure from the groups of Genius Alliance members that appeared on the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

Nan Yue did not know how many yao were paying attention to the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, but she could clearly feel that there were multiple times more yao at the Wasteland Beast Chessboard than there were normally.

"Hey, has there been a result?"

"No. Supposedly, the Genius Alliance of Fixed Sky Jie have come. This is going to be something good to see."

"Fixed Sky Jie also came? Then isn't it already six jie that have come?"

"It's the eighth jie! Central Pond Jie and Lilium Jie also came."

“Wow, this scary?”

“Yes, none of the Genius Alliance is willing to be defeated. How can they rest? In my view, even if this matter concluded here, this conflict won’t end!”

“In your view, who do you favor?”

“It’s hard to say. On the surface, the Genius Alliance of course has the advantage, but a person that set down the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, can he be a nice guy? Only idiots would believe such a thing! Look at how many people came from the Genius Alliance, but no one has activated the prison-breaking battle”

Hearing the discussion drifting into her hears, Nan Yue felt unspeakably irritated and fretful.

Which damned guys dared to slander Daren. They should be slowly sliced to death!

At this time, a wave of sound suddenly came over.

“Prison-breaking battle!”

“Someone activated the prison-breaking battle!”

The soundwave came from far and rolled over. Nan Yue’s head rang and blanked.

Her face was pale as she was stunned where she stood.

The yao in the surroundings hated that they were born without two more legs as they furiously charged towards the prison battlefield. Countless yao of different shapes formed a flood towards the prison battlefield.

Nan Yue was sandwiched in the middle and uncontrollably followed the flood towards the prison battlefield.

How was it possible how was

Was the Genius Alliance really this powerful?

Her expression was filled with hopelessness!

Chapter 360: Start

“I didn’t think that someone would activate the prison-breaking battle so quickly. It is slightly unexpected to me,” Qian Liu said with a smile.

The fire-faced person twisted his mouth. “You’re the only one interested in this low-level stuff. However,” he had a proud expression, “my skill isn’t bad.”

“Utmost base.” Qian Liu did not hesitate in giving his opinion.

“But very effective.” The pride on the fire-faced person did not decrease in the slightest.

Qian Liu was too lazy to speak and stared at the prison battlefield.

Huai Boy vigilantly paid attention to his surroundings.

The supervisors of the Genius Alliance were set for each jie, each jie had one supervisor. This year, Huai Boy was twenty, and his strength and talent was undisputed to be able to become a supervisor of the Genius Alliance. However, Huai Boy had not thought that he would activate the prison-breaking battle. Of the eight supervisors that had entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, in terms of power, he was ranked in the middle.

However, he quickly reacted, and was very excited. This was a chance from the Heavens!

There were not many rules in the Genius Alliance, but being rewarded for one’s service was the one upheld the strictest. There had been nine Sky Yao to come out of the Genius Alliance, and five of them had left yao arts behind for the Genius Alliance. This was added onto the wondrous techniques and strange arts that the generations of alliance leaders had collected, which were all stored in a yao art tree in the center of the yao realm. This tree surpassed any yao art tree from any yao art house.

This was a place that all yao dreamed of. Huai Boy was not an exception. Huai Boy came from Ying Wind Scholar Clan. It was one of the major

clans locally, but in all of the yao realm, it could only be considered middling. The [Blue Thorn Secret Art] was a very good yao art, but Huai Boy did not feel satisfied.

He had become a supervisor of the Genius Alliance at such a young age and had great ambitions. No one, in the Scholar Clan's history, had become a sky yao by cultivating [Blue Thorn Secret Art]. How could he be satisfied? The clan did not withhold any resources when nurturing him, and used all kinds of methods to collect even more powerful yao arts for him. However, each of the top yao arts were peerless in value. After so many years, they still were unable to acquire a top yao art.

Prison-breaking battle, no matter what, he had to achieve victory! Huai Boy made a resolution.

This service would probably be able to be traded for a pretty good yao art.

Come!

Huai Boy's eyes lit up, and he was full of fighting spirit.

The procession of boats silently and rapidly progressed in the fiendish mist.

Of the five slave transporting boats, the slave transporting boat of Golden Crow Camp was at the very center. The formation scripts on the body of the boat released faint light. The Crimson Fiend Cauldron continuously transformed the fiendish mist into ling power, and guided it into the formations carved on the boat.

Compared to when it was made, the Crimson Fiend Cauldron was much smaller now. This was due to being used day and night without an moment of rest. The ling power transformed by the Crimson Fiend Cauldron, a fifth-grade talisman, was not just vast and rich, it was of high quality. As it worked day and night, this rich and pure ling power was a small fire that finely baked the cauldron and continuously processed it.

The Crimson Fiend Cauldron was created by everyone of Golden Crow

Camp, and it was unprecedented in its invention. However, many parts of the Crimson Fiend Cauldron could not help but be somewhat heterogeneous due to the differences in cultivation of Sun Bao, Ji Wei, and the others. After a long period of ling power forging, the impurities of the Crimson Fiend Cauldron were slowly processed, and its quality was higher than before, but its size shrunk greatly.

Zuo Mo was standing at the bow of the slave transporting boat at the very front. His gaze was fixed into the mist. The formations of the boat reflected light on his tense face, and flickered. Beside him, A Gui propped up her chin and copied Zuo Mo to look into the distance.

A Gui's wounds were clearly recovering, and her face gradually had some expression, even though it was still very wooden.

Woosh woosh woosh.

There were hardship guards in black armor that ran around constantly on their patrol. Their expressions were watchful, and they were all hardship guards that had that had created their weapons. A Wen ran at the very front with the black spear in his hand. The bright red tassel was like a flame flickering in the wind.

These Guard Camp elite that had finished forming their weapons were like fish in the water among the fiendish mist. They also became the primary combat force.

Gongsun Cha led the Vermillion Bird Camp, Shu Long led the Guard Camp, Xie Shan was on the last slave transporting boat as the rear guard. In the remaining slave transporting boat, Ma Fan sat on top of the boat. The other people of the Sky Peak Platoon were scattered around the boat. After the epiphany last time, Ma Fan's sword essence had reached manifestation, and the suppression the fiendish mist had on him was minimized.

Everyone seemed to be on their guard, their expressions heavy. A murderous presence was thick and roiling among the troop like an enormous beast slowly travelling close to the ground without hurry or slowness.

Even though he was in a hurry to find the person inside the fiendish mist, but Zuo Mo knew very well how dangerous the depths of the fiendish mist were. He did not dare to move without forethought. In such a dangerous territory, the slightest bit of carelessness could cause all of them to die.

Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire nervously burrowed into A Gui's arms. Lil' Black had a death grip on A Gui's hair. Silly Bird's expression was unconcerned. The tense situation did not invoke any response from her. Tenth Grade floated on the black antennae of the twin butterfly, the murderous and cold little face showing yearning.

It was strange to speak of it. A ball of faint white mist still hung at the end of the white antennae of the twin butterfly and showed no signs of becoming tangible.

Tenth Grade was born from the twin butterfly absorbing black fiendish energy. Rather than being afraid of the fiendish mist, he felt it was very intimate. However, his sense of danger was more sensitive than normal xiuzhe. The depths of the fiendish mist gave him a strong feeling of danger, so much that he did not dare to go deep in. He was proud, but he was not stupid. After "fishing" with Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha these past days, Tenth Grade had an even clearer understanding of the fiendish mist's dangers.

Of course, most important was that the unreasonable and vicious bird was at the side

Tenth Grade glanced out of the corner of his eye at Silly Bird whose eyes were closed in rest, and instinctively shrunk his neck.

"There are people in such a damned place?" Lei Peng rumbled, and could not understand.

"Maybe it is the lost descendants of ancient cultivators." Nian Lu brushed his bangs and fully expressed his imagination.

"Ancient cultivator descendants"

The people in the surroundings groaned. This guy had read too many

legends and rumors.

Lei Peng's gaze landed on the hardship guards that were moving nimbly and was filled with admiration. "This poor place really has a finger on our weak spot. But the Guard Camp, they are having a really good time! Even an wants to go cultivate [Hardship Guard]."

They were cultivating [Fiend Ling] but due to the short time cultivating it, they could just manage to defend against the corrosion of the fiendish mist. The fiendish mist that was filled with danger towards them wasn't just harmless against Guard Camp, but was beneficial. How could these people that were long used to leading the charge not be jealous?

"Don't be jealous of them!" Nian Lu adjusted his clothing and said, "You can copy the Captain. When your sword essence reaches the level of manifestation, you cannot be corroded by anything. The measly fiendish mist is naturally not an exception."

Lei Peng was speechless.

There seemed to be an invisible wall around Ma Fan's body. The red-black fiendish mist could not enter the area around him. Everyone did not feel any ling power rippling which meant that Captain had not used ling power. This area had naturally formed after Ma Fan achieved sword essence manifestation.

However, compared to starting from the beginning and cultivating [Hardship Guard], the difficulty of reaching sword essence manifestation was even higher. Unless they cultivated to jindan, it wasn't just any normal monster that could reach sword essence manifestation in ningmai. But even from ningmai to jindan, the difficulty involved

"Blast it!" Lei Peng shot out an angry breath.

While everyone felt somewhat suppressed at not being able to charge at the very front, but they also felt slight anticipation. If there really were xiuzhe inside the fiendish mist, then that meant they also could use their full power within the fiendish mist. They had persisted in practicing [Fiend Ling] but they needed to reach the third level before they could directly transform the fiend mist into ling power.

Before that, while they still could absorb fiendish mist and transform it to ling power, the rate was very slow. That was fine for cultivation, but during battle, that meant that their ling power would basically be unreplenished.

Many of them put their hopes on the xiuzhe inside the fiendish mist.

Ping!

A crisp collision sound occurred on the outside.

Everyone's expressions changed. Enemy attack!

This was the first attack they had encountered up until now. No one had good expressions. They had just travelled fifty li into the fiendish mist, and started to encounter attacks from unknown and vicious beings. The dangers up ahead could be imagined.

The one that encountered the enemy was A Wen.

A Wen's eyes tracked the unknown and vicious beast in front of him. This vicious being was shaped like a tiger or panther, the long and nimble figure filled with beauty. Its entire body was covered in thick metal-hard scales in layers and gleamed with a cold light. The paws on the ground had hooked and sharp claws that effortlessly dug into the soil. The eyes were set deep, the cheekbones protruded, but there were no eyeballs in the sockets, only red light.

When A Wen's gaze came into contact with the red light inside the eyes of the vicious being, he felt his body tighten, and was shocked inside.

Zuo Mo's gaze landed on the vicious beast. Thinking about what Pu Yao had said to him before, he asked, "This is a fiend soul beast?"

"Yes." Pu Yao's tone did not have the aloofness it usually did and was filled with gravity. "Such a powerful fiend soul beast! This fiendish mist has been through an unknown amount of time. I've never seen black fiendish mist of such intensity, and have never heard of it. This fiendish soul beast surpasses any fiend soul beast of my knowledge. You need to be careful."

Zuo Mo was shocked. This grave tone could be said to be very rare for Pu Yao.

A strong feeling of danger formed but Zuo Mo forcibly suppressed it. He decided to see just how powerful this fiendish soul beast really was.

A Wen was a lucky survivor of the dueling stadium and had experienced many cruel battles. The fiend soul beast in front of him gave him enormous pressure but did not cause him to lose his calm.

A cold feeling came from the black spear. He suddenly had a burst of confidence. In the dueling stadium, he had defeated many opponents stronger than him, and now, he was stronger than before!

The expression on the handsome face silently changed. Killing essence rose, his eyes vicious, a thick black mist came from the thenar space where he grasped his black spear, and like a black snake, it coiled around the black spear.

His presence suddenly exploded, his vicious eyes glaring as he shouted lowly, "Kill!"

The black spear in his hand was held flat and thrust forward without finesse.

Chapter 361: The Childhood Wish

Yi Zheng cut a sorry figure.

His blue monk robe was in tatters as he staggered forward, lacking any of the usual grace that the sect taught him. However, who would care about grace at this time?

He had never ever thought that the most normal sect mission would take him to such a ghastly place. Many times, he had thought that he had come to the Avīci Hell that only appeared on the records. Fortunately, he had worked hard on his cultivation these years, and with Eldest Shixiong's focused teaching, while his combat abilities were not strong, his body of steel tendons and metal bones was unrivalled.

By relying on his great defensive abilities, he had managed to survive in this endless mist until now.

Before, he had not understood why Eldest Shixiong made him cultivate [Wisdom Dhyana Body], but now he felt the wonders of this dhyana technique. A circle of Buddhist script whirled around his body without rest. This was why the corrosive fiendish mist did not infect his body.

“Impervious to all evils impervious to all evils”

Yi Zheng continuously chanted. Beads of sweat could be clearly seen on his shiny and clean head. He had entered this mist for just three days, but in these three days, his heart jumped around, and he was very afraid. He was a dhyana xiu, and most sensitive to corrupt, yin and fiendish beings. But this fiendish mist in front of him was endless, and it was so dense it was almost unimaginable.

Other than hell, Yi Zheng really could not think of a place that would have such vicious fiends.

Fortunately, his Wisdom Dhyana Body could naturally subdue these corrupt beings. Even though he had struggled on his way, but he was not wounded. However, his heart did not dare relax. Even the records of the sect had never mentioned such a vicious place. The vicious beings it

formed would definitely be terrifying.

Exterminate evil?

Don't joke. Yi Zheng was very clearly how much he was worth. He believed it was a miracle that he had not been wounded up until now. Right now, he could only hope that the news of his disappearance would quickly arrive to the sect, and the sect would send people to rescue him. Actually, at the bottom of his heart, he also knew that chances were very small.

He was only a person at the borders of the sect. He did know how long it would take for the sect to respond after his disappearance.

He thought about Eldest Shixiong, thought about how Eldest Shixiong would be further neglected now that he was not in the sect. His mood instantly became slightly low.

He aimlessly travelled through the fiendish mist.

After walking for a short while, sounds of fierce combat could be heard from up ahead. Yi Zheng was startled awake. After pausing, he was overjoyed, and ran with bare feet towards the sound.

The sound of battle became clearer.

He quickly saw a man fighting fiercely with a fiend soul scorpion.

He carefully walked closer. When he saw the scorpion closely, he couldn't help but inhale sharply. More than three zhang tall and two pincers, each the size of a door. Yi Zheng felt his scalp become numb. If he was grazed by those enormous pincers, even his Wisdom Dhyana Body definitely would be unable to tolerate it.

My dear Buddha!

Yi Zheng swallowed with difficulty. His gaze seemed to be glued and unable to be moved away. It was not due to the great strength of the scorpion, but how strange the scene was.

The scorpion's opponent was a sword xiu. Even though the black sword looked more like a horse chopping sabre, but Yi Zheng recognized that the

other was a sword xiu at first glance, and a very traditional sword xiu.

Such a strong sword xiu!

Yi Zheng was greatly alarmed. He recognized the origins of this scorpion. Fiend soul beast, this was a fiend soul beast, a vicious being born from the fiendish mist! He had previously been worried that the corrupt grounds would produce something extraordinary, but upon seeing this fiend soul scorpion, he finally realized just how powerful these vicious beings created were!

If Yi Zheng's mind was clear now, his face would be pale and alarmed, but at this moment, his gaze was completely attracted by this odd looking battle.

The expression of the sword xiu was dull, as though he was ill, his movements were slow and his gaze wooden

Every time the enormous pincers of the fiend soul scorpion were about to tear the sword xiu in half, his slow movements would suddenly become nimble, and stop the giant pincer by a hair. The confused expression on the sword xiu's face, the dull and slow responses, and the sudden nimbleness formed a strong contrast and was very weird.

After watching for a few moments, Yi Zheng felt his ling power roil and showed signs of losing control. He paled greatly. In terms of the peacefulness of ling power, dhyana xiu were blessed by the heavens. His ling power was going wild just because he was watching someone else fight?

Yi Zheng started his core scripture before he dared to look back at the battle.

The signs of his ling power escaping his control instantly disappeared.

Yi Zheng exhaled. His eyes returned to the person and scorpion that were fighting. The amazement on his face increased. He looked at the sword xiu as though he was looking at a ghost. Before, he had thought that the sword xiu was in danger, and would be killed at anytime. Now that he saw it clearly, he found to his shock that there seemed to be an

invisible stickiness to the sword xiu's black sword. The vicious fiend soul scorpion was like a puppet manipulated by many strings and was struggling in this invisible force.

A terrifying sword essence!

Yi Zheng could not detect the sword xiu's sword essence at all. At this moment, he admired this sword xiu's strength greatly. It wasn't that he had not encountered sword xiu before, but it was the first time he had seen one so powerful. Also, the other seemed close in age to him. So young and possessing such power, it definitely was an accomplished disciple of a large sword cultivating sect.

Was he a disciple of Kun Lun?

Once he saw the state of the situation clearly, Yi Zheng was not in a hurry anymore, and thought about how he would exchange greetings with the person later. He was slightly stuck. This was his first time off the mountain, and he had no experience to speak of.

However, being able to encounter a xiuzhe in such a dangerous place, Yi Zheng felt his luck was already pretty good.

After a while, the battle still had not finished. Now Yi Zheng saw that something was wrong.

The sword xiu's expression was confused and showed no signs of waking up.

Was he ...

Yi Zheng was daring but paid attention to details. His mind moved. After waiting another moment and seeing the situation did not turn for the better, he thought for an instant and then started to chant in a low voice.

Countless scenes flashed across Wei Sheng's eyes. They were mirages and shadows, but they were also so clear.

The resolution he made as a child, the pursuit of it without fear through dangers, through hardships, sustaining wounds, comprehending the sword

at the waterfall, becoming the Eldest Disciple, drinking alcohol with Zuo Shidi under the stars, the order from the sect

Countless scenes merged together and suddenly formed an enormous net that swept over him.

There was no place to escape or dodge.

The net grew tighter and restrained him. He felt he could not breathe. The feeling of suffocation filled his entire body. He was like a fish in the net. The more he struggled, the tighter the net was.

Why?

Why was it like this?

I only wanted to cultivate the sword

A burst of anger suddenly came from deep in his heart. He was like a beast trapped in a net that struggled fruitlessly.

Why why

It was like a silent shout, a furious bellow.

Why why

He shouted at the top of his lungs, he wailed sorrowfully.

In a daze, he dreamed of a patch of stars. In the dark night, the stars in the sky were numerous. A light wind brushed across an empty wilderness. The faint Blue Sparrow-Tailed grasses swayed in the wind.

A child about seven or eight years old was sleeping amongst the grass. Raising his head to look at the lights streaking across the sky, the tender child voice carried deep amazement. "So beautiful!"

The child jumped up from the grass. The wind brushed across his face and revealed his glittering eyes.

A seed was silently planted in the heart of the child.

The dream was so real, as though he could touch it, but distant like how the moon reflected in the water's surface. At this moment, Wei Sheng was like a statue. He looked dazedly at the child.

Suddenly, something seemed to burst in his heart, and something came forth.

The distance and unfamiliar childhood memory suddenly floated into his mind. Some reasons he had forgotten, those simple thoughts, they were like the Blue Sparrow Tailed grass seeds bursting from their shells, germination, and then growing.

Yes, my dream is to cultivate the sword.

A pure dream, a pure pursuit, a wish that a child made under the stars.

A strange relaxation came into his mind. The feeling of suffocation disappeared without a trace. Wei Sheng looked entranced at the child underneath the stars. A slightly smile came onto his face, and warmth was shoved into his chest.

Yes, it all came from this affection.

The complex and common mortal matters that made him feel helpless seemed so small, so insignificant.

He opened his eyes, his gaze was clear without any impurity.

Ling power suddenly flooded from his dry channels like water sprouting from a spring. When this new ling power passed, the parts of his channels that had been wounded instantly became filled with life like a tree welcoming spring.

The ling power that followed out was endless. In a short period of time, his ling power had reached his best state. However, the ling power showed no signs of stopping. They continued to rush into Wei Sheng's channels, and filled every bit of the channels.

When all of Wei Sheng's channels were filled with ling power, the new ling power started to progress towards his dantian.

Wei Sheng did not stop it. He did not do a thing. But that pair of eyes became even bright in the fiendish mist. It was filled with joy, joy from the heart.

A faint light covered the black sword in his hand.

The fiendish mist around him seemed to suddenly be pushed by an enormous force, pushed far from Wei Sheng and vanished in the blink of an eye.

Yi Zheng gaped as he looked at what was happening and even forgot to continue chanting.

Crack.

The fiend soul beast shattered into dozens of pieces without warning and dropped to the ground. The cuts were peerlessly smooth. Even that pair of unbreakable pincers were dismembered into several sections.

A sword shadow appeared behind Wei Sheng.

The shadow of the sword went from blurry to clear, and continued to grow. In a few dozen breaths, the sword figure was dozens of zhang tall.

The tip of the sword pointed at the sky. It showed no signs of stopping. It broke through the fiendish mist as though it was going to pierce the sky.

Under the colossal sword shadow, Wei Sheng stood majestically.

Thunder rolled through the fiendish mist, tens of thousands of fiend soul beasts howled simultaneously. The blood red sky seemed to boil.

A worldly apparition!

Chapter 362: A Wen Fighting All Out

Huai Boy's head was covered in sweat.

He had solved five of the dozen problems in front of him, but he was stuck on the sixth question. The hourglass beside him did not show any signs of stopping. Seeing the layer of sand at the top half decrease at a visible rate, another layer of sweat appeared on Huai Boy's forehead.

He had never thought that the prison-breaking battle of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard would require him to solve problems. In this era of yao art houses, intermediate yao arts made up the majority of yao arts, working cooperatively in groups was the mainstream. In the history of yao, there had never been such a time when teamwork had been so emphasized. To gather the power of a team to explore yao arts was the dominant method.

The yao art houses that understood this, and could teach their student very well. Analysis and deconstruction were techniques which every student was required to learn. In order to exercise the students' skills, a rich library of problems could not be lacking. In addition to those public question banks, each yao art house had their own question banks.

As one of the top students of a yao art house, solving problems was a task that he was very familiar with and skilled in.

However, his confidence had been quickly crushed in front of the twelve questions of the prison battlefield. Truthfully, when he encountered the third question, he had started to sweat.

These problems were not esoteric. Quite the opposite, these questions were in an area every yao was very familiar with.

Little yao arts!

Even though he was at the sixth question now, it was still a problem about little yao arts.

To Huai Boy, the little yao arts that were the rudimentary and quite distant in his memory. He had finished learning little yao arts before he

had entered the yao art house. How old had he been then?

Six? Seven?

Huai Boy himself couldn't remember it.

However, these problems concerning the simple little yao arts made him feel helpless from the bottom of his heart. The problems that were formulated were not obscure, the ways of thinking were not weird, they were actually open and honest.

This made him feel the failure even more.

He encountered difficulty on simple and straightforward little yao art problems

Huai Boy's face was slightly ashen.

Compared to Huai Boy's nervousness and depression, the spectators outside felt this scene was very boring.

There were no dazzling lights, no murderous presences, no complex and profound changes

The honored prison-breaking battle was a student solving problems yet only Huai Boy could see the problems. They could only be bored and count how many beads of sweat were on Huai Boy's forehead.

The fire-faced person was totally bored and complained, "What are they doing! I thought I could see something major. This long, and it's so boring! If I knew it would be so boring, I wouldn't have gone to the trouble."

"Don't be impatient," Qian Liu could only comfort. "The result will be out soon."

He hadn't expected the prison-breaking battle of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard would be solving problems. He had never heard of such a peaceful and non-violent prison-breaking battle.

"That boy can't do it." The fire-faced person glanced over and snorted coldly, "Strong on the outside and dry on the inside!"

The fire-faced person suddenly changed his way of thinking and had a smile filled with schadenfreude. “Haha, there’s going to be drama to see now!”

“Drama?” Qian Liu did not react in time. Truthfully, he was slightly disappointed too.

“Think about it. The little guy that those old farts taught can’t even outcompete others on solving problems. Won’t their faces be even more ugly than they already are?” The fire-faced person was very smug. “In their style, solving problems is a fundamental skill. If their fundamentals are less than others, haha, is there anything that is more ironic than this?”

Thinking about it, the fire-faced person seemed to visualize the ugly faces of those old people and laughed freely.

Qian Liu finally reacted. The fire-faced person was not wrong. The old farts and the young brats shared a characteristic. They were conceited. Conceited yao always thought highly of their face. If they lost through yao spells, that was not anything major. But if they lost on solving problems, no matter if it was the old guys or the young brats, they definitely would not accept that.

Thinking about it, Qian Liu couldn’t help but feel anticipation.

“Ha, that guy came out!” The fire-faced person was very excited.

Qian Liu took back his thoughts as his eyes landed on the battlefield.

The prison-battlefield resumed its original appearance

Huai Boy dejectedly and woodenly stood in place.

He had failed.

In the fiendish mist, two figures flickered in and out of view.

A Wen’s speed was just slightly less than Zuo Mo’s Light Void Wings. Wearing black armour, it was as if he was a black bolt of lightning. A Wen was able to rival the fiend soul panther’s speed. It had explosive speed and power was. Each impact echoed like thunder.

Everyone's expressions became serious. Shu Long tightly gripped the long ji in his hand, and prepared to give aid at any moment.

Both sides were amazingly fast. Even the members of Vermillion Bird Camp that always aspired towards rapid attacks had slightly changed expressions. Many people were judging inside. Could they retreat unharmed under such an explosive and sharp attack? Other than the small minority that could maintain their calm, the great majority had ugly expressions.

They did not have a grasp of the battle.

The rhythm was so fast it surpassed their imagination!

They gaped with wide eyes at A Wen's light and rapid figure. Was this still the clumsy and slow Guard Camp? One person and one panther were like two bolts of black lightning that chased each other and struggled. The hard spear thrust randomly and could freely pass through the void, far and near without any dead spots. It was unable to be defended against.

The strength of the fiend soul panther also surpassed everyone's expectations. Its speed was not any less, and its strength was greater than A Wen's. The sharp spear that howled as it thrust looked like it would be shattered with a blow. People's hearts felt cold when they saw this. If that blow really landed, they would instantly be crushed into powder.

A Wen hadn't expected this fiend soul panther would be this hard to deal with.

He was much stronger than before, but he still could not do anything to the panther in front of him.

No, he had to battle quickly and not hinder the advance of the troop!

They had just entered the fiendish mist. The monsters that roamed the depths of the fiendish mist would be even more powerful. If he could not defeat this panther, what would he do in the future? Thinking about it, A Wen's presence suddenly became vicious and murderous.

"Hm!" Xie Shan's expression was shocked. Ma Fan also had an astonished expression. They were very sensitive to presence and could

clearly detect A Wen's change.

To kill the other!

Boom!

The red tassel turned to a ball of red fire that enveloped the head of the spear. The black fiendish energy coiled around the pole of the spear and burrowed into the burning spearpoint.

The fiend soul panther showed desire to retreat. It was intelligent. The troop in front of it was enormous and not one he could tear something off. If it was wounded here, it wouldn't just have lost its prey, even it would become the prey of the other fiend soul beasts.

It slowly retreated.

A Wen's eyes were deep black, the black energy shrouding the black armor as the spearpoint burned.

A familiar feeling came. Every time he decided to go all out in the dueling stadium, he would enter this strange state. The killing essence in his body boiled, but the his heart was ice cold. This strange state was the talisman that saved his life and allowed him to fortunately survive so many cruel battles.

This was the first time A Wen decided to go all out after entering Guard Camp.

The contents of [Hardship Guard] flowed like water across his mind. His eyes became even deeper.

The black armour on his body was exquisite and light like it was made from layers of feathers. It was unique in Guard Camp. At this time, the black armour on his body slowly swayed as though it was alive. It caused the people watching to have goosebumps. The layers of metal feathers spread up A Wen's face, and became a mask of small feathers.

Clang clang clang!

There was a string of sounds of iron brushing together like many blades being suddenly pulled out of their sheathes at the same time. Many long

feathers suddenly bounced out of A Wen's black armor. The long feathers were extremely thin, the edges as sharp as knives. In an instant, a vicious and murderous energy sudden spread out.

Arching his body and holding the spear, A Wen's legs were slightly spaced apart as he bent down slightly.

A Wen raised his face. His slender black feathers of his mask had a fine shine that was savage and cold.

The fiend soul panther smelt the scent of danger and retreated even more quickly. In a blink, it disappeared in the fiendish mist.

Just at this time, the steel long feathers that rose up off A Wen's black armour shook simultaneously .A power that could destroy mountains and upend seas instantly passed into his right arm. He yelled under his mask, "Kill!"

The black spear suddenly disappeared from his hand.

Pia!

A light sound of rupture came from the depths of the fiendish mist.

Everyone's expressions changed.

A Wen fell down face first. Before his body could reach the ground, he was caught by a black-armoured hand. It was Shu Long who had managed to get to him.

Xie Shan's figure flashed and burrowed into the fiendish mist. He returned after two breaths, and had a panther on his hands. There was a hole the size of an egg on the fiend soul panther's forehead. The hole penetrated the entire head. On Xie Shan's hands, the fiend soul beast quickly turned into threads of black energy.

Zuo Mo hurriedly ran over to Shu Long. "How is he?"

"No great harm. Just exhaustion," Shu Long said respectfully.

Zuo Mo's heart landed now. He had originally wanted A Wen to test the power of the fiend soul beast. He had not expected this handsome person to have such a fiery personality and actually kill the fiend soul beast.

Everyone was shocked by A Wen's spectacular attack, especially Vermillion Bird Camp that usually had bug eyes. They received the greatest blow. The biggest impression they had of Guard Camp was the [Crow Fiend Mo Kill Formation]. In their views, the individual combat abilities of the Hardship Guards was not strong.

But A Wen's performance today completely flipped their entrenched impressions.

So Guard Camp had already grown to this level!

Zuo Mo's attention was then put onto the fiend soul beast that Xie Shan had taken over. The fiend soul beast quickly dissipated, and only left behind a paw and a bead.

The panther paw was covered in fine scales, and extremely hard. The sharp and curved long claws up to five cun long were the most eye-catching. The bead was the size of a thumb, glowing and transparent. It wasn't ordinary. This was not the time to investigate these items so Zuo Mo carelessly threw them into his ring.

Zuo Mo suddenly raised his head, his eyes as sharp as a sword that pointed straight at the deeper parts of the fiendish mist.

Xie Shan and the others were only a beat behind Zuo Mo. They all raised their heads and looked with shock at the fiendish mist in front of them.

A black tide was quickly spreading from the depths of the fiendish mist towards them with astounding speed. Everywhere it passed, everything turned to black void. This black tide came extremely quickly. In a blink, it came in front of Zuo Mo and the others. The void that seemed endless swallowed everything.

The fiendish mist that was so corrosive turned to nothing.

Zuo Mo's procession seemed to be situated in a void.

At the middle of the void, an enormous sword reaching the sky entered everyone's eyes.

Xie Shan, who was already in jindan, was completely pale now. Like his

tail had been stepped on, he shouted in a high-pitch, “Sword essence!”

Ma Fan, Shu Long and the others had white faces.

Zuo Mo seemed to be struck by lightning. His body freezing suddenly, he dazedly murmured lightly.

“Eldest Shixiong... ..”

Chapter 363: The Prison-Breaking Six

“These are the problems I encountered.” Huai Boy’s mouth felt bitter. He had thought he would become a hero and had unexpectedly ended up with nothing. He had received the heavy blow in a field that he had never thought would cause him trouble. In the next few days, his mind would be quite scattered.

He had memorized the problems, including the unsolved sixth problem.

The other supervisors came over.

“Little yao arts?”

“It is actually little yao arts?”

They all wore shocked expressions. Some people felt it was nothing. How hard could a little yao art problem be? Huai Boy saw the dismissive expressions, but he did not argue.

The noise quickly faded. After a while, everyone started to sweat. No one had a dismissive expression anymore.

In a patch of silence, everyone’s sweat increased.

“This junior’s name is Yi Zheng, a disciple of the Great Buddha Temple,” Yi Zheng rearranged his clothing and respectfully said with a bow. The greeting he gave was one of a junior. The worldly apparition had stunned him. He could clearly feel the difference of the sword xiu’s before and after states.

Was that core formation?

He wasn’t sure, but any breakthrough that was accompanied by a worldly apparition was extraordinary. This was why he had given the bow of a junior even though the other did not look older compared to himself.

Wei Sheng opened his eyes. The ephemeral presence around him suddenly disappeared like it had been brushed away by wind. His eyes became peaceful again like a sharp sword being sheathed so its edges

could not be seen.

But after experiencing that soul-shaking scene, Yi Zheng did not dare to slack off and offend. Even more, he glanced at the remnants of the fiend soul beast that had been cut up into multiple pieces, and his heart tightened.

“I am Wei Sheng, from Wu Kong Sword Sect.” Wei Sheng smiled, his attitude warm and peaceful.

“It’s an honor to meet you at last!” Yi Zheng hurriedly said.

Wei Sheng roared with laughter. “Mine is a small sect. You definitely have not heard of it.”

Yi Zheng instantly became a bit embarrassed. He did not know what it was. Even though this Wei Sheng’s attitude was friendly and warm, but he still felt an invisible pressure. It was this invisible pressure that caused him to do some actions that he usually would not.

“You can just call me Wei Sheng.” Wei Sheng waved his hand. “Not Elder, I don’t want to be old so quickly.”

Yi Zheng instantly felt a predicament, but he had a spark of inspiration. “Big Brother Wei!”

Wei Sheng smiled and did not argue. He asked, “How did you come to this place?”

Speaking of this, Yi Zheng’s face instantly became a bitter gourd. “I don’t know either. I took a mission from my sect and assumed that I could earn some contribution points. I didn’t expect to be this unlucky and get sent to this ghastly place. I probably can’t go back.”

Finishing, he sighed.

“You definitely can go back,” Wei Sheng said. His tone was not strong and it was a sentence that was very ordinary; but when Yi Zheng heard it, he actually believed it.

“We will continue walking forward. Before this, I felt a sword essence in this direction.” Wei Sheng did not waste words. Raising the horse-

chopping sword, he walked forward. Seeing the situation, Yi Zheng hurriedly followed.

The two hadn't walked for a long time when Wei Sheng suddenly stopped walking. An excited expression abruptly came onto his face.

"Big Brother Wei, what is it?" Yi Zheng carefully asked.

Wei Sheng did not answer him, his eyes tightly staring at the fiendish mist in front of him. The excitement on his face grew until even his lips started to tremble. "Li Water sword essence... .. Li Water sword essence Shidi"

The familiar Li Water Sword essence was faintly discernable in the fiendish mist ahead of him.

Wei Sheng unhesitatingly threw out the flying sword. Grabbing Yi Zheng, he stepped onto the horse-chopping sword. He currently wanted to grow wings. Taking a deep breath, he urged the sword with all his power and charge forward.

Qian Liu was staring at the six little yao art problems in front of him. A moment later, he raised his head. "The little guy is a bit interesting."

The fire-faced person asked in wonder. "Little yao art problems? This guy is really creative! I wonder which great master taught this little yao monster." He then snickered. "There is good drama to be seen now. Little yao arts, ha, this slap in the face is really hard!"

Qian Liu did not pay attention to the schadenfreude of the fire-faced person and turned his gaze back to the little yao art problems. He was very curious what the remaining six problems were like. If it was said that he had been slightly curious before, then the six little yao art problems had successfully raised his curiosity.

"Little yao arts" Qian Liu murmured lowly as he thought inside.

In his memory, there had not been any Sky Yao that had such a style in the past eight hundred years. If one went even further back, then it was

the thousand year war. The records from then were very chaotic, and it was the era they had lost the most records on. There were too many yao arts, too many Sky Yao that could not be verified.

“What are you thinking so much for?” the fire-faced person said unconcernedly. “In any case, there is a spectacle to be seen. If you are lucky, maybe you will be able to see the next six problems. Haha, I hope the little brats work hard, so yeye won’t be disappointed!”

Qian Liu helplessly rubbed his forehead. With the fire-person’s rumble, his line of thinking had been interrupted.

However, he agreed with the fire-faced person’s words.

This matter had just started. The good drama hadn’t even come on stage yet.

It was unknown who leaked the information, but the six problems of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard’s prison-breaking battle quickly spread. All the major yao channels were studying these six little yao art problems. When many yao first received these six problems, they were very dismissive. Many yao were even suspicious that these Prison-Breaking Six Problems were fake.

Little yao art problems, what a joke!

But no matter if it was those that were dismissive or curious, what all the yao did when they first received the six problems was strangely similar; they tried to solve them.

They quickly discovered just how laughable and naïve their thinking had been.

At this moment, those spectators that had been so bored outside the prison battlefield finally understood how soul-shaking the seemingly boring prison-breaking battle had been.

Little yao arts were the fundamentals of all yao arts. No yao or school of thought would doubt this. The study of little yao arts had only been of

interest in the yao art houses for a few years before their studied was considered complete. It was not that the yao of the time dismissed little yao arts. It was the exact opposite. They put great importance on little yao arts. Due to this, they had put in great amounts of yao-power and ran through all the permutations of little yao arts. From that onwards, there were almost no new developments in little yao arts. Those with knowledge at the time started to put more effort into intermediate yao arts and high yao arts.

The Prison-Breaking Six Problems seemed to be like throwing six heavy stones into a peaceful pond churning the shores with great waves.

The six little yao art problems, put in their order, went from easy to hard. The first three were extremely easy and did not leave the scope of the present little yao arts. But starting from the fourth question, it went beyond the scope of the general understanding of little yao arts.

Truthfully, Huai Boy was very skilled to have been able to reach the sixth problem. With the aid of his firm foundation, even though there were new transformations, he still used his outstanding intelligence and managed to solve the fifth problem.

But up to here, he could not go any further. His head was filled with the sixth problem. He did not eat or rest, and his mind was scattered.

Higher yao, like Qian Liu, could detect a completely new road from these six problems that increased in difficulty, a road that was completely different than what the general understanding of little yao art was now. This discovery made them happy and filled with curiosity. As yao that cultivated to their level, how could their eyes be shallow?

Presently the six little yao art problems were the most popular topic of study for the yao art houses. The teachers of many yao art houses acted, but they quickly all encountered a roadblock. Consequently, many “Little Yao Art Study Teams” came out of every yao art house like spring bamboo after the rain.

Cang Ze stayed in the corner and didn't dare to breathe. The reason was

very simple. The room was too silent! Staring at the tips of his feet, his heart was a storm. This was definitely the most silent meeting of the Council of Elders in the clan's history.

The elders of great status and power had furrowed brows and did not make any sound.

"What does everyone think?" The one that spoke was the clan leader, Cang Ze's father. However, even though Cang Ze's father was the clan leader, but in this room, Cang Ze did not have a place to sit. In fact, if it wasn't that he had successfully established a dialogue with the master of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, he wouldn't even have had the qualifications to enter this room.

"The Genius Alliance will not rest," an elder said hesitantly. "If we worsen our relations with the Genius Alliance, it won't be good for us."

"Everyone knows that, do you need to waste your breath?" an elder that did not have a good temper snorted coldly. "But he knows [Grey Scar Art]"

"That's what he says, it may not be true."

The room descended into noise. Those that were shouting, those that had faces red, those that were winding up their sleeves to start fighting. Cang Ze released a breath, and felt much more at ease.

The clan leader really could not bear it anymore and said in a deep voice, "Stop!"

The voices finally calmed. The clan leader turned around his face. "Chief Elder, what do you think?"

"Has everyone seen the six problems?" The Chief Elder opened his eyes, his voice was hoarse.

The elders all nodded.

"What does everyone think of these six problems?" the Chief Elder asked directly.

"Pretty interesting."

"Profound."

“Unique.”

The elders chattered.

The Chief Elder shook his head. He waited for everyone to stop talking before he opened, “In my view, these six questions open a new school of thought within Yao arts.”

When these words came out, the others rumbled. No one had expected the Chief Elder to have such a high opinion of the six little yao art problems, but no one doubted the Chief Elder’s judgement. Because his judgement in countless matters had proved that Chief Elder’s eyes were terrifyingly accurate.

“Do we have any relationship with the Genius Alliance?” the Chief Elder suddenly asked.

“No.” The other elders shook their heads together. They might have some power locally, but for them, the Genius Alliance was high up and unreachable.

“Without a relationship, there is no saying that our relations will worsen,” the Chief Elder said faintly. But his authoritative gaze contained a thread of heat. “Everyone seated here today understands what [Grey Scar Art] means to us. There are no free benefits in this world, so everyone should understand there is no profit without risk.”

The Chief Elder suddenly stood. “Does everyone remember their oaths when they entered the council of elders?”

The other elders were excited and simultaneously stood. “Do not dare to forget!”

“We have waited for this chance,” the Chief Elder looked at the old visages of the other elders and sighed deeply, “waited for too long!”

Chapter 364: Reunion

Standing in the middle of the five element sword formation, sweat was flowing down Zuo Mo's back.

A glowing and transparent water-shaped flame jumped silently in the air above the formation. Two opposite presences of icy cold and explosively hot formed an exquisite balance. It was the first time that many people saw Zuo Mo's Li Water Sword essence and they had curious expressions.

In their impression, Zuo Mo during battle was like an ancient wasteland beast, especially his brutal and physical attacks that gave people great shocks. They knew that Zuo Mo had once been a sword xiu but they rarely saw Zuo Mo using a flying sword.

It was true that Zuo Mo had decreased his use of a flying sword, especially after cultivating the Great Day mo physique. All six changes of the Great Day mo physique were extremely powerful, both speed and power were so strong it was almost absurd. The other important reason was that his improvement on sword essence was not very large. He didn't know why. If he cultivated mo skills and yao arts, he advanced a thousand li a day, but when he cultivated sword scriptures, he was just slightly better than the average xiuzhe. He gradually found that the power of the [Li Water Sword Scripture] could not satisfy his demands.

He had even gave the five element sword formation to Vermillion Bird Camp to use to comprehend sword essence.

When he discovered the sword xiu in the fiendish mist was very likely to be Eldest Shixiong Wei Sheng, he instantly started to hurry. What was most important now was to get in contact with Eldest Shixiong. Otherwise, if the two of them moved past each other, it would not be easy to find each other again in this fiendish mist.

The worldly apparition just now should be Eldest Shixiong making a break through.

As expected of Eldest Shixiong, Wei Sheng's talent in the sword wasn't just a bit stronger than his.

The Void sword essence that Eldest Shixiong had released during his breakthrough had given him inspiration. If Eldest Shixiong could detect his sword essence, couldn't he get into contact with Eldest Shixiong? Eldest Shixiong had just made a break through, his energy and mind should be in his best condition, and it would be easier for him to detect the sword essence that was released.

In order to release the strongest sword essence, Zuo Mo even took out his five element sword formation that he had not used for a long time. In the five element sword formation, the water element formation was his Li Water sword essence, and it was perfect for this purpose.

The Li Water Sword Scripture that he had not used for a long time seemed multiple times more difficult to control at the beginning, but he gradually found the feeling.

In the cold and silent water flame sword essence, the explosive power was like the undercurrents beneath the surface of the water. Zuo Mo channeled ling power in and the five flying swords lit up. The sword essence also grew explosively. Zuo Mo's sword essence had not improved, but his ling power and skill in formations were much stronger than before. When he used all his power, the sword essence instantly became large.

Ling power was being used up with astounding speed. Zuo Mo gradually had an expression of effort on his face.

The other people looked on curiously as Zuo Mo set up a formation and casted his sword scripture. They did not understand Zuo Mo's intentions.

After a while, a thin thread-like howl sounded from deep within the fiendish mist as though it came from the horizon. This howl was very weak, but everyone present had pretty good strength and could detect it clearly. All of them were alarmed and readied their guard.

The howl became louder and started to hum. Two breaths later, the sound changed and became thunderous as it neared with terrifying speed!

Xie Shan and Ma Fan paled. Before they could react, a sword xiu on a flying sword appeared out of the air in front of everyone.

The sword xiu stared hard at Zuo Mo inside the sword formation.

Booooooooooooooooooom!

The fiendish mist behind him exploded towards the two sides without any warning. With explosive sounds, a ruler straight and wide passage appeared behind him as though it was opening a road in the fiendish mist.

The air gust and blew, but the figure of the sword xiu did not move at all.

A breath later.

Whoosh!

Like an avalanche, the fiendish mist followed the long path behind the sword xiu.

The tailwind was so strong!

Everyone's desire to fight almost instantly collapsed. No matter if it was Xie Shan in jindan, or Ma Fan that had his sword essence manifestation, or Shu Long that had formed his weapon, their rock-hard mentality cracked a sliver.

The figure appeared first before the sound came. Such speed was shocking to even hear about!

"Is it Shidi?"

"Eldest Shixiong!"

Two voices were filled with joy and emotion as they sounded at the same time.

Wei Sheng jumped down from the flying sword in front of Zuo Mo. After examining him for a moment, he smiled brightly and said, "This appearance is much more pleasing to the eye than before." Lin Qian had a jade scroll that had Zuo Mo's new appearance mirage. This was the first time he had seen Shidi's new face in person. The face in front of his eyes was very unfamiliar but Wei Sheng could still feel the familiar presence. This caused him to smile.

Zuo Mo felt something in his throat, and his nose went sour.

Wei Sheng patted Zuo Mo's shoulder and smiled. He said, "It is a happy occasion for us brothers to gather together. Don't be like a woman."

"Eldest Shixiong should not underestimate me." Infected by Wei Sheng's smile, Zuo Mo puffed out his chest and pretended to be a manly man.

The two looked at each other. Finding the joy in each other's eyes, they laughed together.

None of them had thought that they would encounter each other in this place. The joy at reuniting overcame everything else. The dangerous fiendish mist seemed so adorable right now. The two of them did not worry at all.

The situation at the front line was stabilizing. Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was already completely possessed by yaomo. Previously the jie was like the xiuzhe's backyard, where they hunted yaomo and was now split between the yao and the mo.

Mu Xi looked at the completely transformed Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. She was filled with confidence that the yaomo would achieve the final victory of this war. Wherever she looked, countless war yao trees formed a forest. The air was filled with the poison released by highland hell's bells. Even jindan xiuzhe, if they were careless and their ling power touched the poison, they would be in extreme danger.

Large amounts of dangerous plants almost covered all of the empty ground. For xiuzhe, this was a definitely a swamp. If they entered, they would not come out. But for yao, in this place, their advantages could increase their combat abilities multiple times.

Supposedly, the Council of Elders was inviting some Sky Yao Daren to add another layer of defenses to the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. By that time, the Blood Sky Metropolis Jie would be impenetrable.

In the region that the mo had occupied, they were changing it to grow mo seed sea.

Once the mo seed sea was constructed, it would become a natural

barrier that was almost impossible to cross.

In Mu Xi's view, if the yaomo could construct the defensive line of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, the yaomo would be in an undefeatable position and have the initiative.

From the start of the war until now, the strategic goals of the Council of Elders had been fulfilled remarkably well, and the results were outstanding. The reason that it had proceeded so smoothly was due to the element of surprise. The long peace had numbed the high levels of the large xiuzhe sects, so in this stage of battle, the responses of the xiuzhe were very slow, and they continuously lost.

What would happen next was that the war would enter a state of attrition. This was a cruel and tragic phase. Mu Xi did not dare to underestimate the xiuzhe. On the surface, the yao were dominating, but she knew what they had encountered up until now were the fringe sects of the xiuzhe. She suddenly thought of the youth called Lin Qian and the elite xiuzhe under his command.

Lin Qian had the great mannerisms of a general, and had pointed out her origins from a single sentence. What shocked her was that he was a battle general with abilities comparable to her.

How many battle generals did the xiuzhe have that were like Lin Qian?

She did not know.

In the higher levels of the yao realm, no one assumed that they would easily obtain victory. The xiuzhe had won the thousand year war. They had captured a countless amount of resources. Adding on the development of a thousand years, no one knew how rich they were.

So before starting the war, everyone had prepared for hard battle. However, the victories came easier than expected. She was worried that the string of victories make some of the elders overconfident.

In these few days in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, she occasionally would hear young combat yao in groups that demanded to continue their advance. This place had an over-zealous mood, and showed signs of losing

control. In the following battles, if they relied on the defensive line of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, and turned this place into a meat grinder that would greatly reduce the strength of xiuzhe, and when the final battle came, the yao would have a great advantage.

If they attacked first and lost the strategic advantage of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie's natural barrier, they would end up in an extremely reactive position.

However, she knew her words carried little weight, and could only keep her worries to herself.

It probably was that she was just worried for nothing, she mocked herself inside.

The middle-aged person did not think as deeply as Mu Xi. The busy scene in front of him caused all the blood in his body to boil, and filled with the desire to fight. However, he had been Mu Xi's vice commander for a long time and was very familiar with Mu Xi. He asked in curiosity, "What is Daren thinking?"

"Nothing." Mu Xi shook her head.

Noticing that Mu Xi's mood was not good, the middle-aged person was slightly puzzled but he was wise and did not ask. He switched the top and said with a smile, "Does Daren know? Something big happened recently!"

"What big matter?" Mu Xi said disinterestedly.

"Vast Water Clear Skies was broken, the new prison is called Wasteland Beast Chessboard," the middle-aged person said with a smile.

"Oh." Mu Xi was slightly astonished. Of course she knew of Vast Water Clear Skies. Even though as a battle general, her proficiency with normal yao arts was very average, but she still knew Vast Water Clear Skies. How many years had it been since the last prison-breaking battle?

Seeing Mu Xie finally have an interested expression, the mood of the middle-aged person became slightly better. He narrated, "Supposedly, many people saw that prison-breaking battle. The entire battle was very fierce, but this mysterious youth in the end succeeded. However, the

matter is just beginning. Rumors quickly spread that this youth was challenging the Genius Alliance.”

“Someone is causing trouble.” Mu Xi raised an eyebrow.

“This subordinate thinks the same.” The middle-aged person continued, “But this youth did not come out and refute it. Daren, you also know the personalities of the Genius Alliance.”

“Proud.” Mu Xi unhesitatingly blurted out. She suddenly thought of her younger brother that had the label of a genius. He also was a member of the Genius Alliance. The clan had great hopes for him.

“Daren’s evaluation is very accurate,” the middle-aged person said with a smile. “So how could the Genius Alliance let it rest? They gathered and decided to break the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.”

“The prison-breaking battle should not be activated so easily.”

“Of course, but Genius Alliance is really full of geniuses. One of their supervisors really activated the prison-breaking battle.”

“And then?” Mu Xi asked curiously. Her appetite had been whetted.

“In that prison-breaking battle, the prison battlefield demanded that this Genius Alliance supervisor to solve twelve yao art problems within a required time. At first, this supervisor had a smooth time, but he was left stuck on the sixth question, and in the end, did not complete the prison-breaking battle.”

“Such a pity.” Mu Xi smacked her lips, but her tone was not pitying at all.

“When this supervisor came out, he wrote down these six problems, and this caused a great ruckus.”

“What type of yao art problems are these six yao art problems?” Mu Xi was very sensitive.

The middle-aged person’s expression was slightly strange. “Little yao art problems.”

“Little yao art?” Mu Xi’s face was shocked. Her expression quickly

became weird. She could imagine what expressions those geniuses had when they saw the six little yao art problems.

“These six problems are being called the Prison-Breaking Six Problems. Even though they are little yao art problems, but they are very difficult and of a new perspective. They clearly are of a new school of thought,” The middle-aged person said sternly.

Mu Xi nodded. She understood the difficulty involved.

“Unexpectedly, this matter had new developments yesterday.” The expression of the middle-aged person became strange again.

Chapter 365: Let's Have A Discussion

The sixth problem had been solved.

The news swept through almost all the yao art houses like a strong gust of wind and was as if someone had thrown a spark into a pot of oil.

Originally, the prison-breaking six problems were unexpected and unconventional, but it was not enough to cause everyone to pursue a solution. Even though the conflict between the mysterious prison-breaking yao and the Genius Alliance had been aggrandized, those with some intelligence would not put too much importance on it. The matter clearly a manipulation by someone from the shadows. Everyone watched it with the intentions of witnessing the spectacle and for amusement. No one believed the mysterious prison-breaking yao could defeat the Genius Alliance. Any normal yao would clearly arrive at this conclusion.

So when Huai Boy had succeeded in activating the prison breaking battle, everyone watched but felt it was expected. Everyone had been speculating on when the Genius Alliance would break the prison. One of the Genius Alliance's supervisors had activated the prison-breaking battle. The Genius Alliance had so many supervisors. Breaking the prison was just a matter of time.

The prison-breaking six problems were novel to everyone, and showed everyone a completely different way of thinking. To be able to create something unique in the little yao arts which had been studied so thoroughly, the strength of the mysterious prison-breaking yao could not be underestimated. Some powerful great yao and famed teachers from famed yao art houses gave their praises, and were in agreement that they favored the potential of the mysterious prison-breaking yao and thought his future was limitless.

Even as the prison-breaking six problems increasingly attracted the attention of more and more yao, but in the eyes of the public, this wasn't anything.

Each year, a few brilliant stars would appear and be praised by these so-

called famed teachers, but the great majority would gradually grow dim and lose their standing.

But just as everyone was waiting for the Genius Alliance to make a new move, everyone noticed a strange occurrence.

The solution to the sixth prison-breaking problem had not been announced.

One day, two days, three days

The topic of the mysterious prison-breaking yao vs the Genius Alliance had lost its fervor and interest waned, but there was still no news of the answer to the sixth problem. It wasn't known who first mentioned this strange situation, but it instantly attracted everyone's attention.

Was the sixth problem this difficult?

Everyone had been somewhat disinterested in this matter, but their appetites were whet again.

The people inside the Genius Alliance did not place much importance on this matter. They were full of confidence. Huai Boy had not successfully completed the prison-breaking, but it definitely was a good beginning. Young geniuses? The alliance did not lack geniuses.. Many supervisors were wondrously in consensus over this matter. They did not disturb the higher ranks. They firmly believed that they could solve this matter based on their individual strengths.

Yet when the outside world started to discuss when the answer to the sixth problem would come out, they suddenly found to their shock, that without their notice, they had all been stuck on this problem.

Now everyone was in a hurry.

The branches of the Genius Alliance at each jie changed their lax attitude and quickly formed teams to work together on the problem.

At last, on the ninth day, the answer to the sixth problem came out.

The appetite of the outside world was very high. When the sixth problem's answer came out, it pushed the matter of mystery prison-

breaking yao vs Genius Alliance to the top again. Everyone suddenly found that it wouldn't be so easy for the Genius Alliance to win.

A battle with great power disparity naturally would not be interesting to many eyes. But when the underdog they had thought would lose in one round had endured for ten, left in a better shape than they anticipated and with a glimmer of hope, , the interest of the spectators skyrocketed.

There wasn't just one or two groups that wanted to see the Genius Alliance be left looking like fools.

"We must retaliate!" the supervisor from the Lilium Jie said excitedly. His temper was explosive to start with, and he had been very stimulated by the words from the outside.

"Yes! We have to retaliate!" the other supervisors agree with excited expressions.

When had these proud individuals ever endured so much mockery and disdain? They firmly believed that the Genius Alliance gathered the most outstanding geniuses of the yao. They felt very proud of themselves for being among them.

"Hmph, just took us a few extra days of effort, and all the scum have come out!"

"We have to make them see the reality." Another supervisor shrugged with a helpless expression. "Even if it is a bit cruel."

"What does everyone think? We can't just get beat up like this. When has our Genius Alliance ever lost like this?" the supervisor from the Lilium Jie said.

"Ha, very simple, increase the reward!"

"Yes, brave ones will come for a great reward!"

The yao supervisors had a common enemy and all gave their suggestions towards a plan.

"Everyone contribute a few credits. Once we have a few hundred. I don't

believe that no one in the alliance won't take it! I will contribute ten credit points."

"I will donate twenty!"

The supervisors discussed and felt that this was a good plan. Not every member of the Genius Alliance had an outstanding family to support them. The alliance did not lack members that came from those poor families. The majority of these people that entered the Genius Alliance chose to do so due to the great benefits the Genius Alliance provided. These yao cared about material gain, and not reputation. They usually did not interact with these supervisors, and could be considered to be a clearly separated group.

However, these yao had a fatal weakness, credit points. The credits of the Genius Alliance were really just contribution points. They were able to exchanged all kinds of yao arts and worldly treasures for credit points from the alliance.

When they encountered a troublesome problem, the supervisors instantly remembered these people that they usually looked down upon.

In the corner, Huai Boy did not make a sound. His complexion was fragile, but an indiscernible cold smile floated at the corner of his mouth. These past few days, the other supervisors had been ignoring and shunning him, and he deeply felt how cold people here were. He knew the reason. Many supervisors felt discontented that of all the supervisors it was he that activated the prison-breaking battle. If he had succeeded, he would be a hero and the discontent would have been suppressed. They would have fawned over him. But he was defeated so he became the target of disdain.

He suddenly felt he was slightly laughable.

Why was he together with such an ungenerous and obnoxious crowd that thought highly of themselves?

He silently looked on and smirked coldly inside.

The troop would advance a distance every day.

If they stopped, Zuo Mo would start drinking with Wei Sheng. The alcohol wasn't anything good, but the two were very happy when they drank. They spoke of what happened to them in these few years, reminiscing on the interesting things that happened in their sect in the past.

They sighed.

"Speaking of it, if it wasn't for these incidents, we wouldn't be who we are today." The alcohol was going to Zuo Mo's head. He did not use ling power to suppress the effects of the alcohol. He said with a smile, "Without the troubles and worries in the past, how could Shixiong's sword heart be so strong? Without the dangers along this road, I don't know in which little corner I would be in trying to pass the days. I'd probably be just farming ling fields or something."

"Right!" Wei Sheng gulped down a large mouthful of alcohol, and allowed the excess liquid to freely flow down along his neck. He suddenly said, "Shidi, what is your goal?"

"Goal?" Zuo Mo stilled. He tilted his head and thought for a while. Then he counted on his fingers as he said, "First, heal A Gui, and then investigate my origins. However, this second matter cannot be forced. I don't have too much hope. Most importantly, make more jingshi and give everyone good days so I do not fail them for choosing to accompanying me through these dangers."

"Haha!" Wei Sheng gave a booming laugh. "Apart three days, I have a different view of you! Shidi in the past was the one most afraid of trouble. You now have great goals. Good, good!"

Zuo Mo's face blushed at Wei Sheng's words. "What great ambitions? I'm unable to get off the horse! Shixiong, don't laugh at me!"

"This is good!" Wei Sheng put down the wine pouch in his hand and said seriously, "I always felt that Shidi did not lack talent, but your personality was somewhat carefree. Now that Shidi has resolve, you naturally will have accomplishments. Even our sect cannot compare at all to the

followers that Shidi has now.”

“What about Shixiong? What goals do you have?” Zuo Mo asked curiously.

“Me?” Wei Sheng thought for a second and suddenly gulped wine. When he put down the pouch, his expression was grave. “In this life, I pursue the pinnacle of the sword!”

Wei Sheng’s words were strong and steely without any hesitation or fright!

“Good!” In Zuo Mo’s sea of consciousness, Pu Yao couldn’t resist praising.

Threads of admiration came into Zuo Mo’s heart. He recalled the jade scroll that Eldest Shixiong had given him that recorded the hardships that Eldest Shixiong encountered in his search for the sword. They flowed past his eyes. Of all the people he ever encountered, in terms of determination, Eldest Shixiong was undoubtedly ranked first.

Only people like Eldest Shixiong were able to walk to the peak of the sword path!

Zuo Mo was shocked and admiring, but when the words reached his mouth, they became “Shixiong, let’s have a discussion?”

“Discussion? What matter?” Zuo Mo’s change was so sudden that Wei Sheng did not have the time to react.

“Shixiong pursues the sword path, how can it work without true combat? Combat is the best way to advance!” Zuo Mo lowered his face and did not disguise his true expression. He snickered and said fawningly, “How about we go together, I’ll provide food, shelter, and jingshi! Shixiong, don’t worry, we lack for everything, but we won’t lack for fighting! We will definitely satisfy Shixiong and make it extremely fulfilling! That sword path comprehension, experience, they will rise, and be unable to be stopped even if you want it too! If you are lucky, you might get an intimate friend of the fairer sex, a sword couple in paired cultivation, and to seek the path together! Didn’t they say something like the warm home is the hero

something? Oh oh oh, Shixiong is a true and honest person, and naturally will not be affected by beauty”

Wei Sheng gaped and did not realize the alcohol was spilling on to his body.

Zuo Mo continued to talk for a while until his throat was dry. He finally stopped and took a gulp of alcohol to moisten his throat before he asked Wei Sheng with a strong face, “Shixiong, your opinion?”

Wei Sheng pointed at Zuo Mo and laughed. “To hope that a lazy guy like you would be serious is like hoping a sow can climb up a tree.”

It seemed that he hadn’t put in enough effort!

Seeing this, Zuo Mo took a large gulp of alcohol, moistened his throat and prepared to start again.

A crisp voice came into Zuo Mo’s ears. Zuo Mo who had been preparing his emotions and preparing to start persuading again and didn’t react in time and almost spat out the alcohol.

“What?”

Choked by the wine, Zuo Mo had dead fish eyes as he turned to look at Wei Sheng.

Wei raised the alcohol pouch and put it in front of Zuo Mo. He smiled freely. “Yes!”

Zuo Mo was overjoyed when he reacted. Raising his alcohol pouch, the two pouches collided together.

That night, Zuo Mo dreamed off Shixiong as a giant that killed in all directions at the front, and he was at the back and furiously counting jingshi with a dumb smile on his face. So much jingshi, he couldn’t count it all

Chapter 366: Yi Zheng of the Great Buddha Temple

Opening his eyes, Zuo Mo felt a splitting headache. He finally recalled that he and Shixiong had drank all night and apparently had gone crazy later on, singing and dancing. He didn't even know how they had finally passed out.

He struggled up and walked out of the room. The outside was still misty.

Not far away, Xie Shan was respectfully asking Wei Sheng for advice. He occasionally nodded and was as obedient as an underling. Zuo Mo lifted the corners of his mouth and silently snickered. It must have been that Shixiong's worldly apparition that had had deeply shocked Xie Shan.

Zuo Mo did not disturb the two and randomly walked about. The five slave transporting boats were placed apart and formed an enormous circle around the campsite.

Having suddenly added a strong member, everyone's morale grew. They put even more effort into their daily cultivation. The worldly apparition when Wei Sheng had his breakthrough hadn't shocked just Xie Shan.

A Wen had awoken. Thinking about how the fiend soul beast had forced him into such a state, and especially in front of Boss, he was very dejected. Starting early in the morning, he started to run around the campsite wanting to encounter another fiend soul beast to defeat. The warlike Tenth Grade was not willing to fall back and tightly followed behind.

Lil' Pagoda and Lil' Fire affectionately nudged A Gui. A Gui was wooden and would only respond once in a while. Whenever it happened, Lil' Fire and Lil' Pagoda would be very excited. Silly Bird raised her head high, and stalked around with her unique bird walk as she passed majestically beside Zuo Mo without even glancing at him. For some unknown reason, Zuo Mo's heart was filled with warmth. His mood seemed full of sunlight and was unusually bright. Even the blood-red sky seemed to become much more amicable.

He suddenly remembered that the fiend soul beast A Wen had killed had left behind a paw and a bead. He hurriedly took them out. The paw was as hard as steel, deep black and shiny. The claws on the paw were especially sharp. When he gently swiped it against the ground, it created five deep scratches. With Zuo Mo's eyes, he was unable to distinguish what kind of material it was.

"This is a fiend heavy weapon, very rare. It is a natural weapon. It is the first time I have seen a fiend heavy weapon of such quality. You brat, you really have good luck. Only a vicious fiendish land sealed for tens of thousands of years like this can form such powerful fiend soul beasts, and produce these kind of fiend heavy weapons."

Pu Yao was filled with emotion.

Zuo Mo waved the paw around a bit, and felt it was not very comfortable. He said, "This is probably worth a lot of jingshi."

The emotional Pu Yao stopped breathing. His temple throbbed. He forcibly suppressed himself. "This isn't for xiuzhe use, it's for yao."

Zuo Mo was very disappointed, and his expression was disinterested. If something could not be traded for jingshi, how could it be considered good? He had so many subordinates that cultivated a mo skills, but there were none that cultivate the yao arts. Wait, he suddenly thought of the flower slaves in Guard Camp. Didn't they cultivate yao arts?

"They can't use them." Pu Yao finally learned the joy of beating down Zuo Mo's hopes, and drawled, "What they cultivate is the [Flower Yao Coexistence Art]. Their weapon is the ling flower in their bodies. Oh, they should be called yao flowers now. Fiend heavy weapons are vicious things, they are not something that normal yao can use."

Could not be traded for jingshi, none of his subordinates could use it, and neither could normal yao

Was this just trash?"

Without another words, Zuo Mo threw it into the ring, and picked up the bead.

“Hmm, this is something good!” Zuo Mo became alert. He didn’t understand something like the fiend heavy weapon, but he could recognize this bead.

Normal fiend souls would have a thread of soul base source. How could fiend soul beasts not have any? This bead was their core, and inside was a huge amount of soul base essence that was extremely pure. Upon further thought, Zuo Mo understood. These fiend soul beasts were formed from fiend souls. They consumed other fiend souls and continuously grew. It would take at least a hundred thousand fiend souls to form a fiend soul beast. Fiend souls beasts had a basic intelligence and instinctively understood how to cultivate the rudimentary spells of the fiendish energy.

No one had disturbed this ancient battlefield for tens of thousands of years. The fiend souls formed here had experienced the cruelest slaughter. It could be imagined how strong their soul was.

Zuo Mo instantly found that the “fishing” they had been so proud of before was really very inefficient and idiotic

Out of the corner of his eyes, he coincidentally saw Gongsun Cha coming over. His body flashed and he jumped next to Gongsun Cha. Before Gongsun Cha could relax, he shoved the bead into Gongsun Cha’s mouth.

With a moment of inattentiveness, Gongsun Cha’s eyes bulged out as he was tricked. One breath later, Lil’ Miss’ shy face that originally had a faint blush became completely red.

Gongsun Cha’s entire body quickly became red. He pointed with a trembling finger at Zuo Mo but could not say a word.

His eyes suddenly widened, and then he ran away.

“Haha!”

Behind him was Zuo Mo’s heartless laughter.

The fiend heavy weapon was useless, the core bead was used to trick Lil’ Miss, Zuo Mo suddenly felt that there was nothing to do. The troop was temporarily resting at this spot. Through Shixiong’s description, Zuo Mo

knew that the size of this fiendish mist surpassed his imagination. The native beings that he had originally thought were present turned out to be Eldest Shixiong. Now he wasn't in a rush to advance.

“Golden soul! Did you forget Golden Soul?” Pu Yao couldn't resist reminding.

Zuo Mo hit his head. Right, how could he forget that matter.

Yi Zheng's shock grew. He might not be a core disciple of Great Buddha Temple, but he had rudimentary knowledge. Great Buddha Temple was already a strong sect in their jie but ...

His eyes swept across those xiuzhe working hard at their cultivation. Even though it was not the first time he saw them, his heart couldn't resist jumping. The cultivations of these xiuzhe were not high, and their ningmai cultivation were comparable to the normal disciples of the temple. However, if the disciples of the temple had a conflict with these group of people, not even their bones would remain!

This was killing intent!

Killing energy that made his heart beat rapidly. Elite! This word suddenly jumped into his head. Only those elite that had experienced hundreds of bloody fights would have such concentrated killing energy.

The temple also had these kind of elite dhyana soldiers. He had seen them before. Those dhyana soldiers did not have high individual cultivation. One would only know how strong they were only when one fought them. They were vicious and battle hardened, and did not care about sustaining wounds. Yi Zheng had once been completely suppressed by a dhyana soldier with a cultivation lower than his own. In the following five on five match, they had not even lasted for twenty breaths before they lost.

If it wasn't that it was a match with the sect, they would have died.

“This shixiong, greetings.”

A warm and gentle voice sounded from behind him.

Yi Zheng's mind shifted. Turning around, joy instantly came onto his face. He was facing a dhyana xiu. This troop actually had dhyana xiu! Yi Zheng carefully examined the other. Even though the other was not wearing a monk robe and a kasaya, but the trace of a dhyana xiu aura could not be faked. He instantly felt much closer to the other and hurriedly returned the greeting. "This little monk gives greetings!"

"This little brother is Zong Ru. If Shixiong has any matters, you can find me." Zong Ru had a faint smile hanging on his face.

Yi Zheng felt astonished inside. The other's cultivation was not lower than his. Dhyana xiu emphasized their Samadhi skill the most. He gave a slight smile as well, and bowed deeply. "Shixiong is too courteous. This little brother is of low cultivation, I am currently lost and in need of help. Please, Shixiong, take care of me."

"Everyone is together in this dangerous land. Helping each other is rational." Zong Ru smiled and waved his right hand. "Why don't we go this little brother's room. If Shixiong has any questions, please ask there."

"Yes!" Yi Zheng hurriedly said.

He followed behind Zong Ru and walked as xiuzhe occasionally bowed to Zong Ru along the way. He thought inside, it seemed that this Zong Ru Shixiong had a high status among this group.

Zong Ru's room was very simple. Other than the two meditation mats, there were no other objects.

"A simple place, you have seen a joke," Zong Ru said with a smile.

"No, no! Shixiong's place is perfect for the serene Samadhi path. This little brother feels admiration," Yi Zheng hurriedly said.

Zong Ru smiled. "Which sect does Shixiong come from? Where did you cultivate before?"

Yi Zheng thought inside that the true aim had come out. He answered, "This little monk is a disciple from Great Buddha Temple, and cultivated

at He Residence Mountain before.”

“Great Buddha Temple?” Zong Ru made a sound and suddenly thought of something. He asked with shock, “Great Buddha Temple of Temple Sea Jie.”

“Shixiong knows this humble temple?” Yi Zheng slightly let out a breath at the other’s shock. To his shock, he found that everything he had seen in this day and night had unconsciously put pressure on him.

“Ha ha, the honored temple’s [Great Buddha Dhyana Records] is one of the Eight Great Dhyana records of Xuan Kong Territoires and is renowned. This little brother may be sheltered and ignorant but still knows the honored Great Buddha Temple.”

Yi Zheng did not feel any smugness. If it really was like the other had said, Zong Ru would not have made a sound like he did. His mind shifted. “Where did Shixiong learn?”

Zong Ru gave a reminiscent expression. He said with a smile, “Speaking of that, I’m not afraid Shixiong would laugh. This one has no teacher. This one only encountered a master in the past that passed on some basic dhyana spells.”

Yi Zheng did not believe it. Zong Ru’s cultivation was clearly not weaker than his, and his Samadhi skill was even deeper. The study of any other spells could have the possibility of a shortcut, but not Samadhi. Even if it was a fundamental, but there was no room for shortcuts. Zong Ru’s ling power ripples were as deep and steady as the ocean. His Samadhi skill was clearly very high.

Seeing Yi Zheng’s expression, Zong Ru understood. He did not explain. “Shixiong has come from the Xuan Kong Territories, we have come from the Kun Lun Territoires. There are thousands of li between us. It is a matter of dhyana karma that we have met on this ancient battlefield.”

Yi Zheng nodded. “Shixiong’s words are great kindness!” He already believed the words. Almost all the dhyana xiu temples of the world gathered in the Xuan Kong Territories. The Kun Lun Territories were famed for their sword xiu. He had never heard of them having a large

dhyana xiu temple.

Upon closer examination, he found that while Zong Ru had deep dhyana cultivation, but it was possible to see signs of age and hardship between the brows. He clearly had gone through hardships in his cultivation. The dhyana xiu disciples of large temples did not like luxury, but they did not have to worry about material things. They could rest their hearts and cultivate their dhyana, and it was rare for them to have hard times.

He suddenly thought of the “ancient battlefield” that Zong Ru had just mentioned, and couldn’t help but ask, “This is an ancient battlefield?”

“En. We came in from the outer fringes, and saw many corpses and bones along the way. But it has been too long, and they would disintegrate when touched. Daren said that this ancient battlefield is tens of thousands of years old.” Zong Ru did not conceal it.

“Tens of thousands of years?” Yi Zheng’s expression shifted, and then he sank into thousand, “Ten thousand years ancient battlefield ancient battlefield”

The Great Buddha Temple was one of the Eight Great Temples. With a long history, it had many temple records. He thought back and tried to recall what records would match this.

Seeing Yi Zheng in deep thought, Zong Ru did not hurry him and patiently waited.

A long while later, Yi Zheng suddenly murmured in a low voice, “Can it be can it be”

Deep terror suddenly appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 367: Illusory Formations and Qinghua Zang Shui

Nan Yue looked helplessly at Cang Ze who was beside her.

A few days ago, this guy had found her and was sticking to her without moving a step away. No matter how she tried, she couldn't get him to go away. Fortunately, his attitude was respectful and he was not impolite. When Nan Yue had the time, she would come to the Wasteland Beast Chessboard to wait for Daren. Cang Ze also waited alongside her.

Daren had not appeared for many days.

Did something happen? Nan Yue was slightly worried.

But this strong female yao did not show her worries in her expressions. In front of Cang Ze, she was always steady and composed. She had never felt the days were so hard to go through. When each piece of news surfaced, her heart would tighten.

The prison-breaking battle was activated, the sixth problem was solved, the challenge from the Genius Alliance

She lived every day with a rapidly drumming heart. She never doubted Daren's strength because she never believed that Daren could defeat the Genius Alliance. But she would still be worried.

No matter how strong the Genius Alliance was, what did it have to do with her? She was Daren's follower!

Just as she was panicking, a familiar voice came from behind her. "This is where you are."

Hearing this voice, Nan Yue almost cried. She suppressed the urge and said with a lowered head, Daren."

"How was your recent cultivation?" Zuo Mo asked. He glanced at Cang Ze at the side.

Nan Yue instantly stammered. Her mind distracted with all kinds of news these past days, how could she be in a mood to cultivate?

Zuo Mo creased his brow and did not blame her. He asked curiously, “What happened?” In his eyes, Nan Yue was a cultivation obsessed person, no, a cultivation obsessed yao. It was really abnormal for her to neglect cultivating.

Nan Yue instantly felt ashamed and wanted to find a crack in the ground to burrow into. “Daren, it’s the matter of the Genius Alliance”

Nan Yue, Nan Yue, you are too weak, just this minor bit of news, and you cannot cultivate! She was filled with self-blame.

“Genius Alliance?” Zuo Mo paused. His first response was, what a grandiose name! His second response was, “What is that?”

What is that

Nan Yue’s tongue tied up and she did not know how to reply. At the side, Cang Ze’s expression was also strange.

“Daren has not heard of Genius Alliance?” Cang Ze probed.

“No.” Zuo Mo shook his head. “Very strong? Do they have Sky Yao?”

Cang Ze swallowed. “They did before. In their history, the Genius Alliance produced”

“Oh.” Zuo Mo realized. “So they had ancestors who were.”

Cang Ze swallowed the words that reached his mouth, his expression abject.

Out of caution, Zuo Mo secretly asked Pu Yao, “Have you heard of this Genius Alliance?”

Pu Yao didn’t even bat an eye and said irritably, “Don’t bother me with these insignificant nobodies.”

Seemed that this wasn’t a famous faction. Zuo Mo silently judged according to Pu Yao’s response.

“Have they made trouble for you?” Zuo Mo’s courage grew and his tone was slightly unfriendly.

“No” Nan Yue weakly replied. She hesitated before saying, “They are

trying to find trouble with you.”

“Me?” Zuo Mo pointed at his nose as he asked in shock.

Nan Yue quietly narrated the cause. Looking at Daren’s attitude, he did not seem to know the Genius Alliance. Her explanation was very detailed. However, how could Daren not know Genius Alliance? How could there be a yao that did not know the Genius Alliance?

“Understood.” Zuo Mo nodded and smacked his lips. With a dismissive face, he made his final conclusion. “They don’t have the skills, and dislike people that earn more than they do!”

Seeing Nan Yue’s face was still worried, he waved his hand and said, “Why care about them? A deranged group! Putting so much effort into prison-breaking, there isn’t any money there.. Full of it and have nothing better to do.”

Nan Yue and Cang Ze’s expressions were strange. At this time, they could not find the words to describe their current mood.

Daren was really deep and profound!

“Hee hee! It really is full of it and they have nothing better to do!” A sweet voice passed over. A shapely body appeared in everyone’s field of view. The tight evening dress highlighted her curvaceous body, the full and soft chest almost bursting out, the hair styled in a high up-do and revealing the snowy-white neck. A faintly discernable smile on the face, was highly seductive. There was a small mole at the corner of her red and moist lips that added a hint of enchantment.

Cang Ze and Nan Yue were dazed.

This female yao was like a burning flame that could melt people’s bones.

This restless feeling was a bit familiar

Zuo Mo was dazed for a moment and then was furious. She dared to use illusions!

The tragic memory that the paper crane female had left on him back on Wu Kong Mountain surfaced in his mind. Ge hates illusory techniques the

most!

The furious Zuo Mo did not hesitate to give a powerful counterattack.

His hands secretly made a move, [Little Thousand Leaf Art–Bone-Crushing Obscuring Flash]!

A invisible wind spread in ripples.

The female yao seemed to be heavy struck. Her body shook, and her face paled as she gave a delicate cry of pain. Her expression was pained, her brow slightly creased, her eyes unfocused. On the slightly bent body, the snowy white mounds on her chest moved. Even the delicate cry was seductive and caused people's hearts to heat up.

Cang Ze's breathing suddenly became heavy as his eyes turned red. Nan Yue also felt her body was unusually heated. She felt the female in front of her was overbearingly beautiful.

Such a powerful illusory technique!

Still not giving up?

Zuo Mo glared and his anger increased. His hand gave three [Bone-Crushing Obscuring Wind]! [Bone-Crushing Obscuring Wind] was the ninth move of Little Thousand Leaf Hands. After the encounter at Hundred Flower Alliance, Zuo Mo had relentlessly urged Pu Yao to teach him a move of Little Thousand Leaf Hands that specialized in breaking illusory techniques.

He hadn't thought he would encounter such a powerful illusory technique the first time he used it!

Three bursts of wind hit the female yao at the same time. The female yao's eyes suddenly straightened as though she was struck by lightning. Her hairdo exploded. As her locks fell down, a stream of blood came from the corner of her mouth.

“You”

The hate filled and piercing voice suddenly stopped. The light flashed on her body and she disappeared. She had been pushed out of the Wasteland

Beast Chessboard by Zuo Mo's fourth [Bone-Crushing Obscuring Wind].

Zuo Mo finally released a breath. Turning his face, he saw Cang Ze and Nan Yue look dumbly at him, and warned them gravely, "This female's illusory technique is very powerful! You have to be very careful! Do not fall for it!"

Illusory technique

Nan Yue and Cang Ze looked at each other in confusion. They still did not know what had happened. Where had there been an illusory art?

Had there really been a powerful illusory art?

Cang Ze's heart was filled with regret. It was the first time he had seen such a seductive being! Such a pity. But why would she cast an illusory art?

Even though he was filled with regret, Cang Ze finally calmed down and felt that Zuo Mo was even more powerful. It definitely was a very powerful illusory art if he hadn't detected it at all. Daren's strength was, as expected, immeasurable!

He suddenly rejoiced slightly that the council of elders had made a correct decision.

"Daren!" he said with unusual respect.

"Un-huh." Zuo Mo was still immersed in the satisfaction from defeating the illusory technique with the [Bone-Crushing Obscuring Wind]. Zuo Mo knew some of the Little Thousand Leaf Hands. At the beginning, Pu Yao had taught him five moves, and then periodically taught a few more here and there. However, Zuo Mo always felt that the effect of Little Thousand Leaf Hands was average, even less than the [Sky Glass Wave] and was far cry from the Great Day mo physique.

However this time, he experienced the exquisiteness of Little Thousand Leaf Hands. If he was familiar with the move, he would have defeated the other's illusory technique with one [Bone-crushing Obscuring Wind]. Would he have needed to cast it four times? Zuo Mo finally recalled that the Great and Little Thousand Leaf Hands were created by a Sky Yao, and

naturally was extraordinary.

Hmph, just a half-learned illusory technique and dare to show off in front of ge, they don't want to live.

If she knew ge's glorious battles in illusory formations, she definitely wouldn't dare. Before ge learned [Bone-crushing Obscuring Wind], ge still defeated the illusory technique of the Hundred Flower Alliance.

Zuo Mo felt very proud. The only grudge he had left was the paper crane girl. If he encountered the paper crane girl now, he would definitely pin her down on the ground and then beat her until her head swelled like a pig's head, get a batch of jingshi off her, and then use a similar illusory technique on her before letting her go.

"Daren." Cang Ze did not discover that Zuo Mo was still in his fantasy and said with the utmost respect. "The clan has agreed to give Daren ten Golden Souls annually as tribute!"

"Good!" Zuo Mo refocused and was overjoyed. He hurriedly asked. "When will you give the Golden Souls to me?"

Cang Ze suddenly had a feeling that he seemed to have met a conman. Daren wasn't a conman, right? He muttered inside but did not show any of it on his face. He carefully reminded, "Daren, do you remember, the [Grey Scar Art]?"

"Oh, right, wait a moment." Zuo Mo hurriedly found Pu Yao.

Pu Yao's eye at this moment was like a hungry wolf that gleamed eerily. He stared at Zuo Mo for a while without a word.

Zuo Mo's hair rose under his gaze. He muttered inside, was Pu Yao also going to cast an illusory technique?

Pu Yao stared at Zuo Mo for a while before shaking his head and saying to himself, "Black-hearted, really black-hearted!"

Speaking of this, Zuo Mo's spine instantly became straight. He instantly said, full of disdain, "Getting the benefit and you still complain. If you feel it's black, take one less Golden Soul!"

Pu Yao's mouth was instantly tightly closed.

"Right, the more we make, the more we can divide." Zuo Mo had an expression like he was teaching a child. He reached out. "Give it."

"What?" Pu Yao instinctively asked.

"Grey Scar Art. Don't you want the Golden Souls?"

"Oh." Pu Yao instinctively threw a ball of light at Zuo Mo.

"And give me that [South Sky Arrow Art] along with it so I don't have to run over again."

"Oh." Another ball of light.

Zuo Mo contentedly left the sea of consciousness before Pu Yao could react.

You antique from thousands of years ago, how can you fight with ge? Don't you know that ge is the sun at eight or nine? The present is ge's, the future is ge's, all of it is ge's!

Before the satisfied Zuo Mo could make the transaction, a cold voice interrupted. "You are the master of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

A male yao covered in blue marks stared coldly at Zuo Mo.

The master of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard?

Zuo Mo rolled his eyes but did not answer him. He asked Cang Ze. "When will we carry out the transaction?"

The blue yao swept Cang Ze and said neutrally, "The Grey Clan is very daring to dare be enemies against our Genius Alliance!"

Cang Ze's pupils suddenly shrunk. "Genius Alliance? Sire, who are you?"

"Qinghua Zang Shui," the blue yao said faintly.

Cang Ze's body shook and a layer of fine sweat began to cover his forehead.

His business disturbed, Zuo Mo instantly became discontent. He flipped his hand, and a little stool appeared. He shoved it in front of the blue yao.

“Hold this.”

“En?” Qinghua Zang Shui looked with puzzlement at the stool made from yao arts. His gaze flashed. It was very rough and simple. Was he planning to compete in yao arts?

Zuo Mo pointed. “There, take the stool. Go to the corner and draw circles.”

Qinghua Zang Shui’s indigo face instantly became red. In an instant, his mind turned blank.

Humiliated, he had actually been humiliated!

Chapter 368: Battle of Tongues

As the exceptional successor of the young generation of the Blue Flower Family, Qinghua Zang Shui had an talent unrivalled within the clan. Cloud Ridge Blue Flower had been a famed and influential clan that flourished for thousands of years and never declined. Each generation had outstanding descendants. If they went back a few hundred years, the Blue Flower Clan had occupied a seat on the Council of Elders that oversaw the entire yao world.

The present Blue Flower did not have the status of its past, but it was still a large sect that was firmly established and admired. Compared to them, the Grey Clan was just a wild, little clan from some backwater mountain, so when Cang Ze heard the other's name, he instantly became silent.

Usually, just based on the words "Cloud Ridge Blue Flower," Qinghua Zang Shui could charge recklessly anywhere. When had he ever been humiliated so?

When had the Blue Flower Family ever been humiliated like this?

Qinghua Zang Shui was so ashamed that he could die. A burst of hot blood rushed into his head. His eyes glaring, he pointed at Zuo Mo and gritted, "Those that humiliate my Blue Flower Family shall die!"

Zuo Mo rolled his eyes. "Are you mental? Am I humiliating your Blue Flower Family?"

"So-you" The anger in Qinghua Zang Shui's chest calmed slightly before he was interrupted by Zuo Mo.

"Who I am humiliating is you." Zuo Mo looked at Qinghua Zang Shui like he was looking at an idiot and said mockingly, "Just a person like you, you aren't ashamed to be called a genius? Don't come out to frighten people? Oh, you definitely want to kill me right now, I know this. So, people like you only have this little bit of patience, only this bit of breadth of chest! Compete with me?" He suddenly increased his volume. "What qualifications do you have to compete with me? Does the Blue Flower

Family have more face than other people? You who eats soft rice, go and break the prison. Don't bother me before you break the prison. Ge is very busy, understand?"

Qinghua Zang Shui's face flushed turned black and then white. His entire figure wavered unsteadily.

Puh!

Qinghua Zang Shui's blurred figure suddenly exploded into a ball of light and disappeared.

Zuo Mo shook his head and sighed. "He is mentally weak, his mind is really low in quality!"

Turning around his face, he looked at the gaping Nan Yue and Cang Ze. He said, "Ooh, let's continue."

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

A shriek filled with fury came from the room. Ji Cheng stopped in his steps and then forced himself to push open the door. Pia! An extremely fine crystal decoration smashed loudly beside his feet into countless pieces.

Ji Cheng did not dare to block the shrapnel and allowed the crystal shards to hit his body. He wore a smile as he said in a fawning tone, "Sis, what is the matter? Who made you so angry? I'll go beat him up! Grind his bones into powder, skin him and pluck out his tendons"

His voice suddenly stopped. Ji Li Yu stared fiercely at him.

Woah!

Old Sis's angry face was filled with killing intent. In that pair of eyes that enchanted countless male yao was burning fire!

Heavens! Ji Cheng felt his scalp tighten. He had never seen Old Sis so angry ever. He didn't know which pitiful person had infuriated Old Sis. So pitiful!

In her anger, Old Sis did not recognize anyone. Ji Cheng was filled with regret. Why had he been so dumb to stare down the barrel of this gun.

Ji Cheng knew the time to show his loyalty had come. He pretended to be angry and said, "Sis, don't be so anxious! I'll go send for people! They dare to provoke my sis, they must not want to live!"

Ji Li Yu stared at Ji Cheng for a while, which caused Ji Cheng's hairs to stand up.

"Alright! Don't act in front of me!" Ji Li Yu snorted coldly and sat down. There was still anger on her face, but she finally calmed down. She propped up her chin, and it was unknown if she was in a daze or considering something.

Ji Cheng released a deep sigh inside. The most dangerous moment had past. However he knew that if he left at this time, he would definitely receive retribution. He carefully and curiously went forward. "What happened?"

Which saint had caused Old Sis to be so furious? That skill wasn't just high! Ji Cheng was full of admiration towards this unknown expert to the point of kowtowing to his or her skills. Of course, he didn't dare to show any of it on his face.

"My [Charm Clothing] was defeated." Ji Li Yu said lightly.

"Ah!" Ji Cheng was stunned. He was sincerely concerned now. "Are you wounded?"

"No."

Ji Cheng released a breath but still wasn't able to believe it. "How is it possible? How can [Charm Clothing] be defeated?"

The Ji Family's [Sky Clothing] was full of transformations and was one of the few remaining earth level yao arts in the yao world. Many of the parts had been previously lost. Afterwards, the Ji Family had founded the Sky Clothing Yao Art House. Under accumulation of research and study over years, they finally recovered the original appearance. There were nine transformations of the Sky Clothing, [Charm Clothing] was one of them.

But compared to the [Emperor Clothing] and [Domination Clothing] of the Ji Family, those that knew the [Charm Clothing] were the least common. Of the generations of Ji Family disciples, there were rarely those who cultivated the [Charm Clothing]. The conditions to cultivate [Charm Clothing] were extremely strict. It demanded that the one cultivating it was naturally beautiful with a flawless consciousness; but the most important part was that their heart had to be as clean as jade and untainted. The purer the heart, the stronger the power was in their hands.

Even in the Ji Family, it was one of the most tightly guarded secrets that Ji Li Yu had successfully cultivated [Charm Clothing]. There were less than five people who knew. The most powerful quality of the [Charm Clothing] was that it was intangible and invisible as it affected others. It was one of the best illusory arts.

Using the power of the [Charm Clothing], Ji Li Yu lived a really a good life. Ever since she was little, she was someone who had always been liked by all. After entering the yao art house, she became blinding and dazzling, she was the dream lover of countless young and accomplished yao. The second year she entered the yao art house, she entered the Genius Alliance and received attention from the leader of the Genius Alliance, Ming Yue Ye. The third year, she entered the Genius Alliance council of elders and became the youngest elder in the Alliance's history. After becoming the youngest elder of the Genius Alliance, she was appointed by Ming Yue Ye as the Relations Minister of the Genius Alliance and was specifically in charge of recruiting talent.

She had completely utilized the powers of the [Charm Clothing]. These years, she had outstanding results, and her seat as an elder was rock solid.

Even as the successor of the Ji Family and someone stronger, Ji Cheng still lived in her shadow.

No one other than Ji Cheng who also cultivated [Sky Clothing] knew how powerful [Charm Clothing] was. From a certain perspective, it was a nearly undetectable illusory art, and its effects directly gripped the heart. He had personally seen countless vicious serial killers and mass murders face Old Sis with a face full of warmth.

What kind of monster could bear to attack her?

“It is that prison-breaking yao.” Ji Li Yu’s expression was slightly ugly.

“Prison-breaking yao?” Ji Cheng stilled and then reacted in a moment. He stammered, “The master of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard? Old Sis, why did you provoke him? Did Ming Yue Ye send you to deal with him? It shouldn’t be so, when did it become the elder’s turn to attack?”

“Who said we are attacking him?” Ji Li Yu rolled her eyes, and her expression became even uglier. “The masses are talking so much about our failures. If the prison-breaking yao joined the Genius Alliance at this moment, what expression do you think those people would have?”

Ji Cheng pondered it for a while and then nodded. “This move is great! Completely pulling the carpet from beneath them! And then? You went to find him?”

“En, I had people keeping watch on that little girl called Nan Yue.” Ji Li Yu’s expression suddenly became black as she gritted. “I just spoke, and that guy instantly flipped. Without a word, he used four attacks of a very strange yao art.”

“Attacked without a word?” Ji Cheng’s expression became slightly strange. “Old Sis, is this a romantic debt that you left behind in the past?”

Ji Li Yu’s eyes glared and frightened Ji Cheng to shrink his head back into his neck.

But he could not bear his own curiosity and said, “And then?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing?” Ji Cheng was confused.

“I was directly thrown out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.”

“Directly thrown out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard” Ji Cheng stammered and then inhaled sharply! Whoa, this guy was that vicious? The first meeting and he threw Old Sis out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard without a word

On pain of his death, Ji Cheng could promise Old Sis wouldn’t easily let

this matter go. He carefully asked. “Old Sis, what are you planning to do now?”

“Hmph, this isn’t finished!” Ji Li Yi spat out with a dark face.

In this instant, Ji Cheng was filled with sympathy for that vicious prison-breaking brother!

Qinghua Zang Shui’s body uncontrollably trembled, his teeth were creaking. He was going mad from anger!

He had been humiliated! The Blue Flower Family had been humiliated!

Eating soft rice no qualifications

The words were like a poisonous snake continuously tearing and consuming his peerlessly proud heart.

He suddenly raised his head, those who humiliate me, die!

“That right now wasn’t good?” Cang Ze weakly said. He suddenly remembered who that seductive female yao was. His heart had almost stopped breathing. He suddenly felt that the decision by the elders was a humongous mistake. Daren’s conduct was completely unpredictable. In the blink of an eye, he had offended two big families.

The Ji Family and Blue Flower Family!

Heavens!

Either of these families could lift a little finger and swept the Grey Clan out. He had just watched as Daren had humiliated the two big families. His heart was freezing cold.

“We need to save time.” Zuo Mo said unconcernedly, “Who has the time to waste on these nobodies?”

Nobodies the Ji Family and the Blue Flower Family were nobodies ...

...

Cang Ze trembled. Just this matter was enough to create a conflict

where blood would flow like rivers. He intelligently skipped past this problem. If he let Daren keep talking, the matter would become even worse. He finally understood the meaning of “disaster coming from the mouth.”

“Are you the prison-breaking yao?” A weak voice passed over.

“Why are you guys so irritating?” Zuo Mo was completely irritated by these people that constantly interrupted him. He turned around, and swore all over.

“Ah!” The female yelled and retreated five steps in fear.

When Zuo Mo saw this was just a normal female, his anger instantly dissipated, but his tone was still slightly unfriendly. “What is it?”

“You really are the prison-breaking yao?” the little girl gathered her courage and asked.

“Prison-breaking yao? If you mean the prison-breaking battle, yes, it’s me,” said Zuo Mo impatiently. “If you have something to say, say it quickly. Otherwise leave!” Seeing that a big transaction was just going to be completed but being successively interrupted by others, Zuo Mo’s mood could be imagined.

“Wow! Great!” The little girl was so excited she almost jumped up. “I am a reporter for the Tomorrow Yao Channel, can I interview you?”

“Interview?” Zuo Mo stilled. He thought about it and then said openly. “No problem, no problem, but you have to pay! Just a reminder, ge’s price is very high!”

The little girl immediately turned to stone.

Cang Ze and Nan Yue covered their faces and could not bear to watch.

Chapter 369: I Am Xiao Mo Ge

In the end, the one that accepted the fee was Nan Yue. Zuo Mo wasn't willing to hand over the fee from the bottom of his heart, but this was not something that could be avoided. As for the price, he doubled the amount that Cang Ze suggested. When the little girl heard this price, her expression changed. When she asked her superior, her voice had been trembling.

The interview quickly proceeded. After getting the fee, Zuo Mo was very professional.

But as the interview continued, Nan Yue and Cang Ze's expressions became increasingly ugly. In the end, their faces were ashen white and wore expressions of terror.

The little girl gaped with wide eyes in shock, but she quickly became excited.

Heavens!

The interview this time would definitely sell!

After the interview, the little girl hurriedly left.

Watching as the little girl left, Nan Yue and Cang Ze wanted to speak when Zuo Mo suddenly disappeared with a sound—his time was up.

Nan Yue and Cang Ze looked at the dissipating white light with dazed expressions.

A beat later, Cang Ze said with exasperation, "It's big trouble this time."

Nan Yue knew what Cang Ze was saying. She remained silent. Even though her heart was filled with worry, she made a resolution that she wouldn't be moved no matter what hardships Daren encountered!

As Daren's follower, any wavering, even if it was wavering of the heart, was shameful!

Daren, you created great trouble this time!

Zuo Mo had a down expression. “After this group of people interrupting today, we didn’t even finish discussing the matters at hand.”

Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo with extreme displeasure. But after considering he had to rely on Zuo Mo to get the Golden Souls, he decided to keep quiet.

Just at this time, he heard Zong Ru’s voice come from the outside. “Daren.”

“Come in, come in!” Zuo Mo felt slightly puzzled as he could hear the urgency in Zong Ru’s voice. Zong Ru wasn’t like some Qinghua Zang Shui, he was mentally strong. A dhyana xiu that was raised outside a sect and could still cultivate an abhinna, that wasn’t something any average person could accomplish.

Zong Ru had someone else with him. It was the guy that Shixiong had been carrying the other day.

“Daren, this shixiong is a high ranked disciple of Great Buddha Temple.” Zong Ru first introduced Yi Zheng.

“Great Buddha Temple!” In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao shrieked and then gritted, “No wonder this person has a smell I dislike! Great Buddha Temple! Great Buddha Temple! So Great Buddha Temple had not been destroyed yet!”

Zuo Mo jumped in fright at Pu Yao’s shriek and fury. It was the first time he had seen Pu Yao lose his composure so. He carefully asked, “You had encounters?”

“Hmph!” A cold snort. Pu Yao suddenly calmed down, but his bloody pupil dimmed and brightened in turn. The killing energy around his body was also uncertain.

Zong Ru saw Zuo Mo did not react and continued, “Yi Zheng Shixiong said that he may know what place this is.”

Zuo Mo’s attention came back at the mention of this. He was slightly shocked. “Ah, what place is this?”

Yi Zheng was studying Zuo Mo all this time. It was the first time that he had seen the boss of this strange troop. The person in front of him was clearly younger than himself. When he first encountered Wei Sheng, he had been astounded by Wei Sheng's age, but seeing an even younger Zuo Mo, there was only one phrase in his mind.

Only freaks thrived!

Yi Zheng reflected inside, but he did not dare to slight the other because of his age. The power the other controlled was enough to easily crush him a few hundred times over.

He hurried to say respectfully, "This little monk is just guessing and is not sure. This little monk has frequently read my Shixiong's various records, and happened to come across a vague reference. It referred to something called the Battle of Sealed Extinction. Supposedly, it occurred about twenty thousand years ago. This little monk once felt it the description was absurd and skimmed past the notes, but thinking about it now, the description seems similar."

"Battle of Sealed Extinction." In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's body shook suddenly.

"This little monk's shixiong likes and collects all kinds of wondrous legends and tales. This little monk was influenced and has read about many such tales. What this little monk was initially interested in was the great battle from three thousand years ago. Later, this little monk found that there were several separate references to battles in these legends. One was three thousand years ago, one was ten thousand years ago. These are the two most common references. Naturally, nothing needs to be said about the great Battle three thousand years ago. But starting from three thousand years ago to ten thousand years ago, there were numerous legends and rumors about that period, but if we go back even further, there are a few rare records. Of those battles only one could be called a great battle, the Battle of Sealed Extinction that occurred twenty thousand years ago. This battle is so ancient that the only obscure mentions are in Shixiong's collection of anecdotes and fantasy stories.

Yi Zheng's words flowed. He knew this was the time to display his value. He could not fail. He furiously tried to think back to the folk tales and anecdotes that he had read at Shixiong's place.

"Even though the Battle of Seal Extinction is rarely mentioned, but those tales all say that the mountains and rivers changed color, the sky and earth completely red, and the land was blanketed with corpses."

A great Battle twenty thousand years ago

Zuo Mo gaped upon hearing this, like he was listening to a story. Not just twenty thousand years ago, but Zuo Mo even felt the battle three thousand years ago was like a distant rumour. Twenty thousand years ago, how ancient would that be, were there even xiuzhe at that time

Even though Zuo Mo seemed to be listening to the story, he was secretly paying attention to Pu Yao's reaction. Pu Yao had been silent, and seemed to be thinking of something. This caused Zuo Mo to feel that Yi Zheng suggestion was not nonsense.

Yi Zheng wanted to perform well from the bottom of his heart. But other than the time period of when the battle occurred, he did not know anything else about the Battle of Sealed Extinction. He couldn't help but be upset with himself. If he knew before what he did now, he should have studied Shixiong's books.

Just as Yi Zheng was panicking, he suddenly heard Zuo Mo asked, "Is Master Da Zheng still alive?"

Yi Zheng stilled and his expression was slightly strange. "The ancestral master passed away the eighth year after the war."

In Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness, a sigh suddenly sounded. The viciousness on Pu Yao's face dissipated to only leave behind a thick aura of loneliness.

He turned around and silently stared at the gravestone. He lightly murmured, "You are dead they are also dead only I am still alive"

Just having bid farewell to Yi Zheng, Zuo Mo entered the sea of

consciousness and saw this. He perceptively closed his mouth. Just as he prepared to leave the sea of consciousness, he was called by Pu Yao.

“The Battle of Sealed Extinction that he just mentioned is very plausible.” Pu Yao turned around, his expression normal. There were no hints on his face as though what had just happened was Zuo Mo’s delusion. He said calmly, “The Battle of Sealed Extinction is too ancient. Even I did not think of it. I know very little about this great battle. We need to research information about it.”

“How?” Zuo Mo asked, bewildered. They were in the fiendish mist, and lacked communication with the outside world. How could they research anything?

“You forgot the Ten Finger Prison,” Pu Yao said faintly.

Zuo Mo stilled and then instantly reacted. His eyes lit up. Their biggest problem now was that they lacked a method of communication with the outside world, and they were trapped in this mysterious ancient battlefield. If they could contact the outside, then they could receive help. The help they needed the most was general information!

If they knew the general location of this ancient battlefield, Zuo Mo would be even able to use transportation formations to take everyone and leave this ghastly place. They had entered this place through a transportation formation, then they were definitely able to leave this place through a transportation formation. However, there was a prerequisite. He needed to know the general location of where they were now.

Otherwise, if he was careless and transported everyone into chaotic turbulence, that was seeking death.

Zuo Mo’s eyes brightened.

He felt he had been a headless chicken before, running around in this fiendish mist in search of that chance that only existed in theory. But it was different now. They didn’t just have a clue. If they could find the path, the hope that they could walk out of this ghastly place would increase!

Zuo Mo wanted to rush into the Ten Finger Prison. This was the first

time he desired to enter the Ten Finger Prison so much.

Of course, this was just an impulse. He had to let his consciousness recover to its best state before he could re-enter the Wasteland Beast Chessboard again.

However, there was still something he was puzzled by.

If this really was the battlefield of the Battle of Sealed Extinction, then how did Shixiong and Yi Zheng get here?

“This is Tomorrow Yao Channel, right now, we are broadcasting an exclusive interview that we have just finished recording. The interviewee is the prison-breaking yao that just completed the prison-breaking battle! To get this interview, we went through great”

Nan Yue and Cang Ze looked at the news that the Tomorrow Yao Channel were broadcasting and both of them had ugly expressions.

“This is somewhat embarrassing” Cang Ze gave a long sigh.

Nan Yue kept her jaw clenched and did not make a sound. However, the expression on her face seemed to be that of a devoted martyr.

The little girl appeared on the news. She seemed slightly nervous, “The public has been constantly speculating to your name, can you introduce yourself to everyone?”

Zuo Mo’s behavior was very normal and did not have any of the nervousness of being interviewed for the first time. “Hello everyone, I am Xiao Mo Ge.”

“Xiao Mo Ge? Such a strange name!” The little girl quickly memorized it. She quickly asked the second question, “Why did you call the first prison the Wasteland Beast Chessboard?”

“Don’t you feel that it is like a chessboard?” Zuo Mo asked in response with a puzzled expression.

“What is a wasteland beast?”

“A wasteland beast is a wasteland beast!”

“Mister Xiao Mo Ge, can you speak about the conflict between you and the Genius Alliance?” The little girl asked as she lead the conversation, with malicious intent.

“I don’t know them,” Zuo Mo obediently replied.

“Ah, Mister Xiao Mo Ge has never heard of the Genius Alliance?” The little girl purposefully misinterpreted Zuo Mo’s meaning.

“Heard of them,” Zuo Mo continued to obediently answer, “just now.”

Nan Yue and Cang Ze’s expressions were very terrible. Even though they already knew the content before hand, but seeing it again, their scalps still felt numb

“Is this your plan to retaliate against them?” the little girl cunningly asked.

“Retaliation? Why do I have to retaliate?” Zuo Mo asked curiously.

“The Genius Alliance is currently challenging your Wasteland Beast Chessboard!” The little girl had a matter-of-fact expression.

“Can I charge fees?”

“Fees?” The little girl had an astonished expression.

“According to the number of times, challenge once, pay a fee, very fair.” Zuo Mo felt his idea was great.

The little girl’s face was exasperated. She forcibly suppressed it. “Are you going to accept challenges from the Genius Alliance? What I mean are individual challenges.”

“No.” Zuo Mo shook his head.

“Why not?”

“There is no money to be made?”

“Hm, don’t you feel this is ruining your prestige?”

“Prestige? I have a lot of prestige?” Zuo Mo asked back.

“Hem hem!” The little girl almost choked. “If they are willing to pay?”

“There are idiots like that?” Zuo Mo was very shocked. Then he thought and said with some reluctance, “Ooh, if they are willing to pay, then I can consider it.”

“What is your price?” the little girl continued to ask.

Zuo Mo pulled Cang Ze over. “Talk to him.”

When Cang Ze saw this part, he wanted to find a hole in the ground and burrow into it. Nan Yue looked sympathetically at Cang Ze, while rejoicing inside that Daren knew she had been impoverished from youth, and was not skilled in bargaining and negotiating. Otherwise, this would be really embarrassing!

“Is any yao allowed?” the little girl continued to ask.

“No female yao,” Zuo Mo said resolutely.

“Why?” the little girl asked curiously.

“Today, I encountered One Mole”

“One Mole?”

“She had a mole by her mouth.”

“Oh.”

“When One Mole saw me, she immediately used an illusory art on me.” Zuo Mo recalled the restless and heated feeling inside his body and was instantly angry. “It was lucky that I reacted fast, and attacked back without a word.”

“We carried out a thorough investigation into this event Xiao Mo Ge mentioned. According to bystanders, the One Mole that Mister Xiao Mo Ge saw is very likely to be Miss Ji Li Yu. Later, we offered a great reward and found a yao recording art from a bystander that recorded this scene. Other than this, we also unexpectedly found Mister Qinghua Zang Shui was also present. He seemed to have been forced out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard by Mister Xiao Mo Ge as well, but we did not find any signs that Mister Xiao Mo Ge used a yao art. Experts speculate that Mister

Qinghua Zang Shui was attacked by a mysterious yao art, which destabilized his mind, and he was forced to leave the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.”

“Both Miss Ji Li Yu and Mister Qinghua Zang Shui belong to the Genius Alliance, and Miss Ji Li Yu is also one of the elders of the Genius Alliance. This incident means that the conflict between the two sides has escalated!”

The host yao quickly spat out this string of words in an excited tone. He was very clear.

An enormous storm was formally beginning.

Chapter 370: Jade Pendant

Zuo Mo told Wei Sheng about Yi Zheng's hypothesis.

Wei Sheng made a sound. "Does Shidi still remember the sword cave?"

"Of course I remember." Zuo Mo nodded. He did not dare to mention that he had explored that place many times.

"I was transported from there." Wei Sheng said, "There is a person called Lin Qian that has been investigating you all this time. This time, they found that the yao military had taken over our Wu Kong Mountain, and thought that the matter was connected to you. They persuaded the Sect Leader to allow them into the sword cave. I accompanied them in. Later, in the deepest level of the sword cave, I found a place that was unique."

Wei's words made Zuo Mo jump in fright. He urgently asked, "Wait, you say he's called Lin Qian?"

"Yes, Shidi knows him?" Wei Sheng described Lin Qian's appearance and then gravely said, "Shidi needs to be very careful of this person. This man's background is very high and strong. The xiuzhe under his command are all elite. He led just a hundred people, but I wasn't even a match for a normal guard."

Wei Sheng only needed to slightly describe him and Zuo Mo knew that the Lin Qian Shixiong spoke about was the same Lin Qian that he had met. Thinking about it now, it may not have been a coincidence that he had encountered Lin Qian at that time. He thought it was very unlucky. He had been very careful but people still locked onto him. Of course, it was just a shock. Right now, they were in the ancient battlefield. Even if Lin Qian had enormously powerful backing, this place had no connection to him.

However, he had to be careful when they left. He knew how powerful Eldest Shixiong was. Even though Eldest Shixiong had not been jindan then, but his combat abilities could not be underestimated. If even a normal guard was stronger than Eldest Shixiong, then what level would that troop be!

Seeing Zuo Mo was listening carefully, Wei Sheng narrated everything that he knew.

Zuo Mo generally understood the problem of Lin Qian, but there were some words that could not be said and could only be left to rot inside. His attention quickly moved away from Lin Qian. If they could not find a path of exit, even if Lin Qian did not attack, they would not survive. The urgent matter now was to leave this place as soon as possible.

After Zuo Mo mentioned it, Wei Sheng suddenly remembered the jade pendant remnant. "Right, ancestral master mentioned that the transportation formation had been comprehended from this talisman. Is there a clue here?"

Zuo Mo took the jade pendant. The jade pendant was very old and had a broken corner. At a glance, it was possible to see this was a relic that had lasted through ages. Zuo Mo was very curious about an object of the ancestral master.

"Hm." He suddenly made a light sound, "There's something strange."

"Hm." Pu Yao in the sea of consciousness made a light sound at the same time. "There is something strange!"

The person and yao spoke together.

"What is strange?" Wei Sheng hurriedly asked.

Zuo Mo did not speak. He closed his eyes, and his consciousness wrapped around this jade pendant like it was the tide.

Wei Sheng's expression shifted. Shidi's consciousness was so strong! Was Shidi planning to walk the path of the dhyana xiu? He then recalled Shidi's preference for formations, and then felt he could be a seal xiu. Dhyana xiu and seal xiu both emphasized the training of the consciousness, but they did so in completely opposite directions. The dhyana xiu's consciousness was to be clear and steady, vast and peaceful, while the consciousness of a seal xiu was the path of transformation and cooperation.

"En?" Wei Sheng was shocked. Shidi's consciousness was far stronger

than those dhyana and formation xiu that he had seen before. It reached an almost fantastical level. He imperceptibly furrowed his brows. He knew the consciousness was good. Even as a sword xiu, if he could cultivate the consciousness at the same time, it would be of great aid.

Shidi's consciousness was stronger but it made a person feel it was too unrooted. No matter if it was dhyana xiu or formation xiu, they all emphasized the consciousness but in the end, their foundation was based on ling power. Without ling power, no matter how strong the consciousness was, it was like a person with a weak body, and they were unable to wave the sharp heavy axe.

Had a problem occurred to Shidi's cultivation? Wei Sheng was puzzled but he did not speak. Shidi always had his own definite opinions. Even early on at Wu Kong Mountain, everyone's cultivation path had been different.

Thinking about the time at Wu Kong Mountain, he couldn't help but shake his head and smile. He really was worrying for nothing. With Shidi's practical personality, even on pain of death, he wouldn't cultivate a useless technique. Also, Shidi was usually very strange, and liked to work on those weird and wondrous things.

"Has Shidi found something?" Wei Sheng asked.

Zuo Mo's expression was strange. "It seems that the ancestral master of ours isn't some normal person! This jade pendant's origins is most likely extraordinary. The presence on it is very strange and I have never seen it before."

Wei Sheng smiled slightly and was not too shocked. In his view, he and Shidi were both too young and their knowledge was limited. It was normal for them to not have seen or heard of something. If they had seen it before, then it would be abnormal. What he did not know was that there was an old yao thousands of years old in Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness.

Zuo Mo almost never saw a shocked expression on Pu Yao's face. This was the first time. Usually, Pu Yao loved to act as though he was the greatest yao in the world. It was rare for his expression to shift and show

surprise.

“What did you find?” Zuo Mo was curious as his eyes widened.

“Powerful!” Opening his eye, Pu Yao released a long sigh, and the shock on his face did not retreat. “The presence on the jade pendant was left behind twenty thousand years ago.”

“Twenty thousand years ago” Zuo Mo felt his tongue was knotted as he stammered the question.

Twenty thousand years!

After twenty thousand years, even the most powerful xiuzhe and yaomo would have turned to dust, and dissipated without a trace. On the battlefield they were in, the piles of corpses had weathered and would turn to dust at a touch.

There was someone that could make a presence remain for twenty thousand years, what kind of power would that take?

The person and yao were immersed in enormous shock and unable to pull themselves out.

A long while later, Zuo Mo heard Pu Yao sigh. “Compared to them, we are insignificant.” With Pu Yao’s egotistic personality, for him to say such a thing, it was clear just how enormous the blow that the jade pendant had caused.

Zuo Mo didn’t know what to say. Twenty thousand years, it really really was

He could not find the words to describe his mood right now.

After a while, he woodenly left the sea of consciousness and said to Wei Sheng, “Eldest Shixiong, I’m going to study this jade pendant for a while.”

“En, just take it.” Wei Sheng nodded. In the field of studying strange and weird objects, he could not compare to Shidi.

Wei Sheng did not idle around. There was an endless amount of people

asking him for guidance, all of them were members of the Vermillion Bird Camp. Vermillion Bird Camp's daily cultivation was primarily in two areas. One was individual cultivation, the other was battle tactics. In the area of battle tactics, there was guidance from Gongsun Cha and they progressed smoothly, but their individual cultivation was a problematic.

Most of them were had come from grassroots and had never received a complete and proper education. What Zuo Mo was able to provide them were numerous kinds of sword scriptures and sword formations. But just the sword scriptures were not enough. No one could guide them through the problems they encountered in their daily cultivation. They could only rely on their own explorations. The sword formation was only useful for those sword xiu who had a firm foundation such as Ma Fan.

Wei Sheng's arrival caused the people of Vermillion Bird Camp that had been wandering in the dark to see light.

The worldly apparition that day had been deeply branded into their minds. Just this was enough to make them feel admiration and respect, but many people still had doubts. People that were skilled in cultivation were not necessarily good at teaching. Even more, what reason did Wei Sheng have for teaching them? So everyone thought of testing the waters and had Xie Shan go first to investigate.

Xie Shan clearly understood everyone's worries. He did manage to enter jindan but this was the result of a long period accumulation. In other words, he had used the stupidest method possible to break through to jindan. There was pitifully little he could teach the others. He was also curious just how powerful a genius that could cause a worldly apparition was. He agreed and ran over to ask aid from Wei Sheng.

When a professional reached out, it was possible to see if they had the ability or not.

Wei Sheng did not withhold any advice. Just a few words, and Xie Shan had such admiration he could kowtow. After going back, Xie Shan greatly advertised how powerful Wei Sheng was. As expected of Daren's Eldest Shixiong, the two were generous, did not hide anything, were just the same

etc etc.

This time, all the sword xiu of Vermillion Bird Camp could not sit still. But to avoid irritating Wei Sheng, the camp used the method of drawing straws to establish an order to ask guidance.

This move instantly was effective.

To pursue the sword path, Wei Sheng had gone through thousands of hardships, and almost lost his life multiple times. After becoming an inner sect disciple, the one that taught him the sword was Xin Yan, the one in Wu Kong Sword Sect most skilled in sword essence; in addition to the fact that Wei Sheng was frighteningly hard working. Due to this, his foundation was extremely secure. After receiving the complete [Void Sword Scripture], his breadth of knowledge was much stronger than normal sword xiu.

His early experiences taught him the pain of not having someone to ask for guidance. These sword xiu were also Shidi's subordinates. This could be considered helping Shidi out. So when the sword xiu of Vermillion Bird Camp came over to ask for his guidance, he easily agreed.

Wei Sheng quickly found that the problems many people encountered were very similar. When he mentioned this to Zuo Mo, and Zuo Mo's eyes turned and thought of a great solution.

Open a lecture hall.

Before, at Wu Kong Mountain, there would be inner sect disciples that would come at regular intervals to teach outer sect disciples.

Wei Sheng felt that this method was pretty good and followed it.

The Sword Teaching Hall opened in this fiendish mist.

After having this idea, Zuo Mo instantly went into the Ten Finger Prison.

Entering the Wasteland Beast Chessboard again, Zuo Mo's mentality had completely changed. Before, he had treated it as if he was playing a game, but now that the Ten Finger Prison was connected to whether or not they could escape, he could not be as reckless as before.

He desperately desired any information about the Battle of Sealed Extinction. This desire surpassed his thirst for Golden Souls!

He didn't know how to use the Ten Finger Prison to get information about the Battle of Sealed Extinction, but still he stepped into the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

When the light faded, when the chessboard was laid out, he inhaled deeply.

A new battlefield, a new battle.

Start!

Chapter 371: Bounty

Nan Yue was not here, Cang Ze was also not here, Zuo Mo was slightly disappointed. He had originally wanted to ask them if there were any methods to research information about the Battle of Sealed Extinction. Since the two were actual yao, they would be more familiar with yao society. Pu Yao was a true blooded yao, but after three thousand years, he also didn't know anything about what the present yao world was like.

"He dared dared to humiliate Miss Ji Li Yu! He cannot be forgiven! This person is too hateful!"

"Yes! Who cares about the Genius Alliance, but he dares call her One Mole. Darn it, if I find him, I'll definitely have a good chat with him."

"We aren't a match for him"

"We cannot just sit back because we are not a match! We need to make him understand offending Miss Ji Li Yu means offending us! If he offends us, we won't let him have good days!"

"Brother Wang, do you have some good ideas? Tell us!"

"Ha, those garbage scum from the Genius Alliance, they cannot even protect Miss Ji Li Yu's reputation. We cannot rely on them. We need to rely on our own power and fight on behalf of Miss Ji Li Yu! Of course we are not a match for Xiao Mo Ge, but there naturally are those who are a match. We'll put out a bounty!"

"Bounty?"

"Yes! There are many people like us who are protectors of Miss Ji Li Yu. Even though our individual powers are weak, but if we gather together, we can definitely let Xiao Mo Ge have a taste of our power. I've taken out all my allowance money for the last half year to place a bounty out for a powerful expert to deal with him.

"Brother Wang, this bit of money isn't enough."

"Of course it is not enough. Ha, I don't know who had the idea, but they opened a bounty in the yao market to deal with Xiao Mo Ge and allows

adding to the bounty. The money inside has already reached two million!"

"Two million! Heavens! Xiao Mo Ge is in for a tragically bad time!"

"Ha, this is just here. Supposedly, there is a bounty in every city. Xiao Mo Ge will quickly know the power of Miss Ji!"

"Haha! This idea is too clever! I'll go immediately! For Miss Ji, I'll take out my allowance for this whole year!"

Zuo Mo's face was flabbergasted where he stood.

No way, had he poked the hornet's nest? One Mole shouldn't be this powerful

Wailing inside, Zuo Mo even wanted to cry. If this was in the past, he would dust off his butt, ge won't play with you anymore, and leave. What of Ji Li Yu? What of Qinghua Zang Shui? They would only get to stare.

He had just prepared to think of the Ten Finger Prison as a new battlefield and suddenly found that the battlefield was now filled with his enemies.

Heavens, don't play people like this!

"Pu Yao, are there any methods of changing my appearance?" Zuo Mo hurriedly asked.

"Starting from the fifth prison one can change their appearance, but it is not possible in the first four prisons." Pu Yao's answer mercilessly killed Zuo Mo's last hope.

Zuo Mo's eyes flickered around like he was a thief. Good good, maybe they only know the name of Xiao Mo Ge and not his appearance. Just at this moment, a light suddenly flashed nearby and a little yao appeared.

The little yao saw Zuo Mo and was dazed.

Zuo Mo saw the other's expression and thought, uh-oh.

"Xiao Mo Ge!"

The little yao shouted furiously and pointed at Zuo Mo with a finger.

Woosh, all the noise disappeared. The surroundings were silent. Zuo Mo

could feel many eyes landing on his body. Even though he had seen grand scenes before, Zuo Mo's scalp turned numb and he felt uncomfortable.

Now that he was in this situation, Zuo Mo could only force himself to continue. He pretended to be calm and glanced at the other before moving his gaze aside. He walked forward and had every intention of ignoring the other.

The little yao reacted, and his face turned pale. He felt regretful. Why had he been so reckless and shouted?

Free combat was allowed inside the Ten Finger Prison. Even though it would not be deadly as in reality, but consciousness injuries could not be voided. In the past, there were those that had been too heavily wounded in the Ten Finger Prison that it had caused their consciousness to weaken two stages. After that, incidents of fighting in the Ten Finger Prison quickly decreased. Later, everyone found that it wasn't just fighting that could create injuries. Even being in the prison battlefield could cause people to be wounded spiritually.

If the consciousness was wounded, they could not avoid experiencing the pain involved.

Under so many eyes, Zuo Mo turned into light and left the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

"Hahahaha!" Pu Yao's explosion of laughter spread out far into the sea of consciousness. He pointed at Zuo Mo without any composure, one hand on his stomach, as he laughed without restraint.

Zuo Mo's face was as black as a pot, his tone unfriendly. "Laughing? What is laughable!"

"Hahahaha!" Pu Yao did not have any intentions of restraining himself and laughed even more outrageously. "I'm going to die from laughter! Street rat, haha, you are a literal street rat right now!"

Already very discontent, Zuo Mo's discontent increased because of Pu Yao's laughter.

His stubbornness rose. Wasn't it just the Ten Finger Prison? He wasn't

afraid of anyone!

He wanted to see what kinds of people had come!

Zuo Mo's mood was vicious and murderous as he entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard again!

The scenery in front of him changed as he re-entered the Wasteland Beast chessboard. When he saw the surroundings clearly, his heart was reassured. Good. The position when he entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard each time was different. This was very advantageous for him. At the least, if he couldn't win, he could run!

With a trick up his sleeve, Zuo Mo wasn't panicked anymore.

He started to think about the influence this incident would have on him. He had had a very casual attitude about what had happened before, and did not treat the incident seriously. Now that the situation was different, his demands were also different.

The incident of One Mole seemed to be pretty big. After experiencing so much, Zuo Mo was clear that making a big fuss had its own advantages, like becoming famous faster. When he had successfully completed the prison-breaking battle, people had come to recruit him.

What he needed was information on the Battle of Sealed Extinction. Truthfully, Zuo Mo had no hopes that this would be easy. This was something that even Pu Yao was not clear about. It was a question even if the yao world still had information on the topic. Even if there was information on it, it definitely would not be so easy to access.

Nan Yue was a normal little yao. The Wisteria Clan of the South Sky had been in decline for too long. Cang Ze's situation was better than Nan Yue but that was just by a little bit. Zuo Mo had a feeling that investigating the Battle of Sealed Extinction was probably not an easy task. If he needed to use large amounts of resources, it would not be possible to realize it with the two of them.

The spiritual imprint on his arm shifted. Nan Yue and Cang Ze had come.

Zuo Mo put a thought and passed it through the spiritual imprint on his arm. Moments later, the two arrived.

“Daren!” The two hurriedly bowed.

“Hmph, is there a quiet place?” Zuo Mo really felt that there were too many people around.

Cang Ze was the first to react and hurriedly said, “Daren only needs to put down an illusory formation.”

Zuo Mo wanted to facepalm. He was so dumb, unable to even think of such a simple solution. It really was an easy matter for him to put down an illusory formation. His right hand rose slightly. A light energy left his hand and landed on the ground. A thin circular curtain of light rose around them and surrounded them.

Cang Ze knew when things were good. Daren’s formation building methods were very powerful. His admiration rose. Daren was not old but he seemed to be able to do anything, and was skilled in all of them.

Nan Yue’s thoughts were much simpler. She looked curiously at the curtain of light. “Daren, what illusory formation is this?”

“Little Coverup, a variant of a water yao art. Water can create illusions, refract light, and is very suitable for setting up illusory formations.” Zuo Mo explained as they moved inside the curtain.

Cang Ze looked with admiration at Nan Yue. Nan Yue and Daren’s relationship was clearly unordinary. It seemed that Nan Yue was Daren’s follower. If she was his student, she would not call him daren, and would call him teacher. Daren still treated Nan Yue as though she was a student, and did not seem like he was interacting with a follower.

It was rare to see a daren that were like this!

Nan Yue was very fortunate!

After Zuo Mo finished his pointer, he asked, “What is Ji Li Yu’s background?”

Nan Yue and Cang Ze’s expressions were slightly strange. Daren, you

finally thought of asking about this now?

Cang Ze knew that Nan Yue definitely did not know as many details as he did and said proactively, “Daren, Ji Li Yu is the woman you threw out last time.”

“En, I know.” Zuo Mo said expressionlessly.

“She is the eldest granddaughter of the Ji Family Leader, and is loved by all the elders in the sect. She was very outstanding from youth, and it really was that everyone who saw her was in love with her. The second year after entering the yao art house, she and her younger brother, Ji Cheng, were invited into the Genius Alliance at the same time. Her rise inside the Genius Alliance is much faster than Ji Cheng. She quickly entered the council of elders and is the youngest elder on the council of the Genius Alliance.”

“Genius Alliance again?” Zuo Mo’s brow furrowed slightly. “Continue.”

“Ji Li Yu might not be the next successor to the Ji Family, but she is the most famous yao of the Ji Family. Even the Ji Clan Elder is not as well-known as she is. Ji Li Yu might come from the Ji Family but she is not interested in cultivating yao arts, and studies dancing, singing, and the instruments. She is especially skilled in singing. The sound is enchanting and well-liked by the public.”

“She has many defenders.” Cang Ze paused, and then emphasized, “Many.”

After listening to Cang Ze’s introduction, Zuo Mo instantly felt it was problematic to have offended such a powerful person.

However, Zuo Mo just felt it was troublesome. His attention was still primarily on the Battle of Sealed Extinction.

“Have you heard of the Battle of Sealed Extinction?” Zuo Mo suddenly asked.

“Battle of Sealed Extinction, what is that?” Nan Yu asked curiously.

Cang Ze shook his head. “No.”

Just as Zuo Mo had thought. He mused and then said, “I need to research some information about an ancient battle, do you have any suggestions?”

“Will the records room of our yao art house have it?” Nan Yue said.

Cang Ze said, “If the information Daren is searching for is very rare and obscure, there are some places to try.”

Zuo Mo’s eyes lit up. “Speak.”

“The first is the yao art house that Nan Yue just mentioned. Each yao art house has records rooms, and the scale of the records rooms of those large yao art houses are extremely astonishing, and have complete information in all areas. The second is some special little circles. Each profession will have their own little circles. They would have information exchanges at regular intervals. The third is the simplest, a bounty.”

“Bounty?” Zuo Mo’s eyes gradually became bright.

Chapter 372: Golden Soul

“Yes, Daren.” Cang Ze had started to become familiar with Zuo Mo’s temperament. “This is the most convenient and most plausible solution. The information that Daren needs is most likely uncommon, and we aren’t familiar with this area at all. Since this is the case, we can give the task to a professional yao to do. We only need to supply an appropriate price, one that will move their hearts, and they will definitely try their best to find the information that Daren wants.”

Zuo Mo was persuaded by Cang Ze’s suggestion. “Where do I have to go to put a bounty?”

“You can go to the yao market; but if it is a more difficult bounty, you will have to go to the yao markets of bigger cities,” Cang Ze said.

“Then you can find the biggest city for me. I’ll provide the money,” Zuo Mo said without hesitation.

Cang Ze instantly had an expression of difficulty.

“There is a problem?” Zuo Mo asked with puzzlement.

“Daren might not know, but there are access requirements to go to these large cities. My yao designation level is not high, and so I cannot” Cang Ze thought inside, how could Daren not know even this? Was Daren a hidden yao that lived in the deep forests?

“Yao designation level? What is that?” Zuo Mo did not understand.

As expected. Cang Ze was even more sure of his speculation. No wonder Daren’s conduct was so unique. He impatiently explained, “Daren, the yao designation is an imprint that signals each yao’s identity. Every city usually has a big formation. If one cannot reach a certain cultivation, they are unable to enter. The more prosperous the city, the higher the yao designation level needed.”

Zuo Mo became very interested, “Then wouldn’t one city all be experts? They would have to have people to do labor, or do they do everything on their own?”

“These doorways are just directed to the yao that come and go. The locals can enter and leave as they will. The locals of these places usually have low cultivation, and their yao designation is another kind. The management of local yao designations is extremely strict and unable to be faked.”

“This troublesome?” Zuo Mo felt the problem was somewhat difficult and asked, “Then how does one increase their yao designation level?”

“There are many ways. Like a certification of power. With Daren’s strength, you only need to go to the Yao Designation Ministry, and get an examination of power to get a pretty good yao designation level. Other than this, you can increase your contribution. Every city has their needs. If you can provide what they need, one can receive an appropriate contribution credit. When contribution credits reach a certain number, one can receive access permissions.”

Zuo Mo said, “It’s not convenient for me to go. Can I hire a yao with a high yao designation level to go?”

“It is probably very difficult.” Cang Ze shook his head and said, “Yao of high designation levels basically will go to live in the bigger cities. The bigger the city, the better the environment. Like Wind Creek Pond, Victory Mountain, they are all famous holy cultivation grounds. Even if the living in the cities is hard, they would not want to come back because the rate of cultivation progress is higher in those places.”

“What is your yao designation level?” Zuo Mo asked.

“Second.” Cang Ze was slightly embarrassed.

Zuo Mo turned around to ask Nan Yue. “You?”

“Second.” Nan Yue was very open.

“How many levels in total?”

“Twenty four.” Cang Ze thought and then said, “Daren, maybe you can go to the higher prisons to look. Supposedly, there are also places in there that are like yao markets. One of my cousins once went to the third prison and mentioned this to me.”

Zuo Mo nodded. He said, "From today, I will start passing on [Grey Scar Art] to you."

"Thank you Daren!" Cang Ze suddenly became excited. He suddenly lifted and opened his palm. A golden ball of light appeared in his palm. He respectfully presented it. "This little one's consciousness is too weak, and can only bring one golden soul every time. In the future, this little one will bring a golden soul each time."

"This is the Golden Soul?" Zuo Mo took over the Golden Soul curiously.

It looked like a golden cloud the size of a palm. It was insubstantially light in his hand. Like it was alive, it was slightly rippling. Zuo Mo could feel a strong presence of vitality!

Suddenly, deep and raw ancient words came from Zuo Mo's mouth. No matter how hard Nan Yue and Cang Ze tried to listen, they could not hear it clearly. It was so blurry like it came from the depths of the earth.

With speed visible to the naked eye, the cloud turned to a puddle of golden water. The presence of life suddenly became exponentially stronger.

Bam!

The golden water suddenly exploded and turned into a handful of golden mist. Amidst the deep and indistinct chant, the golden mist silently surrounded Zuo Mo. It was like moisture permeating long-parched sand and quickly entered the body constructed of Zuo Mo's consciousness without leaving a drop behind.

In Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's body was covered by a layer of faint golden light. He was sitting cross-legged with a solemn expression.

A powerful presence of vitality filled every corner of the sea of consciousness. The presence that spilled out were all absorbed by Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness. Zuo Mo felt unspeakably refreshed.

"This is really good!" Zuo Mo said with lingering hunger. He looked at Pu Yao in meditation and couldn't help but smile. This guy was so urgent and impatient. It seemed that the Golden Soul was very important to him.

He did not disturb Pu Yao and retreated from the sea of consciousness.

Cang Ze was increasingly respectful. He did not understand the deep and indistinct chant that Zuo Mo had just said, but it made him think of some things that Grandfather had said to him on accident. The Grey Clan had guarded its Golden Tree for more than three thousand years, and their understanding of the Golden Soul was much deeper than any other yao. Cang Ze knew of all kinds of legends about the Golden Soul.

The method Daren used to absorb the Golden Soul was completely different than any passed down through the clan.

Cultivating in the deep forests, possessing an inheritance from the ancient ages

Cang Ze gradually drew out Zuo Mo's identity in his mind.

Just as Cang Ze was thinking nonsense, Zuo Mo turned and asked Nan Yue, "How have you been recently?"

"I've solved the sixth problem." Nan Yue seriously replied.

"Hm, pretty good progress." Zuo Mo was slightly shocked. Nan Yue's rate of improvement was faster than he had imagined. It seemed that the little girl worked pretty hard during this time. What he did not know was that Nan Yue cultivated with an attitude of putting her life on the line. She had securely remembered Zuo Mo's reprimand from last time. She cultivated day and night, and spent any free time on cultivation.

Her fundamentals could not be said to be good, and her talent was not outstanding; but she was the first to come into contact with Zuo Mo's way of thinking. In reality, when the prison-breaking six problems had spread, she had also tried to solve them. Compared to other yao, she had received Zuo Mo's thinking, and it naturally was easier for her to solve them. She quickly solved up to the fourth problem, but she became stuck.

Her weak foundation stopped her from moving forward. Nan Yue was not stupid and instantly realized this. She recalled a dumb method that Daren had mentioned to her—deconstruct all the yao arts she encountered on the path.

She really ran into the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, and following the chessboard, she deconstructed tile by tile.

Deconstruction of the chessboard, forced to leave, recover her spiritual power, and enter the chessboard again to deconstruct

She repeated this. She did not dare to relax one bit. Every time she thought about giving up, she told herself that this was her only chance.

When Zuo Mo finished listening to Nan Yue narrate her daily cultivation, looking at Nan Yue's focused face, the admiration in his eyes increased. At the side, Cang Ze also had admiration on his face. He had personally seen how crazy Nan Yue had been. Everyone was about the same in age, but this persistence was enough to make him embarrassed.

Zuo Mo motivated Nan Yue. "This method might be dumb, but it once produced a sky yao."

Cang Ze's heart shook. There was a lot of room to ponder behind Daren's words.

Nan Yue did not think much and nodded seriously.

"The foundations are a matter of practicing. Persisting has great benefits." Zuo Mo then said, "From today, you can start learning [South Sky Arrow Art.] Do not slack off."

"Yes, Daren!" Nan Yue said with the same seriousness.

Zuo Mo started to pass the two yao arts.

After asking for Zuo Mo's permission, Cang Ze released a recording yao art in case he could not remember it all. Then he would become the criminal of his clan. After hearing just a few sentences, he could not control himself, and almost cried.

[Grey Scar Art]! Lost for three thousand years, [Grey Scar Art] was going to see the light of day again!

Compared to Cang Ze's excitement, Nan Yue was much more peaceful. The Wisteria Clan of the South Sky was far too distant for her. She only hoped that she could reach Daren's requirements to be able to follow

Daren and to give her clansmen better lives.

“Daren, can I teach my clansmen [South Sky Arrow Art]?” Nan Yue asked.

“Of course, This was your South Sky Wisteria Clan’s yao art in the first place,” Zuo Mo said with a smile.

After passing it on to the two, Zuo Mo did not disturb them anymore. This was the best time for them to digest it. Zuo Mo sat down and started to ponder the two yao arts. [Grey Scar Art] and [South Sky Arrow Art] had been on his hands for a while but he hadn’t had the time to examine them.

The two yao arts had their unique aspects.

Zuo Mo had seen many yao arts by now, and could see good or bad at a glance. [Grey Scar Art] was a very unusual illusory killing yao art, and the way of thinking was extremely strange. Zuo Mo had to read it over three times before he understood. The requirements for cultivating [South Sky Arrow Art] was even more strict. It was impossible to cultivate for anyone not a wisteria yao because only wisteria yao could create wisteria arrows, and the succeeding string of arts could be cast.

After reading through both sets of yao arts, many of Zuo Mo’s questions disappeared. No wonder each yao clan had their own inheritances. These inherited yao arts were continuously developed and perfected based on the unique traits of their clan. It would not be a great problem even if these yao arts ended up in the hands of other yao clans because the other basically could not cultivate it. Even if they could, the power would decrease greatly.

But if these yao arts were lost, it was definitely a heavy blow to a clan.

To Zuo Mo, these yao arts were not of great use. Only now did he understand the power of the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]. These two yao arts were ones that the great majority of clans could cultivate.

“Hey, there’s an illusory formation!”

An arrogant voice suddenly came from the outside.

“Let’s go, don’t create trouble,” another voice urged.

“Just a bit longer. The person inside is doing something that can’t be seen in the light if they put up an illusory formation.”

“Fine, be quick”

A group of ripples came from the outside. Zuo Mo looked at Nan Yue and Cang Ze still immersed in their thoughts, and two bolts of light came out of his eyes.

He rose and walked out of the illusory formation.

Chapter 373: Orange-Haired Yao

There were two yao outside the formation.

The first was a male yao was looking eagerly at the illusory formation. What was most eye-catching about him was his bright orange hair. It looked like a flickering fire. The other was completely shrouded in a ball of black smoke so light, it looked as though it would dissipate with a wind gust.

A flame lit up on the orange-haired yao's hand. His hand rose and a handful of fire rain slowly flew towards the illusory formation.

"You dare!"

A cold snort suddenly rang out from inside the formation. A bolt of silver light flew out of the formation and hit the rain of fire.

Pia!

The rain of fire suddenly was destroyed. The silver light still had power and continued to fly at the orange-haired yao.

"Great attack!" The orange-haired yao's eyes lit up, and he became even more excited. A thread of fire extended from his finger, and he pointed it at the incoming bolt of silver light.

Hiss-crack!

Several arcs of electricity flashed in the air. The silver light disappeared.

"Hard lightning!" the black smoke yao exclaimed lowly, and thought that the situation was not proceeding favorably.

"Hard lightning!" The orange-haired yao's eyes became even brighter.

A blur came in front of the two yao and a figure appeared. Zuo Mo looked coldly at the two yao. He usually had no positive feelings towards those that like causing trouble.

"You know hard lightning?" The orange-haired yao was very excited and he said as he rubbed his hands, "Let's have another one!"

Before he finished his words, a hard lightning bolt flew towards him. People that had battle experience, like Zuo Mo, did not have mercy when they decided to attack. However, he hadn't expected the orange-haired yao to not dodge, and was surprised when the yao opened his arms as though he was going to embrace the hard lightning.

Hiss-crack!

The yang fiend hard lightning accurately struck the orange-haired yao. Standing among the cracking, the orange-haired yao's body shook like dice, the strands of orange hair were standing on end and giving off green smoke.

"Puh!" The orange-haired yao gave a long exhaled of black smoke when he finished shaking and said to himself, "So hard lightning tastes like this!"

Zuo Mo's anger turned to astonishment. He had prepared a whole string of moves after the initial yang fiend hard lightning attack but since the other had not dodged at all, he was not able to use any of the moves he had prepared.

"Brother, give me another one!" The orange-haired yao looked with desire at Zuo Mo.

Was this guy not normal? Whichever way Zuo Mo looked at him, he felt the other was not normal.

"Xiao Mo Ge!" The black smoke yao suddenly exclaimed.

Zuo Mo shuddered. He was overly reactive to this name now.

The orange-haired yao's eyes became brighter as he laughed. "So you are Xiao Mo Ge. No wonder you know hard lightning. Powerful, powerful! Brother, give me another one!" With the last words, his gaze turned to begging.

"Ahem, your friend isn't normal." Zuo Mo couldn't help but turn and ask the black smoke yao. This guy looked more normal. It was a very unintelligent matter to argue with an abnormal person.

The black smoke yao took withdrew his black smoke and turned to a black male. His expression was very awkward and he did not know what to say.

“Who isn’t normal?” The orange-haired yao’s eyes glared, his expression unwilling, but when Zuo Mo’s eyes came back to him, a fawning expression came back to his face. “Brother, give me another one!”

Zuo Mo examined the orange-haired yao for a while and felt the other was brimming with strangeness. He turned and acted to leave.

“Hey hey hey! Don’t leave!” The orange-haired yao was slightly displeased. “Give me some face, give me another one!”

Without looking back, Zuo Mo walked away as he shook his head. Meeting such an extreme person, he could not maintain his anger.

“If you won’t, I will!” The orange-haired yao laughed and stepped forward. He raised his hand for a stream of fire. The flame came unusually quickly, pulling out a ruler straight line in the air like an arrow of fire which howled.

Why was this person still bothering him?

Zuo Mo’s brow creased. Without turning his head back, his hand opened as he grabbed behind his back.

Pia!

The fire arrow suddenly exploded in the air like it was crushed by an invisible hand.

“Powerful, powerful!” The orange-haired yao was even more eager. “Again, again!”

Zuo Mo finally became angry and raised his hand and released three bolts of yang fiend hard lightning.

Pia pia pia!

The three yang fiend hard lightning accurately struck the orange-haired yao.

Hiss-crack, hiss-crack, hiss-crack!

The eyes of the orange-haired yao suddenly became straight, his entire body shaking randomly as his hairs stood up.

“Hm!” Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. The other had been struck simultaneously with three bolts of yang fiend hard lightning but still wasn’t thrown out of the Wasteland Beast chessboard. He knew some rules of the Ten Finger Prison now. Being attacked inside the Ten Finger Prison was just the same as being attacked in reality, but what was wounded was not the flesh body but the consciousness.

“Puh!” The orange-haired yao slowly exhaled a mouthful of black smoke. His paralyzed eyes slowly became normal. He closed his eyes and was motionless.

The black smoke yao that had been idling around now looked warily at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo detected the wariness of the black smoke yao. He was thoughtful and did not attack. He looked with interest at the other.

The orange-haired yao opened his eyes and roared with laughter. “I got it, I got it!”

A ball of lightning suddenly appeared on his hand which twirled around. However, the color was different than Zuo Mo’s silver hard lightning. The ball of lightning in the other’s hand was a dazzling red as it snapped.

“Flame-infused hard lightning!” Zuo Mo was even more surprised.

“Good eyes, good eyes!” The orange-haired yao laughed loudly and said proudly, “But still not as powerful as yours, Brother. Just about seven or eight tenths.”

“You can copy other people’s yao arts?” Zuo Mo asked curiously.

“Am I not strong?” The orange-haired yao laughed loudly. “Don’t be jealous!”

Zuo Mo couldn’t resist grinning.

At the side, the black smoke male continuously wiped his sweat. Did this

guy not know who he was talking to?

“Can your hard lightning be more powerful?” the orange-haired yao asked probingly.

“Yes.” Zuo Mo nodded. Seeing the eyes of the orange-haired yao light up, he said with a smile, “But I don’t know how.” What Zuo Mo said was true. There were many transformations of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], and every yao art had their unique aspects. However, if he really wanted to express the full powerful of the [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], it required cultivating [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] to a certain stage.

Zuo Mo had used [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] all this time, but his time on [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] was much less.

The orange-haired yao had an understanding expression as he made a sound of acknowledgement. He suddenly thought of something. “Hm, you are Xiao Mo Ge?”

“En, yes.”

“Whoa, a famous yao!” The orange-haired yao was startled. He suddenly examined Zuo Mo from top to bottom deeply. “Brother, your bounty is very high. It’s at least five hundred thousand to kill you once. Over ten times and it is above six million. How about we work together and split the money?”

Zuo Mo smiled unconcernedly.

“Nevermind if you are not willing.” The orange-haired yao felt slight regret but then he patted his chest. “Don’t worry, I’ve gotten attacked by you so now we are brothers. My maxim is that to be brothers, one has to be loyal.”

The black smoke yao’s face was filled with helplessness as though he was going to cover his face and sigh.

“Then thank you very much,” Zuo Mo said with a smile.

“Haha, I’m very loyal!” The orange-haired yao had a proud expression.

Zuo Mo felt this person was very interesting. His thumb went up. “Loyal

yao!”

“Haha! This name is good!” The orange-haired yao was full of bravado. “In the future, call me Loyal Yao.”

Zuo Mo suddenly narrowed his eyes and looked behind the orange-haired yao. A figure was quickly coming towards them.

“Xiao Mo Ge, it took me great trouble to find you!” Qinghua Zang Shui’s dark and poisonous voice was like the hissing of a venomous snake in the darkness.

“Brother, to be a yao, you have to be loyal. As a male yao, you cannot bend your spine to the influence of money!” The orange-haired yao stopped Qinghua Zang Shui with his body and sincerely addressed him, “Brother, if you lack money, I can lend to you, but don’t be a disloyal yao.”

The expression of the black smoke yao changed slightly. It was possible to see at a glance from Qinghua Zang Shui’s presence that he was not an ordinary yao.

Qinghua Zang Shui’s expression became even darker. He squeezed out between his teeth, “Leave!”

“Hey! Your temper is really bad! It’s not good to be like this. To be a yao, you have to have a breadth of chest, of course, even more importantly, you have to be loyal”

Qinghua Zang Shui was infuriated. “Where did this idiot come from? Leave! If you keep chatting, I’ll destroy you!”

“Fight? Come come come! Ha, I like this the most!” The orange-haired yao’s eyes lit up in eagerness.

Qinghua Zang Shui could not suppress it any longer. He raised his hand and a blue light flew out. The blue light danced in the air and quickly formed the shape of a flower.

“Blue Flower Family!” The black smoke yao’s expression changed greatly.

The blue flower in the air suddenly lit up and flew towards the orange-

haired yao. The speed of the blue flower was slow and idle.

“Ha! Taste my fire hard lightning!” The orange-haired yao excitedly threw out a fire red hard lightning.

The fire hard lightning directly struck the floating blue flower but an unexpected scene occurred. The fire hard lightning directly passed through the blue flower and flew into the distance. The blue flower was not damaged at all and still flew lightly towards the orange-haired yao.

“Hm.” The orange-haired yao did not believe his bad luck and sent out a few more yao arts. Without exception, they all seemed to pass through the air, and did not stop the blue flower at all.

“Go die!” the completely rampaging Qinghua Zang Shui bellowed.

Zuo Mo’s brow furrowed. He smelled danger from the slowly moving blue flower. Yang Fiend Hard Lightning, Bone-crushing Obscuring Wind, Void Pass, the three yao arts were sent in succession.

The three yao arts passed through the blue flower without any resistance.

“Haha!” Qinghua Zang Shui laughed proudly at this time. “It’s useless! All of you, die!”

Dozens of blue flowers rose up beside him and howled as they flew towards Zuo Mo and the black smoke yao. These blue flowers were light and seemed very slow.

The blue flower landed on the body of the orange-haired yao. Pia, a clear blue flower pattern was imprinted on the body of the orange-haired yao.

“Blue Flower Soul Bite! All of you, wait for your death”

Qinghua Zang Shui’s wild laugh suddenly stopped. He looked in disbelief at the orange-haired yao. “You you you”

The orange-haired yao looked curiously at the blinking blue flower on his body. He raised his head, and his eyes seemed to be ignited. His body suddenly shifted and like a gust of wind, it intercepted the blue flowers.

Pia pia pia!

His body became covered with flashing blue flowers, and looked extremely strange. Qinghua Zang Shui gaped at the orange-haired yao covered in blue flower imprints as though he was struck by lightning.

The orange-haired yao looked his head to look and tsked in praise. He suddenly raised his head and looked at Qinghua Zang Shui. He pointed at the empty places on his body and asked desirously, "Brother, add two more here."

"Aaaaah... .."

Qinghua Zang Shui's expression wavered. He suddenly shrieked. His figure became blurred and after struggling for a moment, he disappeared with a clap.

"Miser." The orange-haired yao twisted his mouth. "It's fine if you don't want to give it, don't run!"

He rubbed his chin and said with a serious face, "This kind of yao, one cannot be brothers with." He turned his face and looked towards Zuo Mo. "Right, Brother?"

Zuo Mo looked dumbly at the orange-haired yao's body covered in blue flowers and was speechless.

Chapter 374: [Wasteland Beast Chessboard—Match]

In reality, the orange-haired yao looked extremely weird at this moment. Especially since he did not know a glowing blue flower was imprinted on his lips. But he was extremely chatty, so that the blue flower opened and closed. It was very strange.

“Ahem, do you not feel discomfort?” Zuo Mo couldn’t resist asking.

The orange-haired yao’s body was covered in blue flowers that shined. He seemed to be unaffected. Zuo Mo was not so naïve to think that the blue flowers just looked pretty. In reality, he considered the blue flowers “vicious and deadly”. The [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] that had been so successful before was unable to stop the blue flowers. This was the first time he had encountered such a situation after he learned [Little Thousand Leaf Hands].

In terms of strangeness and viciousness, the blue flower definitely ranked in the top three of the yao arts Zuo Mo had encountered. When the blue flowers had appeared, Zuo Mo’s hairs had stood on end. The strong feeling of danger that had erupted out of the bottom of his heart back then were still a faint mist on his heart now and had not dissipated.

“No.” The orange-haired yao was very proud. “The honored undying body like the one I have, how can I fear these ruined flowers? Do not admire me!”

The black smoke yao’s expression froze and it quickly became strange.

Zuo Mo couldn’t help but grin. This guy was pretty interesting.

“But these ruined flowers do have some substance. I can’t decipher all of it.” The face of the orange-haired yao that had been proud suddenly collapsed as he said, full of struggle, “It is such a pity. I wanted to learn this move. So tempting.”

“This is probably a yao art related to the Blue Flower Family, it is definitely not easy to copy.” Zuo Mo comforted. “This move is also too

feminine, and it is not suited for real males.”

“That’s right.” The orange-haired yao’s mood quickly rose. He laughed and said, “Brother, it is you who understands me. We don’t want these ruined flowers. Loyal males need yao arts with presence! Ooh, the fire lightning is perfect!”

Looking at the oblivious orange-haired yao, the mouth of the black smoke yao was bitter. Blue Flower Family! That was the Blue Flower Family just now! Was the Blue Flower Family so easy to offend? He was full of regret at this moment. How come he hadn’t stopped Big Orange? If they hadn’t disrupted the other’s illusory formation, they would not have stirred Xiao Mo Ge. If they did not draw out Xiao Mo Ge, they would not have become enemies with the Blue Flower Family.

His face was black to begin with and now its colour was as deep as the bottom of a pot. However, he also knew that the enmity had already formed. Just now, Big Orange had completely offended the Blue Flower Family.

The orange-haired yao was heartless and did not worry at all. He excitedly ran next to Zuo Mo. “Brother, if there is something fun, remember to call me.”

Zuo Mo saw other yao pointing towards them out of the corner of his eyes. His heart suddenly jumped. He knew that the yao had recognized him. He smiled at the orange-haired yao and said. “En en, if there is anything fun in the future, I’ll definitely go find you. But I’ve got something I need to attend to right now.”

The orange-haired yao was slightly regretful and reluctantly left after exchanging spiritual imprints with Zuo Mo. He clearly had not had enough fun. The black smoke yao noticed the situation in the distance and glanced at Zuo Mo with surprise.

The orange-haired yao had been exhausted. After waving to Zuo Mo, he left with the black smoke yao.

Zuo Mo liked this slightly idiotic person very much. Due to this, he did not want the other to be drawn into this matter. He glanced at the yao in

the distance that were pointing at him. He knew that his tracks could not be concealed. Nan Yue and Cang Ze were comprehending the yao arts they had just received and it was not a good time to be disturbed.

Zuo Mo knew very well what was going to happen next. He was at great ease. His mood did not change at all. His experiences after leaving Wu Kong Mountain, the developments along the road and the many battles, he no longer felt terror when facing combat.

He stood silently and waited for the others to appear.

A short while later, several figures quickly neared with astounding speed.

“Xiao Mo Ge!”

“He’s over there!”

These voices were filled with excitement and joy. The bounties every large yao market had on Xiao Mo Ge had been continuously rising. If they could use yao arts to record the process of defeating Xiao Mo Ge, they would receive a great reward. Money did not just move the hearts of people, they also moved the hearts of yao. Even more, the one that defeated Xiao Mo Ge would not just receive wealth; any person that defeated Xiao Mo Ge would become famous. In any case, this was the Ten Finger Prison and no one would die. At most, it would just be wounds to the consciousness. Compared to the rewards, this bit of risk was easy to dismiss. Where else could they find a matter where they could get fame and wealth together?

Zuo Mo was like a powerful magnet continuously attracting other yao.

Seeing the figures approaching, Zuo Mo’s clear and indifferent pupils suddenly shot out several cold and intimidating lights.

Without any warning, these people gave sharp wails.

The figures seemed to be split in half by something. Body parts that were cleaved off flew out a few zhang before they disappeared.

“Careful! There are ice blades!”

“It’s an illusory formation!”

Exclamations rang out. No one had expected that Xiao Mo Ge had set out ice blades illusory formations so far away from his position without leaving any traces! Hiss, many people couldn’t help but inhale sharply. Ice blade illusory formations, these were not high level yao arts. Ice blade was a little yao art, the illusory formations had been composed of two kinds of low level water yao arts.

What made all the yao inhale in shock that these people had been struck by the blades least one hundred and fifty zhang away from Xiao Mo Ge.

Without changing expression, he had set down traps one hundred and fifty zhang away. His tactics and power were all essential to this. Many people that had vulturous ideas previously seemed to have a bucket of cold water poured over their heads. The chilling fear struck their hearts.

The bounty was not so easy to get.

Pia pia.

Another few lights flashed. Another few people had been thrown out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. Many yao were not even able to make out what trick these people had fallen for. The mood suddenly became tense. Some yao even had thoughts of retreat. Their steps slowed down as they looked uncertainly at Xiao Mo Ge.

The other seemed too calm. Did he have something to rely on? If he did not have support, how could he not be nervous at all?

The troop quickly spread out. Those with nimble minds seemed to feel the danger. It was good to let other people test the waters. Only those that could remain until the end could reap the benefits.

Zuo Mo calmly stood there as though he did not see the enemies coming at him from all directions.

He was not pretending to be calm. His heart was as serene as water, his consciousness was unprecedentedly lively. Every action in the surroundings seemed to be seen in the palm of his hand. The comfortability he felt was like being a fish in the water made every nerve

in his body feel pleasure. He could clearly feel the surrounding environment was filled with closeness.

Suddenly, he understood.

This was the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, this was his territory!

Boom!

His mind seemed to suddenly exploded. The barely discernable bond with the surroundings became blinding like oil poured onto fire.

Wasteland Beast Chessboard!

He seemed to see a wasteland beast shrouded in the smoke that looked at him. That pair of vicious lantern-sized red eyes did not hold viciousness and savagery. It only stared deeply at him.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's sigh sounded out.

Zuo Mo heard this sigh filled with the burden of age, but at this time, he did not have the time to study the meaning behind this sigh. His eyes did not move away from the wasteland beast at all. His face was raised. The wasteland beast was half crouched in front of him. Zuo Mo was not short, but he was just able to reach the toe of the wasteland beast. The wasteland beast looked down at Zuo Mo. The deep red eyes were as deep as the ocean and were unable to be understood.

It stared at Zuo Mo for a while as its body slowly disappeared from in front of him.

Zuo Mo suddenly shook. The shouts and roars suddenly entered his ears like a tide. He seemed to be in a different world. Had it been a delusion just now? Zuo Mo shook his head hard. Where was the wasteland beast in front of him?

There was no time to think. The closest enemy was already within one hundred zhang of him.

Ice blades illusory formations were not high level illusory formations, and if the other had even the slightest awareness, they were ineffective. All

of the ice blade formations were completely swept away. The crowd of yao's morale rose!

Even if Xiao Mo Ge had some great ability, he could not defend against so many people! There were more than forty yao that were charging and many of the yao that had been watching could not resist charging as well. Maybe they could get some benefits in this mess? Then they would really profit!

The yao arts on the hands of many yao started to flash. The crowds became excited. In the next second, hundreds of yao arts flew towards Xiao Mo Ge like rain!

No matter how strong Xiao Mo Ge was, he could not dodge all of them.

Victory was right in front of their eyes, the crowd of yao was excited, and the spectators continuously casted recording yao arts in the fear they would fail. Xiao Mo Ge was being ganged up on, this was great news that would shake the yao world. Those that were experienced always warned their students this was the outcome of offending great personages. So what if you could break the prison? People could torment you however they want!

In the battlefield, Xiao Mo Ge was still motionless. He seemed to not see the lights of the yao spells in the hands of the yao. He lightly raised his right hand.

A right hand that was extremely normal!

A light that was not blinding lit up on the fingers of his right hand.

He slowly breathed out, "[Wasteland Beast Chessboard—Match]!"

The voice was not loud and was as soft as the wind, but it blew into every corner of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. All of the yao in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard were disturbed and raised their heads in shock.

Silently, the black and white tiles within one hundred and fifty zhang of Zuo Mo seemed to become alive and slowly turned.

Time seemed to have stopped in this second. All the yao that had charged into this area of a radius of one hundred and fifty zhang froze where they stood.

Many strange statues stood next to Zuo Mo. They maintained their running posture. Some still had lights on their hands, others were slanted forward as though they could fall at any moment.

All the noise disappeared. It was deathly silently within one hundred and fifty zhang of Zuo Mo. The yao watching from a distance looked at this strange and fantastical scene. What had happened? No one understood. Under their puzzled eyes, Zuo Mo slowly sat down cross-legged.

Among the spectators, one person's body suddenly shook fiercely.

His shock-filled face suddenly became as snowy white as paper, his eyes filled with astonishment.

Was it

Chapter 375: [Yao Art Cage]

Was it that he was able to control the Wasteland Beast Chessboard?

Ming Jue Zi's heart beat wildly. In his eyes, the process of Xiao Mo Ge folding his legs as he sat was occurring in slow motion. He looked with disbelief at Xiao Mo Ge.

He had vast knowledge, and he knew that the battle now had reached another level. It seemed that those yao that had charged towards Xiao Mo Ge were being controlled but that was not true.

Another battle had just started. Xiao Mo Ge's focused expression caused Ming Jue Zi to believe his speculation even more.

It was just he hadn't really expected there were people able to control a prison

Ming Jue Zi looked dazedly at Xiao Mo Ge and his thoughts wandered. He was suddenly full of curiosity about what Xiao Mo Ge's last move in the prison-breaking battle was. Breaking the prison did not mean controlling a prison. For example, Qian Liu Daren had set down Vast Water Clear Skies, but he was not able to control Vast Water Clear Skies, it just provided a slight advantage for him.

Throughout history, successful prison breakers were mostly like Qian Liu Daren but there were exceptions. Throughout history, there had been three prison-breaker yao that could control a prison.

This kind of secret information was only usually known by family with long histories. Supposedly, to control a prison, the crux was in the last attack of the prison-breaking battle. In a prison-breaking battle, the further it proceeded, the more ferocious it was. The last attack was usually the strongest and most vicious attack. The formation of the new prison had a large connection to the last attack, and the ability to control a prison was connected to the last attack as well.

Of course, these were all speculations, ones that circulated in a certain group.

Because it could not be proven, no one knew what the last move of the three daren in the past had been. Up until their death, they had not revealed the secret. This speculation had been formed by some concerned people from all kinds of hints and clues. Everyone had found to their shock that, through different channels, that all three daren had mentioned the last move to a certain degree. However, many people also did not believe this because these hints could not prove anything.

But Ming Jue Zi believed it.

Because he coincidentally knew a bit more than other people.

Ming Jue Zi was not interested in the matter of Xiao Mo Ge and the Genius Alliance to start with. This matter might have made a fuss but not many of Ming Jue Zi's peers paid much attention to it. High level yao family had their own high level groups. They were only interested in matters of their circle. Ming Jue Zi was not too interested, but just curious what the Wasteland Beast Chessboard looked like so he came to see. He had not expected to see such an amazing scene.

The one hundred and fifty zhang radius around Zuo Mo was like a grey and white territory of death. Everyone seemed to be unmoving and silent.

There was a circle of yao surrounding it but no one dared to step into the area. The scene in front of them surpassed their limits. Countless recording yao arts flashed.

The scenery in front of Zuo Mo changed. An enormous chessboard appeared in front of him.

On this chessboard, there was only him, and his opponents that had been pulled in. However, the number of opponents was very high. All seventy one yao that had been drawn in were his opponents. In other words, he needed to fight against seventy one opponents simultaneously.

There was not one thread of fear in Zuo Mo's heart. This was his territory.

Hiss hiss hiss!

Countless lights suddenly flew out of the black and white chessboard and grabbed onto the yao.

Wasteland Beast Chessboard!

Everyone felt their vision blur and they lost sight of Zuo Mo. When they could see the surroundings clearly again, they found to their shock they were inside cages of light. The arm-thick pillars of light flashed with complex and eerie lights.

[Yao Art Cage]!

The match had begun.

Some yao that thought highly of themselves snorted coldly and cast yao arts towards the cage. Yet no matter how they released their yao arts, they could not move the light pillars at all. Smarter yao did not move rashly and carefully examined the surroundings.

There were those with power among the seventy one yao. Jin Zhen was one of them. He was from a branch family of one of the five Great Clans, the Gold Clan. He was young and smart, his power unordinary.

In this length of time, there were no yao arts that attacked him. He instantly understood that the way to exit was on this light cage. He calmed his mind and inspected the pillars of light. The lights that flashed on each arm-thick pillar were different. Through the light, he was able to see layers of interwoven little yao arts. Hm, he suddenly felt they were familiar to his eyes.

He suddenly recalled what the yao art lights that glowed on the pillar of light seemed like—the prison-breaking six problems!

Yes, it was the prison breaking six problems!

The construction of yao arts on the light pillars were the same as the prison breaking six problems.

Sweat poured off Jin Zhen. He opened his mouth but could not produce a sound. How could he not be familiar with the prison-breaking six problems that had been so popular in the recent past? He was even able to

recite every problem, including their answer.

But when he faced yao art problems that were similar to the prison-breaking six problems, there was only hopelessness in his heart. Based on his own power, he could only solve three of the prison-breaking six problems. Even when the answer to the sixth problem had come out, it had taken him six whole days to understand.

Please please don't be too difficult

Jin Zhen grabbed the last thread of hope and prayed inside. He trembled and suppressed the wild beating of his heart as he looked closely.

Upon closer inspection, he almost fainted away.

Little yao arts were packed together and connected with abnormally complex ways. Looking over, it made one have a big head.

He really had been possessed to come running into this matter. Jin Zhen was very dispirited. He probably could not avoid being wounded this time. This was great. He needed to pay a fee for healing. It was really unprofitable!

His heart suddenly moved. He definitely had not hopes of solving, but he could record what he was seeing. He might even make a sum. The more he thought, the more excited he was. He hurriedly cast a recording yao art.

When the light of the recording yao art rose, he couldn't help but laugh. It was useable! A door closed, but a window had opened. He had some ideas, and knew what was the most important. He did not spare his spiritual power and carefully recorded the yao arts on every pillar of light completely.

Ha ha, this was all money!

Just as he finished recording, the pillars of light lit up to a blinding degree, and suddenly were like thorns piercing his body. An excruciating pain came. With a wail, his vision darkened.

Woosh woosh woosh!

The yao that maintained their strange position around Zuo Mo

continuously turned to balls of light and disappeared.

Ming Jue Zi knew these people definitely were thrown out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. Amazement flashed through his eyes. From beginning to now, Xiao Mo Ge was sitting at his original spot and had not moved at all. What was that battle which was unable to be seen like? How did so many people get defeated?

He was filled with curiosity and his gaze was bright.

Zuo Mo slowly opened his eyes. A smear of exhaustion flashed through his eyes. Seventy one [Yao Art Cages]. Even with the advantage of being on his home territory, this was not an easy matter for him.

The entire battle did not look to be very fierce, but at many places, it was as though he was walking on wire with dangers all around. This was the first time that he used the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. Fortunately, what he encountered were not experts. Otherwise, if they entered battle, he would probably be unable to attend to all of them and could not escape defeat.

If he lost, the backlash would heavily injure his consciousness. The wasteland beast was behind him as it looked down. It was like a blade on his back.

Suddenly, several figures charged out of the yao crowd lightning fast towards Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's eyes narrowed. His heart felt grave. These people that were charging over had timed it perfectly. They were not average! His consciousness had been greatly expended in the [Match] just now, and this was the time he was most exhausted. If they gave him two breaths of time, no, even one breath, he would be able to resolve these attacks.

It seemed he still was inexperienced in fighting with yao. He silently made note of the mistakes he made this time.

He did not care too much about being killed and thrown out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. In any case, it was just wounding of his

consciousness. If he could learn something from it, it was a profitable transaction because this could save his little life.

So Zuo Mo was not panicked. He was even slightly curious what it would feel like to be thrown out of the Ten Finger Prison.

Zzt!

A sound like a copper wire being plucked sounded from behind him. A purple arrow of light flashed past Zuo Mo's face.

The purple arrows of light were so fast that people were hard pressed to dodge them. It passed through a yao moving forward at fast speed. This yao didn't even have the time to make a wail before turning into a ball of light and disappearing.

Crash, the yao at the very front suddenly tripped without any signs. Two grey green chains of mist were wrapped on his feet.

This yao was of considerable power. He reacted very quickly. In the instant he fell, the light blade on his hand sliced towards the green mist chains on his feet.

Pew!

The tip of grey green sword suddenly came out of his chest.

The sword tip dissipated into mist. His eyes were full of disbelief as he turned to a ball of light and disappeared.

Zzt zzt zzt!

The sound of a copper wire being plucked continued. A vine bow had appeared in Nan Yue's hands at some unknown time. Every time the bow was stretched, a purple light would flash and a vine arrow would be on the string.

Cang Ze's appearance had changed greatly at this time. His hair was grey green and waved like water grass at a strange rhythm. His eyes were covered in a layer of faint green mist. His body was shaking like dice. Every time he shook, ripples that were hard to discern would spread, and an icily murderous energy spread.

The spectators all changed expression.

“High level yao arts!” Ming Jue Zi was unable to control himself any longer and exclaimed.

Nan Yue had coincidentally woken up from her meditation. Seeing Zuo Mo was being attacked, she did not hesitate in attacking. What she used was the [South Sky Arrow Art] that she had learned. Today was the first time she had cultivated it, but [South Sky Arrow Art] was truly the inherited yao art of the South Sky Wisteria Clan. Nan Yue learned it with ease. There was none of the difficulty she encountered with normal yao arts. At many places, it seemed like instinct.

She was in a hurry to support Zuo Mo. There was no other thought in her heart, and she gradually entered the perfect state.

Cang Ze had woken up a bit earlier than Nan Yue. He had not cultivated [Grey Scar Art] to the point he forgot his surroundings like Nan Yue did. It was the opposite. He had a sense of everything that was happening outside. Seeing Daren protecting them, he felt grateful. Even though he knew that this would offend people, he did not hesitate.

[South Sky Arrow Art]! [Grey Scar Art]!

Two sets of yao arts that had once dominated, and been lost through time. They were like a sword that had the dust brushed off, the sharp edges appeared in front of the world again.

Just like the glory of three thousand years ago!

Chapter 376: We Need Real Combat!

Nan Yue and Cang Ze instantly intimidated the crowd of yao.

The purple vine arrows were as quick as lightning. No yao was able to dodge. The purple lights tore apart the air. The grey green streaks were full of transformations. They were like assassins wearing face-skin masks that could not be predicted or defended against. In the blink of an eye, the murderous ambushers all turned to white light and disappeared.

No spectator dared to move.

They may not be like Ming Jue Zi and realized with a glance that what Nan Yue and Cang Ze were using were high-level yao arts but they were able to see that the two yao arts were unique. Nan Yue and Cang Ze had been staying inside the illusory formation. The yao had been focused on Zuo Mo and none of them had noticed them.

Their sudden appearance, and their lightning attacks afterwards extinguished the thoughts of some yao that wanted to benefit from the chaos.

Nan Yue panted lightly as she held the vine bow and stood next to Zuo Mo. She looked warily at the surroundings. Cang Ze's forehead was covered in sweat. The grey green mist on his body was much fainter than before.

Zuo Mo knew that this was the first time Nan Yue and Cang Ze had cultivated these new yao arts. After their actions, they were, undoubtedly, tired to the bone.

"Go back, have a good rest." Having recovered, Zuo Mo said warmly. His hands moved together, and dozens of lights of various colors spilled forth like a storm. They entered the empty ground around him and disappeared.

A trap!

The hearts of everyone watching secretly shook.

Nan Yue and Cang Ze were at the end of their rope. They were just hanging on. Seeing the situation, they released a breath. Without dragging

it out, they quickly left.

Zuo Mo coldly looked around. Many yao lowered their heads, not daring to look at him. His eyes paused on Ming Yue Zi. This unfamiliar yao smiled slightly at him.

He did not think about the meaning in Ming Yue Zi's smile and left the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

The moment he left the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, Zuo Mo finally felt how serious his consciousness had been expended this time. He hurriedly entered meditation to recover.

"This sword formation is good and can help you comprehend sword essence. However, do not rely too much on external things. We are sword xiu. What is sword xiu? Other than the sword, there is nothing else! No matter if you comprehended sword essence or not, when you start cultivating the sword, your heart is like a sword billet. You need to continuously hammer it, grind it, cause it to become purer, and stronger. What can hammer and temper your sword hearts? Combat, continuous combat! Without combat, there are no sword xiu. We sword xiu come into the world with our sharp edges!"

Wei Sheng's voice was not charismatic, but his determined gaze, and his indomitable voice made every sword xiu's blood boil.

Previously, they were like a headless snake due to the lack of a teacher. Now, Wei Sheng's sudden appearance caused every sword xiu to see hope. In other sects, disciples like Wei Sheng were still disciples. But here, Wei Sheng quickly became every sword xiu's teacher. No one doubted any word that he said.

He was a true sword xiu!

If this was in the past, everyone would feel that Wei Sheng's cultivation methods were very dumb. Who could think that a jindan xiuzhe would spend four hours each day slicing and thrusting like a beginner? But he quickly used reality to make everyone understand how important the

basics were.

He used sword moves from the stage of *lianqi*, the ling power of a *lianqi*, and defeated all the experts of Vermillion Bird Camp, including Ma Fan.

After such a fantastical competition, all of Vermillion Bird Camp sank into a deathly silence for multiple days. Wei Sheng's performance completely overturned the common understandings that had formed over time.

What ling power, what sword moves, in front of Wei Sheng, they were useless. He used reality to teach everyone their cultivation had gone in a wrong direction. Gradually, people started to copy Wei Sheng's cultivation method, and methodically practiced the basic sword moves they had left behind a long time ago.

Wei Sheng's Sword Lecture Hall was full of people daily.

In the Sword Lecture Hall, everyone gathered after class and discussed what Wei Sheng had just spoken on.

"Teacher Wei is really great!" Lei Peng did not cultivate a sword scripture, but he never missed any lecture. Wei Sheng's words today really fit his appetite. The young Wei Sheng was called Teacher Wei by everyone.

"But where is there combat," someone muttered.

"It's not that there isn't combat," Ma Fan said in a deep voice. After he had been defeated by Wei Sheng last time, he had reflected for a long time. His cultivation of the sword was unorthodox and he only had a half-complete understanding of many things which left behind hidden weaknesses. Now that Wei Sheng had pointed every one of them out, he had benefited greatly. He would reflect and study every word that Wei Sheng said many times.

"That's right, there are fiend souls outside, and even stronger fiend soul beasts. Aren't they the best opponents?" Nian Lu inserted.

"Right! Let's get them!"

"En en, we need to plan, how about this"

The pitiful fiend soul beasts. They had been living in relative peace and dominated this fiendish mist for thousands of years, but were facing a calamity due to one of Wei Sheng's speeches.

Originally, Shu Long, A Wen, and the major fighters of Guard Camp were planning to attend the Sword Lecture Hall. Even though what Wei Sheng discussed was cultivating the sword, but many of the contents were also useful for them.

However, this plan was mercilessly killed by Pu Yao.

Were they joking? A branch of the honored Sky Yao, even if only in name, when was it ever someone else's turn to lecture them?

To Pu Yao, this was a humiliation. That's right, it was a humiliation!

Pu Yao, who was becoming more discontent the more he thought about it, instantly ordered Guard Camp into lockdown. What was good about the Sword Lecture Hall? Speaking of cultivation, hmph, who can compare to ge?

Pu Yao smirked coldly inside.

With a wave of his hand, the Mo Cultivating Hall was opened.

Even though Pu was a yao, he was familiar with the cultivation set that the mo used. Lazily and smugly, he freely spoke. What he taught was long and not limited to [Hardship Guard]. If those mo colonels of the mo world sat hear and listened, their hearts would have beat out of their chests. The hardship guards only listened docilely. Many parts caused them to have suddenly understandings. As to anything else, they didn't feel anything.

Even if the camp door was tightly closed, but the actions of Vermillion Bird Camp caught the attention of Shu Long and the others.

"Combat? Oh, it is essential." Pu Yao propped up his chin and blinked his bloody pupil.

Compared to the sword xiu of Vermillion Bird Camp, the hardship guards of Guard Camp had an even more pitiful amount of combat

experience. They were born xiu slaves, and were truly unorthodox. It could be said that innately, the hardship guards were greatly lacking compared to the sword xiu of Vermillion Bird Camp.

If Guard Camp was suppressed by Vermillion Bird Camp, would there be any face for him?

Even if it was Wei Sheng!

Hmph! Just a jindan

How could the proud Pu Yao tolerate this result?

Even more, there was the Golden Souls! After absorbing one Golden Soul, his soul had greatly stabilized. Other than releasing a breath, he desired the remaining Golden Souls even more. At this point, he had to prove his value.

There was no way around it. This student of his was the utmost pragmatic!

Pu Yao aimed at those fiend soul beasts. He did not have any intentions of discussion. He waved his hand and sent out the order.

Guard Camp started to move.

Gongsun Cha did not know anything of what was happening at the campsite. Wei Sheng's arrival did not affect him greatly. When he had left Wu Kong Mountain, he had just entered the sect for a few months, and he did not have many attachments to Wu Kong Sword Sect. He had only ever heard the name of the Eldest Shixiong Wei Sheng and it was the first time he had seen the real person.

At this time, his entire body was red like a boiled shrimp. His appearance was handsome to start with, and he had the shyness and bashfulness unique to youths. With his entire body red at this time, he seemed even more adorable.

His soul was trembling ferociously. When the bead had entered his mouth, the flooding soul base source was like a tide and almost swallowed

him. His soul was like a leaf struggling on a great wave.

If it was a normal person, their first thought in this situation would be to protect themselves.

But Gongsun Cha was vicious and decisive. At the very first moment, he started a suicidal method of absorbing. As he struggled, he continuously swallowed soul base source to strength his own body. The level of danger in this was the most dangerous of Gongsun Cha's entire cultivation.

Gongsun Cha's cultivation was the lowest of everyone. But in terms of mental resolve, even Zuo Mo underestimated how strong Gongsun Cha's resolve was. From the moment he met the concept of battle, he had stubbornly stood against Pu Yao's repeated abuse. In that period, Pu Yao did not teach him at all. Gongsun Cha needed to find the patterns from his continuous failures. There was no motivation, no support, only failure.

The cruelest nurturing method had formed Gongsun Cha.

This had formed Lil' Miss' vicious and cruel battle style but there were only a few that knew he was even crueler to himself.

He was a weirdo with a weak body, a low cultivation but a strong and vicious inner heart.

To him, this was just another battle. The dangerous situation did not make him waver. His resolve that had been tempered by Pu Yao's countless abuse was as steady as rock. What he was most skilled at was finding that one sliver of opportunity in a hopeless situation.

The tsunami like blow to his soul caused him to waver and almost fall but he was extremely calm as he swallowed threads of soul base source.

His consciousness quickly grew and it became even easier.

He seemed to direct his consciousness like he directed Vermillion Bird Camp.

Flank, deep thrust, circle, and annihilate

This was the method he was most familiar with, and he easily used it. He was like a cunning wolf wandering. When he saw the chance, he would

leapt and tear a bite off.

The soul base source was so vast, and he was so weak. He did not panic. It was the opposite. He was very excited because he found the exhilaration of battle. This exhilaration was like an addictive poison, and intoxicated him.

He gradually took control of the situation.

His consciousness became increasingly stronger. Due to this, his calculations became even more precise, and his consciousness easier to control. They were like the fresh greenhorns that quickly turned to elite soldiers.

Gradually, a thread of understanding came.

This understanding became clearer, so clear it seemed to be held behind a paper window. If he could poke through, he could see its true appearance.

His consciousness was like a twister pulling the wind that swallowed the last thread of the soul base source.

Pia, it was like something had broken, and also something had erupted.

He stood on the battlefield that held no person, his mind abnormally clear.

Ha, so this was what it meant to be a battle general!

Chapter 377: Qinghua Xue

Two kinds of high level yao arts!

Ming Jue Zi studied the recording yao art and searched mentally what yao arts these two were. He knew at some details about the majority of high level yao arts. It had to be said this was not three thousand years ago. High level yao arts were no longer common.

However, no matter how long he thought for, he could not identify the origins of these two yao arts. His curiosity increased. His first idea was, was this a new kind of yao art?

In the great war three thousand years ago, even though large numbers of yao arts had been lost, the low and intermediate yao arts were still passed down untouched. After three thousand years of development, each yao art house had focused their efforts to create new yao arts, and those famed houses all focused on creating new high level yao arts. Even those Sky Yao were working towards the same goal.

The development of yao arts had reached a new era of creativity. In these years, new high level yao arts had been continuously invented. This had become one of the measures to judge a yao art house. Without a high level yao art of their own, a yao art house could not push into the ranks of famed houses.

Was these high level yao arts that were created by a yao art house?

This was the most plausible hypothesis. But Ming Jue Zi's intuition told him it was not like that. Xiao Mo Ge's origins had always been a mystery but he had a completely different quality to the yao that came from yao art hoses. Ming Jue Zi was confident in his eyes. When he saw Xiao Mo Ge for the first time, this feeling was very strong.

Maybe it was an ancient high level yao art that had been lost?

Ming Jue Zi decided to do deep research.

Qinghua Zang Shui felt he was going crazy!

Xiao Mo Ge's rudeness infuriated him. Even that idiotic nobody was so impolite to him!

When had the yao of the Blue Flower Family been treated so rudely?

But damn it, the blue flower was useless against that idiotic bastard! Qinghua Zang Shui tightly balled his fists, his eyes sprouting fire. Why? Why were the blue flowers useless against the idiot?

Did the [Blue Flower] have some fatal weakness

Impossible!

The reason that the Blue Flower family had such status was due to this blue flower.

This idea that suddenly came was like a poisonous vine that crept over his mind. Without knowing it, his face became ashen, and his back soaked.

No!

There definitely was not a problem with the [Blue Flower]! It definitely was that he had incorrectly cultivated somehow! Yes! It definitely was like that!

His heart tightened again. Had something gone wrong with his cultivation?

"Brother, what is it?" Qinghua Xue who coincidentally pushed open the door to come in saw Qinghua Zang Shui's pale face and jumped in fright.

"I'm fine," Qinghua Zang Shui said with a forced smile. But his voice was dry and rough, and caused the concern on Qinghua Xue's face to grow.

Qinghua Xue's body was tall and about the same as Qinghua Zang Shui. The slightly blue skin had a fine glossy sheen and contrasted beautifully against the amber eyes. It was unspeakably moving. Especially her long and curled eyelashes that evoked one's pity.

"Is Brother still angry at that Xiao Mo Ge?" Qinghua Xue's voice was warm and seemed to hold a special power. Qinghua Zang Shui quickly calmed down.

Qinghua Zang Shui hesitated for a moment, but when he recalled that poisonous thought, he couldn't help but say, "Sister, is my [Blue Flower] not being cultivated properly?"

Qinghua Xue was slightly astonished. "Why does Brother have such a strange idea?"

"Today, I met a person in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. He wasn't afraid of the blue flower at all. I had sent out twelve blue flowers, each hit his body but nothing happened to him." Traces of terror showed in Qinghua Zang Shui's gaze.

"Aah!" Qinghua Xue was very shocked, but when she saw Qinghua Zang Shui's gaze full of terror and dispiritedness, she quickly composed herself. After thinking for a moment, she slowly opened, "The world is great, and has all kinds of wonders. Even the [Forbidden Night] of the Night Clan doesn't dare to say that it is undefeatable. Does Brother remember what happened two years ago?"

Qinghua Zang Shui's expression instantly relaxed.

"Our cultivation of [Blue Flower] lacks the last three levels but there are definitely are no problems." Qinghua Xue's voice was confidence.

Qinghua Zang Shui was relieved of his worries. He felt his younger sister was right, and mocked himself inside for having a weak mentality. The two were siblings from the same father but of different mothers. However, they had a great relationship. Qinghua Xue was the younger sister, but she was very intelligent, and Qinghua Zang Shui respected her from a young age, especially in the area of cultivation.

Even though Qinghua Zang Shui was a member of the Genius Alliance, he had no thoughts of pride in front of his younger sister. He knew of his younger sister's talents in cultivation. From very young, he would ask help from his sister whenever he encountered a problem in cultivation. But his sister did not like conflict, and never used yao arts in front of other people. Even their father did not know of his sister's talent in cultivating [Blue Flower].

Almost no one knew the name of Qinghua Xue.

Their declining family was a branch family of the Blue Flower Family. In the eyes of others, their branch had started to prosper after Qinghua Zang Shui entered the Genius Alliance. Only Qinghua Zang Shui himself knew that the one with the most potential of their branch was not him.

Even he did not know just how strong his younger sister was. But he was used to trusting Qinghua Xue from a young age. Over time, all the hopes of the family had been placed on his shoulders. He was sensitive and slightly moody, he would frequently become irritated and insecure. But in front of his sister, he would unconsciously feel at peace.

The air around his sister seemed to have the taste of peace.

Since Sister said there wasn't a problem, then there definitely was not a problem.

"Brother has had to deal with too much pressure recently," Qinghua Xue urged in a soft voice, "Brother shouldn't care too much about Xiao Mo Ge. This male is arrogant in conduct, making enemies everywhere. He would not have a good ending. Brother's [Blue Flower] is at a crucial time. If you can progress another step, your cultivation would truly reach a vast place."

"Sister is right, I forced myself into a dead end." Qinghua Zang Shui said. Thinking about how he seemed disturbed in this recent while, he couldn't help but feel shame.

Qinghua Xue smiled sweetly. "Then I'm going out to play."

Finishing, she floated away like a blue snowflake. Qinghua Zang Shui looked at his younger sister's back and felt warm in his heart. Since Sister liked a peaceful life, then as her older brother, he needed to work harder!

Qinghua Xue returned to her room and sat in thought silently for a moment. Coldness suddenly came into the amber eyes.

"Xiao Mo Ge"

Nan Yue opened her eyes, and felt her mind was unspeakably content and fulfilled. There was no exhaustion at all. Joy floated into her mind. No

wonder [South Sky Arrow Art] was the inherited yao art of her clan, it really was powerful!

Her mind moved slightly, a purple light flashed at her fingertips and a three cun vine arrow appeared. The small and exquisite vine arrow was made from two slender green vines interwoven together. At the tail were three green and crisp leaves. It was very charming. The vine arrow was very soft yet strong. She could fold it however she wished and it would not break. Playing with the vine arrow, her thoughts wandered.

She had not secretly passed the little yao arts and other things Daren had taught her onto her clansmen. Without Daren's permission, she definitely would not share any of it. She also did not have those intentions. Her idea was to learn some skills. In the future, she could earn more money and help her clan members have a good life.

But when she learned this [South Sky Arrow Art], she had the urge to pass it to her clan members.

The [South Sky Arrow Art] was far too suited to the Wisteria Clan. It was just the first time she cultivated it, and her consciousness had grown by a tenth. This degree of improvement almost scared her. If this improvement was maintained over the long-term, then the power of the yao art was tangible. In the Wasteland Beast Chessboard yesterday, how many enemies had she destroyed? Ten!

Before this, it was an unimaginable feat to her! Also, this was just her first time cultivating it! Thinking about it now, the ancient records of [South Sky Arrow Art] of her clan were not exaggerating when they talked about its power.

Fortunately, Daren allowed her to pass [South Sky Arrow Art] to her clan members. Thinking about this, her heart was filled with gratefulness. She could see a great and open path in front of her and her clan. Sometimes, she couldn't help but feel this was unreal. The poor and harsh life she previously had faced seemed to be just yesterday.

No matter which reason it originated from, she could be grateful to Daren!

She propped up her chin. Daren was so powerful, so strong, she could not be a burden on Daren! She definitely had to work on her cultivation! If she could help Daren in the future, then it would be even more perfect!

Ooh, how could she help Daren?

Her eyes lit up.

Zuo Mo was furiously cultivating yao arts. At the side, A Gui looked on with a wooden expression. The light of the yao arts reflected on her face, and added another thread of light to her eyes.

Lil' Fire curiously circled from the side. It would sometimes approach very close to the light on Zuo Mo's hands. Lil' pagoda continuously nudged at Lil' Fire. It was unmoved, and only looked curiously at the yao arts on Zuo Mo's hands. Lil' Pagoda could only dejectedly fly back into A Gui's arms and snuggle around.

Yao arts!

Last time in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, he had almost been tripped up by that group of yao, Zuo Mo was greatly stimulated.

Damn it! If the tiger didn't roar, they mistook it for a sick cat!

Wasn't it just yao arts!

Zuo Mo resolved inside that he won't let go of those people when he went next time. Last time, if it wasn't for the wasteland beast that had helped him, he may have been thrown out immediately. There was nothing major about being thrown out, but it was a great loss of face!

"Xiao Mo Ge" was a personage right now, how could face be lost?

If he could not suppress this terrible conduct, how could it show Xiao Mo Ge's power?

Yet he did not know just as he buried his head and worked on yao arts, a major event happened.

Chapter 378: Black Smoke Yao's Suggestion

Feng Xing Zi had reconstructed the third prison to be renamed Wind Song!

This event created more noise than Zuo Mo reconstructing the Wasteland beast Chessboard. The first prison was just the ground of little yao that just entered yao art houses. If it wasn't that it had been a long time since the first prison's prison-breaking battle had been won, it wouldn't have been any news at all. But the third prison was completely different. The yao that cultivated in the third prison were usually in the later stages of spirit planting, and the beginning stages of yin spirit.

The difficulty in reconstructing the third prison was several magnitudes greater than reconstructing the first prison.

Feng Xin Zi was a high level supervisor of the Genius Alliance, and based on the accomplishments from this battle, he had successfully entered the elder council of the Genius Alliance. Those that had discussed Xiao Mo Ge vs. the Genius Alliance were now collectively silent. The Genius Alliance used action to prove how laughable it was to compare Xiao Mo Ge and the Genius Alliance together.

However, Zuo Mo did not feel that his troubles had lessened.

This was due to the bounties from the large yao markets!

The bounty to kill him once in the Ten Finger Prison had grown from five million to eight million. What made him even more speechless was that it did not limit the number of times. The enormous sum made Zuo Mo's eyes turn red. He turned to Nan Yue and said, "How about you all try to kill me and take the recording yao art to get the bounty, then we can split it?"

Nan Yue and Cang Ze's expressions were like they had swallowed a fly, and they did not know what to say.

"So much money!" Zuo Mo's eyes were bright as he furiously rubbed his

hands together.

Nan Yue and Cang Ze stalwartly helped him destroy the enemies that came like moths to a flame. They were becoming familiar with their new yao arts. Taking turns and attacking, they were swift and efficient.

A short while later, the orange-haired yao excitedly ran over with the black smoke yao.

“Brother, the Genius Alliance broke the third prison!” The orange-haired yao shouted loudly when he saw Zuo Mo. “We cannot submit. Brother, go break the third prison! Show the Genius Alliance your power!”

Nan Yue and Cang Ze’s faces grew even darker. The black smoke yao behind the orange-haired yao couldn’t help but have an awkward expression and show an apologetic expression to the two yao.

Zuo Mo was unconcerned. “Not going!”

“Why not?” The orange-haired yao gaped, his face disbelieving.

“There’s no money!” Zuo Mo rubbed his hands.

“That is true.” The orange-haired yao stilled, thought and then nodded in agreement.

“Brother, why don’t you kill me, and then we split the money?” Zuo Mo brought up the old topic and looked with desire at the orange-haired yao.

“This idea is good.” The orange-haired yao then said with some bashfulness, “But I am Loyal Yao, how can I kill my brother?”

“That’s fine, just remember to give me a bigger portion.” Zuo Mo waved his hand carelessly.

Cang Ze finally could not resist. “Daren, there are many ways of making money, do not humiliate yourself so!”

Heavens! He could not think of it. If Daren really used this method to make money, everyone would collapse from laughter. Daren’s face was thick enough, and could dismiss all kinds of criticism, but he could not. Behind him was the entire Grey Clan! Daren’s idea made him shiver.

Too scary! No, he had to stop Daren's insane idea!

Seeing Zuo Mo's unaffected face, he almost cried. "Daren, if you need money, I'll give it to you, alright?"

"How much money do you have?" Zuo Mo's face was full of disdain and caused him to choke.

The black smoke male suddenly spoke, "Actually, I have a method."

"Say it, say it!" The orange-haired yao was very excited

The black smoke male slowly spoke and caused everyone to become silent.

"Smoky, you are too devious!" The orange-haired yao exclaimed in shock and then his expression became ecstatic. He turned and asked Zuo Mo, "Brother, is this idea great or what!?"

Zuo Mo didn't think and nodded. "Do it!"

"The most recent news. Just after Feng Xin Zi reconstructed the third prison, Xiao Mo Ge has also made a move."

"Xiao Mo Ge has put down a stage in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard Prison. He has announced he will accept any challenge. The challenger only needs to pay a fee of fifty thousand, and can receive a preliminary qualification of challenge.

"Those that receive the preliminary qualification will need to go through a preliminary battle. Those that win can directly challenge Xiao Mo Ge. Those that pay two hundred thousand don't need to go through a preliminary round and can directly challenge Xiao Mo Ge."

Ji Li Yu's complexion was black, and she remained silent. On the side, Ji Cheng's expression was strange but he closed his mouth tightly. He knew his sister was at the point of erupting. He didn't dare to make a sound at this time. He was full of respect towards Xiao Mo Ge right now. No matter how powerful this guy was, he definitely had a thick face and black heart to dare to do something like this.

The most extreme of extremes! A personage among personages!

He wanted to go and acquaint himself. However, when he saw Old Sis' eyes that seemed to sprout fire, he forcibly suppressed this impulse.

"Very good." Ji Li Yu's voice as it was forced through her teeth was like the cold wind in the deep of winter. "But will he manage to survive?"

Ji Cheng shook.

Old Sis was angry!

"Congratulations, Elder Feng! Congratulations, Elder Feng!" Another supervisor bowed to Feng Xin Zi, unable to disguise the envy on his face and a hint of fawning. Feng Xin Zi had become the newest elder of the Genius Alliance Elder Council. The status of the two were completely different.

Congratulatory greetings came from the surroundings.

Feng Xin Zi had a humble smile on his face. "Thanks."

He had come to bid farewell to everyone. After he reconstructed the third prison, the discussions about the Genius Alliance had abruptly stopped. All the major yao channels had stopped their scorn and praised the power of the Genius Alliance.

The enormous potential he displayed was very well favored by the higher levels. Even the leader of the Genius Alliance, Ming Yue Ye, had on multiple occasions, expressed her admiration.

Feng Xin Zi patiently bid farewell with every supervisor and member before leaving.

"Daren, I heard that the main division has countless yao arts, including sky and earth levels, is it true?" Xiao Jin blinked her adorable eyes and was full of anticipation. She was Feng Xin Zi's follower, growing up with Feng Xin Zi like a sibling.

"Supposedly." Feng Xin Zi was looking into the distance. He turned and replied with a smile.

“That’s wonderful! In the future, Daren will have sky level yao arts!” Xiao Jin was extremely happy.

Feng Xin Zi gave another slight smile but did not speak.

“Daren Daren, there is a very fun matter. That Xiao Mo Ge actually put up a stage, and is taking fees. How can there be such a greedy yao in the world!” Xiao Jin’s round face was filled with shock.

Feng Xin Zi saw Xiao Jin’s adorable appearance and couldn’t help but rub her head.

Xiao Jin’s face wrinkled and she said discontently, “Daren, you messed up Xiao Jin’s hair again!”

“Haha!” Feng Xin Zi laughed freely. “Let’s go!”

“Daren, wait for me!”

“Do you think we are going to get money?” Nan Yue asked Cang Ze uncertainly.

“I don’t know.” Cang’s mood was low and he almost seemed to cry. The Grey Clan had been in decline for a long time, and resorted to staying in an out of the way place, but it was an ancient clan that had guarded the Golden Tree. When had they done such embarrassing things? He was the junior clan leader, and he was going to be clan leader in the future!

But he did not display any temper at all. His objections in front of Daren’s decisiveness was as weak as the breath of an ant.

Daren had a decisive presence, his eyes filled with domination, a great hero. Cang Ze admired him inside, but that quality of greediness

Nan Yue did not notice Cang Ze’s low mood and was eager. “I hadn’t expected that black ghost with such an ordinary appearance to have such evil ideas. So black. But this idea is really good! I hope we can earn a lot this time!”

The Wisteria Clan of the South Sky had declined far more than the Grey Clan. After struggling at the lowest level of society for such a long time,

they had long ago forgotten their past glory and the pride of a great clan. Such a taxing life had taught Nan Yue the difficulty of survival and the importance of money. Due to this, she was in strong agreement with the black smoke yao's idea.

To be able to get money honestly, and to resolve trouble at the same time, the black smoke male's idea fit Zuo Mo's intentions very well.

"Nan Yue, pay attention to taking in the money. Only those that have paid have the qualifications." Zuo Mo was like an experienced battle general calmly directing, "It would be best to hire a yao for the accounts. Oh, the first round, Cang Ze is up first."

"I'm up first!" The orange-haired yao impatiently jumped out. He put his hands on his waist and laughed. "Haha, today is the day I become famous. You need to keep your eyes open and watch how I beat down all of them!"

Zuo Mo did not object. The orange-haired yao's strange physique which could not be killed made him the best choice for the first round.

However, since they were paying, he naturally had to provide the best service. Ooh, the prison battlefield should be changed. Compared to other places, the intimate presence of the battlefield was greater. What reassured Zuo Mo the most was that barely discernable presence of the wasteland beast.

The strength of the wasteland beast was branded into his heart. He had asked Pu Yao about the wasteland beast but Pu Yao had been silent each time. Zuo Mo was used to Pu Yao's secretiveness. This guy had too many secrets.

Okay, let all those secrets and old anitques go to hell, what ge loves is jingshi!

Zuo Mo was full of motivation.

The prison battlefield was completely transformed. This place had become Zuo Mo's home territory. Compared to the peace outside, the prison battlefield was full of danger with each step. Lots of yao arts in the style of "Little Mo Ge" were swimming about. If it touched anything the

slightest bit, then the successive attacks were like debtors being chased by creditors.

To guarantee that only yao that had paid the fee could enter, Zuo Mo had used the prison battlefield to its limits. The densely packed yao arts made even his scalp prickle. Zuo Mo even put down large amounts of illusory formations in the pathway that he left behind. This weren't the low level things like ice blade illusory formations. This was a big illusory formation he had spent four hours to finish.

The yao arts inside the prison battlefield were obedient in his hands. He could merge them into the illusory formation as he wished. After the illusory formation was complete, he was well satisfied.

If they planned on forcing their way in, ha, wait to feel the pain.

Zuo Mo's confidence in formations was much stronger than his confidence in his half-learned yao arts. Zuo Mo's beautiful illusory formation shocked Nan Yue and the other yao. The admiration in their eyes was like a flood. Even the black smoke yao that had a black face and a black heart was very astonished.

In the yao world, the path of formations was famed for its difficulty in comprehension. There were very few yao that were skilled in formations.

Xiao Mo Ge was skilled in formations!

A thread of strangeness flashed across the eyes of the black smoke yao.

Chapter 379: Tide of Battle

Nan Yue really found a yao to come collect the money, her good friend Hong. Only things like souls could enter the Ten Finger Prison, money could not be taken in. But the method of transactions inside Ten Finger Prison had developed over the years, and everyone had naturally found a method.

There were merchants that specialized in this kind of business.

One only needed to go to these merchants to buy a type of soul that had a special soul imprint with money. In the Ten Finger Prison, these souls with special yao art imprints were akin to money. Only wealthy merchants could be involved in this kind of business. The souls that were used as money were seed souls born from special yao trees. The seed souls each merchant family used were different, and the spiritual imprint on the seed souls could effectively stop fraud.

Some old businesses had a good reputation in this field.

What Hong was hired to collect was this kind of seed soul.

The little girl was a daring one. In the beginning, she had been scared to due Zuo Mo's reputation but she quickly became excited. When she saw the endless stream of people registering, she became even more excited.

Cang Ze looked at the packed mass of registrants. His vision blackened and he almost fainted. When he saw the major yao channels with their logos, his scalp prickled and his consciousness almost shattered. No, he hopelessly shouted in silence from the bottom of his heart!

Looking over it all, all the yao channels that he had heard of were present and there were even many he had not heard of.

"There is a bit too many!" the black smoke yao said weakly. He swallowed. The amount of registrants far surpassed his expectations. A hint of regret formed. They had played it too big this time

The orange-haired yao wasn't nervous at all. He was very motivated, laughing with his hands on his hips. "Ha ha ha ha, this is fated to be the

day that I become famous! I will quickly surpass you, Brother, feel the great pressure! Do not be nervous, I'm very loyal, but I won't let you off!"

Zuo Mo did not hear the orange-haired yao's words at all. There was only a jingshi ocean in his eyes, vast and rippling with an attractive light.

Ooh ooh ooh, it was enchanting!

By Zuo Mo's side, Nan Yue was slightly excited. She balled her fists, and made a resolution. She had to make money for Daren!

"Who could have thought of it? Who could have thought of it? Just after Feng Xin Zi reconstructed the third prison, just as everyone is maintaining their silence due to their previous scorn of the Genius Alliance, Xiao Mo Ge made a move no one expected. This matter has been deflected dramatically into a new direction."

"No matter how powerful the Genius Alliance is, Miss Ji Li Yu, and Mister Qinghua Zang Shui have all tripped when facing Xiao Mo Ge, and this blemish cannot be erased. At this time, people finally remember that the Genius Alliance has their eyes at the top of their heads did not get their face back from Xiao Mo Ge! Of course, maybe Miss Ji Li Yu and Mister Qinghua Zang Shui cannot represent the Genius Alliance."

"If the two sides are facing off, then Xiao Mo Ge's move this time is shockingly sharp!"

Wearing a deep blue mask was covered with silver flower patterns and filled with a strange presence. At this moment, the eyes behind the mask were filled with coldness. Murderous intent flashed across the eyes, sharp as a blade's edge, but that pair of amber eyes quickly became calm like a deep lake.

"Xiao Mo Ge"

A slow and light sigh sounded behind the mask like tendrils of smoke and did not dissipate for a long time.

Her steps were slow, her upper body not moving at all as though she was sliding on ice. Her appearance was unspeakably elegant and ethereal.

She glanced at the registration area that was tightly packed before turning to look at the completely transformed prison battlefield.

“Hm!” A light sound came from behind the mask. There was a thread of surprise in her eyes. Formations! Xiao Mo Ge was actually skilled in formations. She noted it down inside. After studying outside the prison battlefield for a few moment, she turned and walked towards the registration spot.

Wherever she passed, the crowd seemed to be moved aside by an invisible hand and created a passageway.

Some yao with fiery tempers turned and prepared to swear. When they saw the dark blue mask, their expressions changed, and the words that had reached their mouths were swallowed back down. Anything that could be brought into the Ten Finger Prison were treasures! On this yao’s face was a soul mask. It was an extremely rare treasure. Those that possessed such a great treasure, if they were not rich, they were powerful!

And when they saw the streaming figure of the masked female yao, their hearts jumped! They recognized power!

Just like this, the masked female yao did not encounter any resistance and walked directly in front of Hong.

“You want to register?” Hong also noticed this unusual female yao and raised her head to ask.

“Yes.” It was possible to hear from the voice coming from behind the mask, that this was a female yao. She threw out a seed soul.

Hong took it and was slightly surprised. “Two hundred thousand! You want to make a direct challenge?”

“Is it not possible?” the masked female yao asked.

Pausing, Hong nodded hurriedly. “Possible, possible.” Then she shouted towards the inside of the formation, “Daren, there is a person who is

challenging you directly.”

After shouting, she said to the female yao, “You can go in. Don’t worry, the formation will not attack you.”

The masked female yao walked steadily inside the prison battlefield. She did not seem to fear those strangely changing formations at all.

“Formations! Xiao Mo Ge actually knows formations?” Su Wei turned his face with astonishment. “This guy does have some skills. I remember you’ve always had an interest in formations. You didn’t come to such a low-level place like the first prison just for this? And pulling me along as well. Bro, I’m very busy.”

Ming Jue Zi shook his head. “I have only found out today that he knows formations. This guy is very strange.” He said with deep meaning, “He can control this prison.”

“What?” Su Wei’s eyes widened suddenly. “That’s impossible!”

He knew what controlling a prison meant.

“Look at the prison battlefield.” Ming Jue Zi pointed at the completely transformed prison battlefield. “This place has completely changed.”

“That doesn’t mean anything.” Su Wei did not believe it. His head shook like a rattle drum. “He reconstructed this prison and naturally has the home advantage. This degree of transformation does not prove anything.”

Ming Jue Zi did not argue. “You’ll understand later.”

He thought back to the recording yao arts that he had been studying in recent days. He had bought them for a high price from a little yao called Jin Zhen. Jin Zhen had been involved in attacking Xiao Mo Ge that day, and the recording yao art recorded everything he had encountered that day.

The deep and cryptic yao art problems on each pillar of the dazzling cage of light astonished him.

He knew that Su Wei and the others didn’t even have any attentions to

look at a little yao that was muddling through the first prison. Previously, Su Wei had mocked him for wasting time on such a little personage, but as he studied more, the shock and puzzlement in Ming Jue Zi's heart accumulated.

There were too many places that he could not understand and think through.

He had read through a large amount of information to find something similar to the high-level yao arts that the two followers of Xiao Mo Ge had used that day. This discovery instantly attracted his attention, because these high level yao arts that were possibly a match were both lost a long time ago.

He also researched the background of Xiao Mo Ge's two followers. What was worth celebrating was that while Xiao Mo Ge's origins were unknown, it was not hard to find the origins of the two followers.

The male yao was from the Grey Clan, a clan that had declined. The female yao came from the South Sky Wisteria Clan, a yao clan that was almost extinct. The intelligent Ming Jue Zi quickly found something worthy of deep thought.

Both the Grey Clan and the South Sky Arrow Clan were yao clans that could be traced back to three thousand years ago. The reason that the high level yao arts of the two clans were lost were strangely the same, they were lost in the great war three thousand years ago.

The formations in front of him looked like a xiuzhe's seal formations.

These unusual traces caused Xiao Mo Ge to become even more mysterious.

But he did not tell any of this to Su Wei. There was too much speculations. He also believed that Xiao Mo Ge would shock Su Wei greatly.

Su Wei was also wondering inside. Even though Ming Jue Zi did not focus on what he should be doing some of the time, but his intuition far

surpassed normal yao. Did this Xiao Mo Ge really have something strange about him?

Just at this time, he saw a familiar figure walking towards the prison battlefield from the corner of his eyes. His expression instantly became strange.

“Yu Zi Zhou has come as well! Is this person going to go up?”

Ming Jue Zi saw that figure and stilled.

“Big Sis, you really aren’t going to send someone?” Ji Cheng suppressed the impulse to laugh and asked Ji Li Yu seriously.

Ji Li Yu lightly snorted. “Such a small person, is he worthy of my attention?”

“He besmirched our Ji Family’s reputation. How can we let him off?” Ji Cheng pretended to be indignant as he said.

“Let him off?” Ji Li Yu giggled. “He will quickly get a taste of trouble.”

Ji Cheng hurriedly asked. “Does Sis have some insider information?”

“You want to know?” Ji Li Yu raised her eyelids.

“Want to know, want to know!” Ji Cheng nodded rapidly. He was very curious. He had originally thought that Old Sis’ was going to send an expert to teach this guy a lesson. The Ji Family did not lack for experts. Who would have expected that Old Sis’ had ordered the clansmen not to go make trouble for Xiao Mo Ge.

If he hadn’t seen Old Sis’ look as though she wanted to eat Xiao Mo Ge raw, he would have thought that Old Sis’ was interested in Xiao Mo Ge.

“I’m thirsty. Get me some Heart Moistening Fruits,” Ji Li Yu casually said.

“I knew it. It’s like this every time,” Ji Cheng muttered. He obediently went to get the Heart Moistening Fruits and put them in front of Old Sis.

Ji Li Yu opened a Heart Moistening Fruit. The glistening and tender flesh

of the fruit and her long and white fingers formed a beautiful picture.

“Yu Ji Zhou has pursued me for so many years. How can he let go of such a chance as this?” Taking a small bite of the Heart Moistening Fruit, Ji Li Yu’s expression was like a child eating candy in secret. “Even though I do not like him, he is a good subordinate.”

Chapter 380: The Blue Flowers of Qinghua Xue

Zuo Mo was waiting for the first person to directly challenge him.

Even though he did not know how much two hundred thousand in the yao world was in terms of jingshi, but from the responses of Nan Yue and the others, he could see it wasn't a small sum.

He really could not understand it. If it was him, would he spend such a considerable sum of jingshi to have a fight with someone else? Didn't they have anything else they could do? But there were so many registrants. For the bounty? Or for One Mole?

Zuo Mo was very surprised by the reach of One Mole's influence. He thought back to the interaction that day. Other than using an illusory art the moment they met, he did not feel there was anything special about One Mole.

When Zuo Mo saw the challenger clearly, he paused and then asked Pu Yao, "Pu, how can there be masks in the Ten Finger Prison?"

"What is strange about that?" Pu Yao was discontent at being interrupted while teaching the Guard Camp. He said impatiently, "Golden Souls can be brought in, it's natural other things can also be brought in. Right, I'm very busy, don't bother me!"

Burning the bridge after crossing the river Zuo Mo muttered inside. Before he got the Golden Soul, this guy's attitude was great. The moment he got it, he instantly made a one hundred and eighty degree turn. Zuo Mo expressed deep disdain at Pu Yao's horrid conduct.

His gaze landed on the blue mask of the other person, and felt this object was very useful. He hadn't come to the Ten Finger Prison to make money. He needed to think of a way to find information on the Battle of Sealed Extinction.

Thinking about his present situation, the joy in Zuo Mo's heart at making money faded greatly.

“Start.” Zuo Mo focused. It was not fun to divide one’s attention during a fight.

Qinghua Xue carefully examined Xiao Mo Ge in front of her. The other’s eyes were peaceful and was not arrogant like the Xiao Mo Ge of the rumors.

She remained silent and threw this question to the back of her mind. Since she had already entered the battlefield, why think of all these details?

She stepped forward, and the silent pupils suddenly lit up with a pressuring light.

The female yao that had been peaceful and serene like a lady was like a longsword that was unsheathed from its scabbard. The cold icy presence was like an visible wave that rushed towards Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo’s heart wavered. His eyes became serious and he also stepped forward with his right foot.

The presence around him also changed. It was like the wind that blew from the desert, carrying a heart-shaking viciousness that rushed up without fear.

Pia pia pia!

Countless sparks formed like popcorn between the two.

The light in Qinghua Xue’s eyes grew, so bright that one could not stare directly at it. From since she was very little, she had started to practice [Blue Flower]. This had become a routine of her life and she had never stopped. She didn’t even know what level she had reached with her [Blue Flower]. Was it high or low?

This was the first time she fought, and it was the first time she channeled [Blue Flower] without holding back.

An unprecedented feeling flooded out of her body. The familiar power of [Blue Flower] seemed slightly strange to her. Under the stimulation of this domineering yet unfamiliar power, a strong yet unfamiliar feeling formed

as though something was moving inside her heart.

She had a strong sense she could do it! Under the stimulation of this emotion, she was filled with anticipation towards the upcoming battle. She felt like there was a monster hiding in her heart that revealed its great horns at this time.

Anticipation, terror, and wonder all mixed together causing her to be briefly dazed. When she refocused, she found a familiar light in her hand.

[Blue Flower]!

When Zuo Mo saw that blue flower, his pupils suddenly shrunk! Damn it, a yao from the Blue Flower Family!

He had almost tripped up on the [Blue Flower] that Qinghua Zang Shui had released. If it wasn't that the orange-haired yao could naturally suppress the blue flower, it was uncertain what the outcome would have been.

Zuo Mo's figure suddenly retreated. Usual yao arts were of no use against the blue flower.

As he retreated, his eyes were tightly locked onto this blue flower. A strong feeling of danger formed. The hairs on his body stood up on end.

This blue flower was even more beautiful and complete than the one Qinghua Zang Shui had released, and even more dangerous!

The mask wearing female yao was more powerful than Qinghua Zang Shui!

When Zuo Mo noticed a second blue flower forming on Qinghua Xue's hand, his eyelids couldn't help but jump. If he kept on retreating, as the number of blue flowers increased, his situation would become increasingly dangerous!

Thinking about this, Zuo Mo gritted his teeth. A gold light flashed at his feet and he suddenly charged forward.

With such urgency, he did not hold anything back. The gold light flashed on his feet and his figure moved like lightning!

To capture the group, capture the leader first!

Experienced in combat, Zuo Mo instantly made a decision. Since the blue flower was hard to defeat, then he would directly attack the true body!

Zuo Mo's figure disappeared from where he stood and appeared like a ghost in front of Qinghua Xue.

The hard lightning covering his hand crackled and long arcing streaks of electricity danced as his fist chopped towards Qinghua Xue's head like an axe of lightning!

The domineering presence of the hard lightning caused terror to form in Qinghua Xue's heart. But this bit of terror was washed away by the excitement that came after. She elegantly let go of the blue flower in her hand.

The blue flower floated in front of her and suddenly gave a dazzling light.

Zuo Mo felt as though his blow was stopped by a flexible yet soft invisible wall. The domineering and savage yang fiend hard lightning was forcibly stopped. Zuo Mo knew the situation was not good and he quickly reacted. His open palm shifting to a crane strike and the rampaging yang fiend hard lightning steamed out of Zuo Mo's fingertips.

Boom!

The blinding silver and blue lights exploded between the two people. The flooding power suddenly lost control and swept in all directions.

The two figures were separated.

The blue flower in front of Qinghua Xue had disappeared, and Zuo Mo looked to be in a sorry state with many dots of blue on his body. His hanging right arm was continuously trembling. He looked at the other. The yang fiend hard lightning he had just used was the strongest he could create but it still was unable to harm the other. In this short round, he was able to judge that the female yao was much stronger than Qinghua Zang Shui. The two were not on the same level.

Such a powerful yao art!

However, he had not been defeated!

Seeing another blue flower flying at him out of the corner of his eye, Zuo Mo's figure flashed and he disappeared from where he stood again.

The Blue Flower was powerful, but it was not without its weak spots.

Zuo Mo's mind was clear, he did not rest as he moved at high speeds, and released twelve yang fiend hard lightning blows in succession! The twelve yang fiend hard lightning charged at Qinghua Xue from all directions. It was a pity that he could not cultivate [South Sky Arrow Art]. The vine arrows that Nan Yue shot were faster than yang fiend hard lightning.

It was the first time Qinghua Xue had ever fought but she displayed extraordinary talent at combat. In a moment she was surrounded, but Qinghua Xue did not panic at all. She took a deep breath and a clear shout came from under the mask, "Blue Flower Clothes!"

Before her shout was complete, tendrils of blue vines of light appeared on her body. The blue vines of light spread and wrapped around her legs, then her waist, and then her arms. In a blink, the blue vines covered her entire body like a blue flower closing its bud.

Under the blows of the yang fiend hard lightning, Qinghua Xue covered in the blue flower was like a weak flower in a storm, swaying and appeared ready to break at any moment.

The twelve yang fiend hard lightning smashed on Qinghua Xue's body like explosive raindrops!

Hiss hiss hiss!

It was like a net of lightning had been spread over Qinghua Xue who was barely discernable inside the blue flower. Countless silver snakes moved about. The silver electricity lit up Qinghua Xue's amber eyes and they were full of the desire to fight!

Qinghua Xue was untouched. The hard lightning arcing on her body

quickly weakened and the vines of light tightly wrapped around her body brightened like they were being fed nutrients and water. The vines had actually absorbed the hard lightning completely!

Zuo Mo inhaled sharply. His scalp prickled!

Such a weird yao art!

The situation was becoming worse. The speed of the blue flower was not fast, but its defensive power was also unable to be defeated. There were no weaknesses! He could almost predict what was waiting for him. The other only needed to continue releasing blue flowers. That day, Qinghua Zang Shui had released dozens of blue flowers in one go. With the power of this mask-wearing female yao, it probably was not difficult for her to release hundreds. If the number of blue flowers increased, the space that he could utilize to dodge would decrease. Then he would be in danger!

Damn it!

Zuo Mo's mind moved quickly as he thought furiously. What move would be effective?

Did he have to use the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art?

Zuo Mo was confident in the power of the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art but in his mind, that was his ultimate move. If he used his ultimate move on the first challenger, what could he do for the rest?

He could use the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art on every one of them.

The power of the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art was powerful, but the expenditure was also astounding. If Zuo Mo used it once, he probably would have to leave the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

Then there would be no challenge he could accept! Definitely unprofitable!

An extra challenger was an extra sum of money. The longer he persisted, the more he would make. Zuo Mo knew this very well. His goal in coming to the Ten Finger Prison was to find a clue to the Battle of Sealed Extinction. But this required money, lots of money!

No!

He could not use the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art!

The gold light under his feet flashed. He continuously disappeared and then appeared as though he was teleporting and roamed around Qinghua Xue to search for an opportunity.

As Zuo Mo expected, blossoms of blue flowers continuously formed and floated up from Qinghua Xue's upheld hands. She was still elegant and relaxed like a girl putting out flower lanterns at the river's edge. But when she raised her head, it was possible to see the burning battle desire occasionally from her amber eyes.

The gold light flashed under his feet. He seemed to pass through the void, suddenly appearing and then disappearing.

The gold light entered Zuo Mo's vision. Not knowing what to do, Zuo Mo's heart suddenly shifted.

Since [Golden Crow Feet] was able to be used in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, then what about the other transformations?

There were six transformations of the Great Day mo physique. Other than the [Golden Crow Feet], there were five more. Were they also able to be used?

Zuo Mo's eyes suddenly burned. He had never used some of the transformations of the Great Day mo physique. He finally had the chance to use the ultimate moves he had worked so long on. It was like a sword that had been sharpened for a long time. It was being unsheathed to drink the fresh blood of the enemy!

In a moment, a strong desire for battle came from the deepest part of his body like a burning lava flow that spread throughout his entire body!

Chapter 381: Walked Out of the Gravestone

The six transformations of the Great Day mo physique: Light Void Wings, Golden Crow Feet, Day Script Palm, Flame Seal Armor, Midday Blade, and Great Day.

Light Void Wings primarily enhanced speed and were as fast as lightning. The Golden Crow Feet enhanced strength and had the power of thirty thousand catties. When the two were used together, they lead to endless possibilities, and were the two moves that Zuo Mo was most familiar with. He had also practiced the other four moves but never used them in actual combat before.

Zuo Mo's mind moved again. An even more outrageous thought came out. If he used all six transformations simultaneously what would it be like?

When this thought came about, it securely took hold over Zuo Mo's thoughts and was unable to be forgotten.

Why didn't he try

The gold light under his feet seemed to unwind like golden threads and quickly climbed up along his calves.

Qinghua Xue had no other thoughts in her mind. Blue flowers rose in the two hands she held up. The blossoms flew into the sky. These blue flowers that floated in the sky did not blindly chase Zuo Mo, but were spaced apart. There seemed to be invisible lines connecting the blue flowers to one another.

Reproducing and communicating among themselves.

When the golden threads reached Zuo Mo's waist, his legs were completely enveloped by the golden threads, they were especially thick on his feet. The golden threads continued to climb onto his upper body. Woosh, a pair of transparent wings suddenly shot out of Zuo Mo's back.

The dense golden threads continued to spread up Zuo Mo's chest, onto his neck and then covered his face.

In a flash, Zuo Mo was covered completely by the golden threads all over except for his eyes. The bright golden threads quickly dimmed, and a dark golden suit of armor covered Zuo Mo's body.

The dark gold scales were the size of fingernails and were in layers like fish scales. When Zuo Mo made the slightest move, they would sparkle like a wave of water. The helmet was round and tightly followed the contours of Zuo Mo's face. There was a black horn protruding from the top of the helmet, and rings of patterns were inlaid on the horn. The horn curved slightly forward and came to a sharp point.

The pauldrons were like two balls of burning flame. On his left arm was a small dark golden round shield. In bright red the image of a flame was inscribed on the round shield. His right hand held a strangely shaped blade. It was broad at the front and narrow at the back. There was no curve on the blade at all. It was as straight as a ruler. The entire blade was enveloped in the flame.

The armour was made of small scales that tightly wrapped around Zuo Mo's legs, but from the outside, they appeared even thicker. From his feet five sharp claws extended outwards, similar to the sabaton like the claws of the fiendish soul panther. The five claws of the Golden Crow Feet were like hooks that tightly gripped onto the ground.

Zuo Mo curiously examined himself.

"Hm." In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's expression shifted. He suddenly stopped commanding the Guard Camp. He carefully inspected Zuo Mo. His expression quickly changed, his bloody pupil expanding as he exclaimed in shock. "Great mo physique!"

Shu Long who had been receiving Pu Yao's instruction was confused. "Daren, what is great mo physique?"

Pu Yao ignored Shu Long, his bloody pupil tightly locked onto Zuo Mo.

“How is this possible? How is this possible? How can this boy use great mo physique? He clearly is not a true-blooded mo!”

He suddenly turned around his face, his gaze as sharp as a sword. He stared hard at the gravestone. “It’s you!”

A faint figure floated on top of the black gravestone.

What surprised Pu Yao was this blurry figure gradually became distinct.

Clean lines drew out a figure with feminine curves. Wearing a tight fitting suit of battle armor, she held an extremely strange weapon—an enormous claw that was even taller than her body!

The enormous claw was so life like it seemed alive. It was hard to imagine what being could have such a terrifying enormous claw. It seemed like the entire figure of the female warrior was under the enormous claw.

“You you you” Pu Yao seemed to see a ghost. He paled and was speechless.

“Little Pu Pu, long time no see!” A sweet teasing voice filled with laziness suddenly came from the gravestone.

“You you you” Pu Yao’s lips shook.

“You miss me this much!” A seductive soft laugh came from the gravestone. The sweetness in the voice seemed to come from the bone. The simple figure drawn by the clean lines on the gravestone continued to come into focus. It was like an invisible pen that was drawing stroke by stroke.

On the blank face, eyes appeared and then eyebrows

In a blink, an ambiguously smiling beautiful face appeared on the gravestone.

The eyes on this face suddenly blinked at Pu Yao. Pu Yao was stunned, he seemed to be petrified.

Long legs reached out of the gravestone as their armor rattled. The figure that floated out of the gravestone like this. Complex patterns encircled eyes that were black like the deep of midnight, , eyes filled with a

wildness and seductive gaze. The bark-brown skin that was exposed were as glossy as the best silk. The sexy figure was unable to be hidden underneath the battle armor.

She walked lightly in front of a statue-like Pu Yao. Bending down, she wore a dazzling smile, "Little Pu Pu"

Pia, without any warning, her right hand grabbed onto Pu Yao's neck and pulled him up like holding up a little chick. Then with a sudden tug, she jerked him in front of her. There was still an enchanting smile on her face, but something seemed to roil in her black eyes, and her tone became extremely hostile.

"Little Pu Pu, your attitude right now is not very good!"

The stunned Pu Yao looked dazedly at this pair of eyes. Countless memories came like the tide. His eye suddenly became moist.

"Sniveling again, so boring." Pia, the female warrior relaxed her hand. The vicious expression on her face turned to nothing and she muttered as she walked to the side.

After a moment, Pu Yao finally focused. He stammered out a question, "Da-Daren, you are still alive?"

"You want me dead?" the female warrior lazily replied. She threw the enormous claw onto the ground, laid on it, and yawned. She said indistinctly, "Why am I so sleepy again"

Pu Yao was unable to restrain himself from showing joy. His lips trembled. After a moment, for some unknown reason, his nose became stuffy and tears welled up in his eyes. He said, "Daren, they all died, Everyone is dead!"

The female warrior's body froze. A long while later, she sighed lightly, "Yes, everyone is dead, we are the only ones left."

The long sigh carried deep loneliness, grief and guilt.

The fully armored Zuo Mo felt as though he was a burning ball of fire.

There seemed to be thousands of burning streams colliding, bursting and splashing inside his body. They released a destructive presence that made even Zuo Mo's mind waver.

This was the first time Zuo Mo used all six transformations of the Great Day mo physique at the same time.

What entered the Ten Finger Prison was only the consciousness. There was no fleshly body nor ling power here, so how was he able to use the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique? Was it that his consciousness what was burning now?

When this thought came about, Zuo Mo felt an explosion inside his mind.

Countless golden flames suddenly shot out of the armor and burned.

Zuo Mo turned to a person made up of fire.

"What is happening?" Pu Yao gaped with wide eyes. He felt everything happening today was challenging the limits of his imagination. Everything was so fantastical, and unbelievable.

There was an astonishing change happening right now in Zuo Mo's consciousness that he could not understand at all.

"His Great Day mo physique is about to advance," the female warrior had her laziness back and said unconcernedly.

"How can he use the Great Day mo physique inside the Ten Finger Prison?" Pu Yao asked a question that had long been in his mind.

"The Great Day mo physique has some substance," the female warrior casually said. "This boy has pretty good luck. You taught him to cultivate the consciousness and he accidentally found a correct path to practicing the Great Day mo physique.

Pu Yao's expression suddenly became strange. What Great Day mo physique, who wanted to cultivate that thing? After struggling inside, he gritted his teeth and opened, "Daren, I took him as my student."

“Oh, that’s your freedom, you don’t have to report it,” the female warrior waved her hand and said unconcernedly.

Thinking about his Teacher, Pu Yao forced himself to say, “Please, Daren, do not pass mo skills to him.”

“Little Pu Pu, this is not good!” The female warrior had a smiling face.

Pu Yao’s heart shook and he knew it was not good. However, he still decided to fight. “Daren, please respect the order of arrival!”

“Tsk tsk tsk, Little Pu Pu, weren’t you the one that taught him the Great Day mo physique? Yao arts, so feminine, such a good little man, how can he be wasted by you?” The female warrior still had a smiling face.

Pu Yao’s face was as dark as the bottom of a pot, the tendons in his forehead jumping.

“Little Pu Pu, change to cultivating mo skills too. I like men who are very masculine the most” The female warrior’s eyes became intoxicated.

Pu Yao finally could not suppress it. He jumped up and swore, “Damned woman, you dare call me feminine. Come on, let’s have a good fight”

The female warrior instantly had an excited expression. With one move, she raised the enormous claw that was multiple times larger than her body. “Great great, after sleeping for three thousand years, it’s been so suffocating. I want a fight!”

The two figures fought fiercely in Zuo Mo’s consciousness.

“Stupid woman, don’t think I’m afraid of you. You were only the commander because I let you .., ...”

“Little Pu Pu, my dear vice commander, you’ve never beat me!”

“I was having mercy. In front of everyone, giving you face!”

“Little Pu Pu, you still like to boast as you ever did! Looking at the fact you guarded Older Sister for three thousand years, Sister will let you attack three times first!”

“Guard you? My honored Commander that thinks so highly about

yourself! What I protected was the reputation of the Corps! If the corpse of the Corps Commander landed in the hands of the enemy, it would be the shame of our corps!”

“Little Pu Pu, your mouth is still as sharp as before!”

“Corps Commander, you are still this shameless!”

———

Qinghua Xue looked in shock at Xiao Mo Ge who was swallowed in flame. Her hand couldn't help but shake once.

Was this a backlash from the yao art?

The invisible power released by the flame spread in ripples of heat.

Her heart shook and her expression changed slightly.

Inside the flame, the strange blade seemed to lift slightly.

Chapter 382: Midday Blade Strike

The temperature of the prison battlefield suddenly rose. The blackness of the void became dark red. Invisible waves of heat came from all directions, and twisted everything in view. Qinghua Xue felt as though she was wading through molten lava and was going to burn at any moment.

The blue flower held in her hands was like a candle flickering in the wind, likely to be extinguished at any moment.

Xiao Mo Ge was covered in flame on the other side was like a twisting ball of flame she could not clearly see.

What was most terrifying was that her consciousness was unable to find Xiao Mo Ge!

Qinghua Xue was shocked and couldn't help but panic.

The sky full of blue flowers showed signs of becoming uncontrolled. The connection between her and them became increasingly weak. Pia pia pia! The sounds that were so weak they were almost indiscernible landed in her ears but were akin to lightning on a clear day. Seven blue flowers cut off their connection to her consciousness!

Her complexion suddenly became white!

From the day she first cultivated [Blue Flower], these beautiful blue flowers were like her closest friends, and were connected with her in her mind. She played with them, told them her innermost thoughts. She had never encountered any problems on the complex yao arts recorded on [Blue Flower] because her friends would help her.

It was the first time that she had encountered the blue flowers cutting their connections to her.

Why was it like this?

Qinghua Xue had a bewildered expression. She did not know what to do about this sudden change.

Amidst her bewildered eyes, that strange straight blade that was

shrouded in the fiery flame sliced from top to bottom!

This blow was unusually slow, so slow that Qinghua Xue could see it clearly.

When the strange blade started to move downwards, the surrounding flame seemed to have been pushed by an invisible power and quickly left the blade. It broke into countless tiny flames that shot off towards the sides. Qinghua Xue seemed to have a feeling that this blade had sliced a ball of flame into a rain of fire.

The entire space seemed to be ignited in this moment.

The bright flame spread through the entire space like a snowstorm of the winter. It was so hot that waves of heat which could melt steel rose and lifted up a sky full of fiery rain. The sky suddenly became bright, wind and fire joining together. The power of the fiery rain expanded.

The wind and fire twisted and engulfed the blue flowers. The strange and cryptic blue flowers disappeared in the air like bubbles popping.

With the destruction of each blue flower, Qinghua Xue's face became a fraction paler. She wavered.

Poof.

When the last blue flower was destroyed, Qinghua Xue's face was as pale as paper. The light inside the amber eyes disappeared. Everything in her vision quickly became blurry.

At this moment, a deep voice could be heard through the roaring of flame and wind.

"Midday Blade Strike!"

The yao and the mo that were fighting fiercely suddenly separated and stopped. They raised their heads at the same time to look at the void above their head.

Pu Yao's expression was uncertain. The female warrior had a joyous expression.

Pu Yao suddenly spoke, "Your entire life was ruined by that suit of armor, are you going to ruin him as well?"

The joy on the female warrior's face stilled, and gradually dissipated. She seemed to think of something. Pain floated on her face. She held the enormous claw and stood woodenly. The expression on her face continued to change, sometimes joyful, sometimes painful.

Pu Yao did not speak, and only looked silently at her.

Hot! So hot!

Zuo Mo felt as though his entire body was burning. His blood, flesh, and bones were like dry timber that were being furiously swallowed by a crimson flame. His eyes were completely red, the colour of red-hot steel!

He did not know that a clear flame had appeared above his head. This clear flame was silent, but the outer flame had faint rainbow patterns.

This flame quickly spread along Zuo Mo's body.

The moment the flame appeared out of Zuo Mo's body, the wooden A Gui suddenly raised her head, and a deep purple light lit up in the deepest part of the dull and unfocused eyes. Lil' Fire who had been sleeping in her arms seemed to smell something delicious and woke up from its dreams.

"I had originally thought Daren was dead," Pu Yao stared at the female warrior and slowly spoke.

"To swear my oath! To abide by my ceremony!" An extremely scornful expression came onto Pu Yao's face. "Something so inflexible and trite, it is a miracle that it managed to pass down!"

The female warrior stood silently.

"It was this thing!" Pu Yao's voice suddenly became high and filled with fury. "It ruined Daren's entire life! Ruined the entire corps. Everyone was originally able to survive!"

The female warrior bit her lips, her black eyes filled with pain.

“Daren said right before death that she wanted me to guard it, so it will not land in the hands of xiuzhe.” Pu Yao’s tone was low. “I consented. I stood guard for three thousand years, it did not land in the hands of xiuzhe. I hated it, wanted to destroy it. I once thought the day that I managed to escape, I will throw this damned thing into the rivers of hell.”

“The time in the Yao Subduing Tower was really arduous to get through.” Pu Yao had a reminiscing expression. “If I had not promised Daren, I would not have made it through. I could not destroy it, so I had to endure. Being punished by lightning daily was nothing, what is most terrifying is to have no one to talk to, so I started to talk to it. Later, I did not hate it anymore. It is a inflexible idiot. There is no meaning in hating an idiot.”

“However, Daren,” Pu Yao suddenly lifted his head and stared directly at the female warrior, “are you going to ruin Zuo Mo as well.”

The female warrior was silent.

“He is my student,” Pu Yao said calmly. The black robe on his body seemed to flap in the wind, his black hair like countless snakes dancing. In the dark red bloody eye, the eerie red light slowly started to spin. His tone was as calm as usual. “To follow Daren in the past, I did not complete my Teacher’s final wish. Daren, instead I fulfilled my promise to you. I cannot finish Teacher’s last wish, but I cannot let Teacher’s line of succession break in my hands. Zuo Mo is my student. Daren, if you are going to put this ball and chain on my student’s body, please do so after stepping over my corpse.”

The cold voice landed in the sea of consciousness. Black flames came out of the ground and turned to curving snakes of fire that gathered from all directions below Pu Yao’s feet.

Ming Jue Zi suddenly raised his head, his pupils shrinking. He stared at the prison battlefield. Beside him, Su Wei’s expression changed as well.

Covered in the formation, the prison battlefield lit up with a dark red light. This patch of red light was massive and almost covered the entire prison battlefield. Ming Jue Zi and Su Wei exchanged a lot, and found shock in each other's eyes.

“Such powerful fire yao arts!” Su Wei was frazzled.

Due to the formations outside the prison battlefield, the presence that leaked out was not strong. However, the pure fire contained in this thread of presence made every spectator change their expression.

“Fire yao art” Ming Jue Zi murmured soullessly. His expression was very strange, his eyes shocked and puzzled. He paid far more attention to Xiao Mo Ge than Su Wei did, and knew much more information than Su Wei.

The strange Wasteland Beast Chessboard, the strange yao art problems, the strange yao art cages, adding on fire yao arts now

How many yao arts did Xiao Mo Ge really know?

He was so young, how had he cultivated?

Everything that Ming Jue Zi thought was common knowledge seemed to be completely upended by this mystery person.

Who was he?

Yu Zi Zhou raised his head to look at the sky filled with red light in the prison battlefield. His expression became serious. He had regretted being late and to not have been the first to challenge Xiao Mo Ge. Before today, Xiao Mo Ge was just a dancing clown in his eyes. If it was not for Miss Ji Li Yu, he definitely would not waste time on such a minor character.

But such powerful yao fire arts!

He had just finished registering with Hong and was at the edge of the prison battlefield. The pure fire yao art presence spilling out of the prison battlefield shocked him.

“Hong, send one in.”

A deep voice came from inside the prison battlefield. The speaker seemed to be suppressing something.

“Alright, Daren.” Hong seemed to wake up from a dream, turning to Yu Ji Zhou and saying, “Mister, you may enter.”

Yu Zi focused his attention. He did not dare to slack off, his consciousness at full power as he stepped forward with a grave expression.

The scenery in front of him changed.

The surroundings were bright red as though he was submerged in molten metal. Invisible heat waves blew against him. His expression changed. Such strong fire yao art! He had to channel his powers to withstand these terrifying heat waves. His expression became even more grave.

As one of the Jade Clan, he was not afraid of fire. However, he was forced to use his powers to just stay here up so he recognized how powerful it was.

Zuo Mo stared with blood red eyes at Yu Zi Zhou in front of him. His entire body was inside a golden flame. The pain of burning tore at his nerves.

He could clearly feel the pure flame slowly permeating his consciousness. His consciousness seemed to shun these flames. Yet the golden flames were domineering and forcibly permeated his consciousness thread by thread.

What was this thing?

He gritted his teeth and bore the pain. The rich and tyrannical power occupied his entire body and the pain was like thousands of ants chewing on his body, especially his palms and back.

Zuo Mo had to focus his attention on the enemy in front of him. This way, it seemed that the pain he felt would lessen.

He gathered all the strength in his body, and the Midday Blade in his hand viciously struck at Yu Zi Zhou!

Midday Blade Strike!

The sky was full of wind and fire that howled as it shot at Yu Zi Zhou!

Yu Zi Zhou's expression changed slightly. With a cold snort, his left leg shifted back slightly, his hands made a shape as they were holding a large ball, and drew a perfect circle with ease in front of his chest.

If Su Wei and the others saw this scene, they would have exclaimed, the ultimate defensive technique of Yu Zi Zhou—[Interconnected Jade Rings]!

An ultimate move right at the start! Without time to think, Yu Zi Zhou instinctively used the strongest defensive yao art he could do!

One created two, two created four

In a flash, rings of light covered Yu Zi Zhou.

Pew pew pew!

The storm of fire hit the rings of light, and both were destroyed. Rains of fire continuously landed on the rings of light, and rings of light were continuously destroyed. But the number of light rings did not lessen. Instead they increased, and became more numerous!

Zuo Mo felt there was an unstoppable flood inside his body that spread along his left hand and was going to burst from his left palm.

He did not even think before slamming his palm towards the thick rings of light.

Chapter 383: You Should Die!

This palm struck the rings directly.

The Day Script on the center of Zuo Mo's palm suddenly lit up. A vast and scorching power burst forth from the center of his palm. This power was extremely strange. It did not blow away the rings of light, instead like a tiger reaching out with its head from the cage, it bit and held its prey.

The sea of light rings were securely latched onto by Zuo Mo's left palm.

The Day Script continuously released golden yellow light that corroded the rings of light. A golden boundary rippled through the rings of light as it moved towards the center of the barrier.

Yu Zi Zhou's expression changed greatly. He felt a tyrannical presence corroding his Interconnected Jade Rings at an astounding speed!

What ... what was this? It was the first time he had encountered such a strange yao art!

This domineering power spread so quickly it almost exceeded Yu Zi Zhou's imagination.

He had just managed to gather all of his consciousness, and his vision already turned to a golden yellow ocean. Yu Zi Zhou had never thought he would ever be pushed to such a sorry state one day. No, such a hopeless situation! This was only the second move the other had used. The second move, and it forced him to such a state!

A dancing clown ...

He suddenly thought of this phrase. A feeling of humiliation like never before instantly rushed every inch of his nerves.

How could a person as proud as him be defeated in two moves by a person he thought of as a dancing clown?

How could he!

Yu Zi Zhou glared. The elegance and relaxed face was now unusually twisted. Deep pride was mixed with unprecedented humiliation. He was

like a gambler that had lost it all, and went all in with his life!

All of his consciousness and his strength was channeled into his arms. He held his arms as though he was embracing the oncoming golden light and slowly pushed forward like he was pushing a mountain. His face trembled fiercely and showed signs of instability.

“Jade”

Gritting through his teeth, Yu Zi Zhou slowly spoke while visibly trembling. Every part of his body was trembling. The two curved arms he held in front of his chest slowly moved forward amidst this shuddering. Every fraction he pushed forward, the vibrations in the space around him increased by a fraction.

“Born”

Just as the “born” was squeezed from his mouth, the golden light had spread to the last ring of light in front of Yu Zi Zhou.

The golden light collided with Yu Zi Zhou’s arms without any finesse. Yu Zi Zhou’s body froze and his pupils suddenly expanded.

Pia! Yu Zi Zhou’s palms popped!

Pia! The wrists exploded!

Pia! The forearms exploded!

Pia pia pia

After a string of noises like popcorn popping, the explosions spread along Yu Zi Zhou’s arms to his body. Yu Zi Zhou’s eyes were enormously wide. He looked in disbelief as his body exploded inch by inch.

An unwilling wail suddenly was stopped.

There was a dazzling golden ball of light that covered Zuo Mo’s left palm that was like a sun. He maintained his striking pose motionlessly. All the flames over his body suddenly burrowed into his body.

The red light faded from his crimson eyes and revealed golden yellow pupils.

The golden yellow pupils were indifferent like that of a deity gazing down on ants, but the expression of pain on his face did not fade but increased. The indifferent gaze contrasted with the pained and twisted expression forming an extremely strange image. The Midday Blade in his right hand was trembling. The golden ball of light on the left palm dissipated, and the Sun Script at the center of the palm faded.

“Hong, let another one in!”

The hoarse and deep voice contained threads of insanity as it came out of the formation.

“What Little Pu Pu has said is very wise!” The female warrior suddenly raised her head and looked smilingly at Pu Yao. She nodded heavily and said, “This stupid armor really shouldn’t be passed down any more.”

The gravestone shook fiercely as though it was very discontent with the female warrior’s words. The roiling black clouds looked as they were going to burst out.

“Shut up!” The female warrior’s expression cooled. She raised the enormous claw in one hand and heavily smashed it down on the gravestone. With a clang, the earth shook. The shaking gravestone froze. From the point it was smashed, a web of cracks snaked out.

Crack-woosh, a pile of broken rock fell off the gravestone. The black clouds that had just came out of the gravestone seemed to be hit with a body paralysis curse, and froze in the air.

Such such a powerful blow!

His presence almost at his peak, Pu Yao’s eyelids jumped. Pia pia pia, the black flames that had burrowed under his feet suddenly exploded simultaneously, and he was covered by a burst of black smoke. “Cough cough cough!” Pu Yao’s coughing passed out of the black smoke. When the black smoke dissipated, Pu Yao was singed and covered with ash.

He looked with unfriendliness at the female warrior.

The female warrior gave Pu Yao a flirtatious glance as though nothing had happened. She turned her face and when she looked at the gravestone, her tone was cold. "Clean it up."

The gravestone shook. Woosh, the broken pieces that had broken off seemed to grow legs and climb into the place that had been smashed. Piece by piece, they went back to their original spot. In a blink, the gravestone seemed to be untouched again except for the web of cracks extending from the top of the gravestone.

The power was just as terrifying as it had been in the past

Pu Yao glanced at the female warrior and sat down. There were too much to consider about everything that had happened today. Hadn't Daren died? How could she become alive again?

Death could not be reversed. This had no connection to cultivation.

Unless Daren did not die!

If Daren had not died in the past, then there were too many possibilities in this Golden Soul? That was very possible!

So Daren hadn't died then

Wait a moment!

Pu Yao's head was lowered. His bloody pupil unconsciously narrowed into icicles.

Daren died in his arms. Even if it had been three thousand years, he still remembered that scene clearly! He was familiar with Daren, her personality, her temper, he was familiar with everything!

The Daren in front of him was so familiar, as familiar as she was three thousand years ago.

But Daren had died she had really died

There seemed to be a silent sigh in the cold pupil. The pain seemed to have been washed away by time, so faint there was almost no trace, but ...

...

Pu Yao suddenly raised his head.

“Daren is already dead.”

The female warrior furrowed her brow and was slightly discontent.

Pu Yao seemed to not see it, and said to himself in a light voice, “Daren is dead, both her soul and body destroyed, there was nothing left.” His right hand came out of its wide sleeve and spread its fingers, feeling the air rush past them.

He looked directly at the female warrior and said calmly, “I know it, Daren died.”

The blood red pupil was so cold there was not a shred of warmth. He raised his hand, and a black flame jumped in his hand. His black hair started to dance again, and the silk-like black clothing moved despite the lack of wind.

The entire sea of consciousness seemed to slow down. Gradually, only one rhythm could be heard, only one sound.

Dong dong dong dong dong dong

The female warrior’s expression changed slightly. Her eyes locked onto the thread of black yao fire on Pu Yao’s hands. The strange rhythm in the space was the exact same as the rhythmic flickering flame on Pu Yao’s hand.

“The Golden Soul really is a good thing. It seems you’ve recovered a fair bit.” Pu Yao’s expression was indifferent. The bottomless crimson pupil slowly revolved and a scornful smile that was as cold and sharp as a knife’s edge suddenly jerked at the corner of his mouth. “You also recovered your usual idiocy.”

The female warrior suddenly spoke. But the voice changed from the sweetness and flirtatiousness of just now and became as simple and wizened as an old person. “How did you find out?”

Before the sound landed, the female warrior’s body collapsed into fine black powder. The black dust danced and gathered in the air to turn into a

ball of black smoke. Inside the black smoke, the figure of a male was discernable.

“You want me to tell you how idiotic you are? Ha!” The scorn on Pu Yao’s face grew. “Tsk tsk, three thousand years, you finally showed your face, it really wasn’t easy.”

“Haven’t you wanted to force me out all along?” The male inside the black smoke glanced at the black fire on Pu Yao’s hands. He said in a deep voice, “I think we need to have a good discussion.”

“Discussion?” Pu Yao raised an eyebrow ambiguously. He took away the black fire in his hand and said unconcernedly. “Fine, discuss! Who are you?”

“Gravestone armor, called Protection, you can call me Wei.” The black smoke covering his body disappeared, and revealed Wei’s true appearance. He was wearing a body of black armor and seemed to have great bearing. His brow was straight and his eyes bright, he seemed full of righteousness. He was not as old as his voice seemed, and he bowed towards Pu Yao respectfully.

“Wei? Oh, not a bad name.” Pu Yao narrowed his eye.

“Due to the previous owner, your heart is filled with hatred towards me. I am able to understand this,” Wei slowly said. His voice was calm and neutral. It had a power that reached straight into the heart. “What she protected seemed to be idiocy to you but her resolve to protect was the source of her power.”

Pu Yao smirked coldly. “Tsk tsk, so high-sounding!”

Wei’s gaze looked into the distance as he was reminiscing on something. His voice became distant. “Every soul has something they are willing to give their life for.” His gaze came back and looked at Pu Yao. “Isn’t it also the same for you?”

Pu Yao still had a cold smirk. “Don’t spout these little pretenses in front of me.”

“Alright, you say.” Wei did not argue, nodding and saying without

hesitation.

“I say?” Pu Yao narrowed his eye that was like a bloody red blade. He said lightly, “I say you should die!”

Wei’s expression changed greatly. His figure turned to rolls of black smoke and flew towards the gravestone.

Woosh!

Black flames sprouted from under the gravestone and completely enveloped the gravestone!

Wei hurriedly stopped his body. He seemed to be extremely wary of this kind of black flame.

“You should die!” Pu Yao stalked towards Pu Yao, a jumping flame being held in the air above his hand. The beautiful and dark face was filled with murderousness, his voice so cold there was no thread of warmth. “For pretending to be her, you should die!”

“Pu, you cannot kill me.” Wei stared at Pu Yao with a calm expression.

“I know.” The murderousness on Pu Yao’s face suddenly disappeared and he said with a strange and dark smile, “However, after three thousand years, how can I not have spent any of my thoughts on you?”

Wei’s expression really changed this time.

A dazzling light lit up on Pu Yao’s hands and illuminated the entire sea of consciousness!

Chapter 384: New Tenant

Zuo Mo seemed to have an extremely long dream, a dream of red and gold. A world full of flame, dazzling, golden light filled the entire dream. But he could not remember what happened.

Opening his eyes, pia, a warm and soft bubble-like thing smashed into his embrace.

Zuo Mo lowered his head. He saw a golden yellow body frolicking in his arms.

This was

“Lil’ Fire?”

Zuo Mo’s expression instantly became slightly strange. He gripped the little golden guy and raised it up. Lil’ Fire seemed to be recalling a certain painful memory. Its soft body suddenly froze. A moment later, it chirped weakly and looked at Zuo Mo.

It really was Lil’ Fire! Zuo Mo’s gaze relaxed and then he became curious. How did this guy become like this? The body which had originally been red was now golden red, and his figure had shrunk a few fractions.

“How did you become this?” Zuo Mo asked curiously. Lil’ Fire hurriedly chirped but Zuo Mo couldn’t understand one sound at all. Zuo Mo ignored it, and squeezed around as he muttered, “Forgot where the spot is”

The chirping suddenly stopped. Pew, a golden red flame shot out of Lil’ Fire’s body.

Lil’ Fire’s expression was full of sorrow.

“Ha, found it! Ooh ooh, it’s good that you are normal, normal.” Zuo Mo relaxed his grip.

When Lil’ Fire left the demonic hands, it shot into A Gui’s embrace and chirped sorrowfully as it rolled in search of comfort.

A Gui was still just as usual. Zuo Mo sighed inside. He didn’t know when they would reach Cloud Sea Jie. He walked next to A Gui, and inspected A

Gui's body again. An uncontrollable expression of joy appeared on his face.

The strange purple light seemed to have grown stronger. Even though he did not know what the purple light was, Zuo Mo knew it was of great benefit to A Gui. The first time he had encountered an unconscious A Gui, he had discovered the attributes of this purple energy.

The purple energy showed signs of growth. This was a good thing. Zuo Mo's mood instantly became much lighter. Oh, what should he be doing right now? Zuo Mo furrowed his brow. He felt slightly strange. How could he not have anything to do?

Wait!

That wasn't right! His gaze focused. He remembered, the battle stage at Wasteland Beast Chessboard! The memories were like a flood that burst through the dam. He thought of more and more matters. That was right! Wasteland Beast Chessboard! Stage!

But

Why couldn't he remember what happened?

What had happened?

His expression became grave. He knew that something had definitely happened, but no matter how hard he tried, he could not recall anything. After thinking for a few moments, he entered the sea of consciousness. Pu Yao definitely would know.

Entering the sea of consciousness, Zuo Mo couldn't help but make a sound of surprise. The sea of consciousness seemed to have changed. However, he was not in the mood to examine the sea of consciousness at this time. He sprinted directly in the direction of Pu Yao's location.

Zuo Mo stopped his feet and gaped as he looked at Pu Yao.

There was another person standing beside Pu Yao!

After gaping for a moment, Zuo Mo suddenly became enraged. He shot forward a step, pointed at Pu Yao and started to scold, "You lazy glutton,

ge tolerated you even though you don't pay rent, now you bring another person in? You really think of ge's sea of consciousness as a free residence? Ah-ha! Didn't even inform me, you really think this is your home?"

Pu Yao who had been full of pride suddenly froze.

"I-I- I"

"I, what I? Do you know whose territory this is? This is ge's sea of consciousness! You're great, you don't even have one piece of jingshi, and you have your nose pointing at the sky all day? Ge found you an eyesore a long time ago, you really think you are a benefit to ge? Ah-humph! Now you even took a subordinate in?"

"He-he- he"

"He, what he? Little Pu Pu, you disappoint ge greatly. Thinking back to the past at Wu Kong Mountain, even with that powerful formation from the paper crane woman, ge's heart was like granite and did not waver at all! You meet just one male beauty, and you surrendered! Do you know why you are an old antique, but ge is the Little Mo ge that dominates the word? Let me tell you, there is a difference between people and yao!"

Pu Yao was completely stunned by Zuo Mo's barrage of scolding.

After Zuo Mo finished ranting, he felt extremely comfortable, and very satisfied, especially when he saw Pu Yao's stupefaction. A feeling of victory rose. A cold snort coming out of his nose, he raised his face and glanced at the male beside Pu Yao. "Who are you?"

"I am Wei, greetings to you." The other stood and bowed to Zuo Mo.

Wei's motions were relaxed and his expression serious. It caused people to feel his sincerity.

However, Zuo Mo did not fall for this. He crisply shook his head. "Wei? Never heard of you." Not waiting for Wei to speak, he continued, "I don't care where you came from. But let's talk about the problem of rent."

"Very rational. Please continue." Wei did not argue and cleanly nodded.

“Ha! I like brisk people!” Zuo Mo smiled. “Very simple and to the point. Ooh, you can use all kinds of valuable things as rent. Like spells, yao arts, jingshi, rare materials, they all work.”

Wei said, “I have a set of dhyana xiu [Attainment Golden Body], is this acceptable?”

“[Attainment Golden Body]? Dhyana xiu?” Zuo Mo thought and then said, “Don’t use trash to fool me!”

“You can test it out first.” Wei handed over a ball of light with a calm expression.

Zuo Mo showed a satisfied expression. This guy really knew how to get with the program. Taking in the ball of light, a set of spells flowed like water across his mind. After musing over it, he couldn’t help but show an abnormal expression.

A sixth-grade spell!

What was the origin of this guy? A sixth-grade spell just to start?

Zuo Mo refocused and raised his eyebrows. “Oh, not bad! This can be your yearly rent!” He then twisted his mouth at Pu Yao. “Pu, learn from this, look how proactive this person is.”

“Your praise is Wei’s honor!” Wei bowed towards Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo did not even look at Pu Yao’s pot black face and left with bravado.

Pu Yao’s expression was unfriendly. The shadowed bloody pupil stared with coldness at Wei.

Wei calmly met Pu Yao’s gaze. “As per our agreement, I did not pass him a mo skill.”

“Remember your situation. Do not try to infuriate me.” Pu Yao’s bloody pupil narrowed as he coldly spoke, “I’ve sealed your wretched stele. I cannot destroy it, hee hee, but if you anger me, you can think of the consequences.”

“You do not need to threaten me.” Wei was not afraid, “I’ve never

betrayed my oath.”

“Tsk tsk, so honourable! So honourable that you had to pretend to be Daren?”

“The oath is will. Actions that do not betray the will are weapons; there is no right or wrong.”

“Excuses!”

“My will!”

Zuo Mo’s mood was even better now that he received a sixth-grade spell. He had guessed Wei’s identity at the start because he noticed the light of the seal on the gravestone. Even though Pu Yao was usually very arrogant, he could not casually bring other souls into Zuo Mo’s sea of consciousness. In the past, even Pu Yao had caused a great disturbance when he had entered the sea of consciousness. How could another person arrive in the sea of consciousness without Zuo Mo detecting it?

Even more, he noticed that Pu Yao’s attitude towards Wei was unfriendly, but there were no further actions. Thinking about the ancient voice back when Pu Yao had entered his sea of consciousness, the answer was obvious.

He had originally planned on squeezing out a small sum, but Wei’s offering was much more than he had imagined. A sixth-grade spell to start with, ha, this was very profitable!

Zuo Mo was filled with smugness.

Even though [Attainment Golden Body] was a dhyana xiu spell, but it still held great value as a reference for him. Also, he had a dhyana xiu subordinate. Wasn’t Zong Ru just lacking a good dhyana xiu spell? Zong Ru was from an unorthodox background but he was still able to form an abnhinna. If this sixth-grade dhyana xiu spell was added, he could definitely go up another level.

In a good mood, Zuo Mo did not forget what was most urgent at this moment. There wasn’t enough time to carefully inspect the good thing in his hand, he hurried towards the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

What had happened with the stage in the prison battlefield? He was very curious and bewildered. What had happened? Why could he not remember anything at all? He had been too worked up just now and forgotten to ask Pu Yao. However, since he was going to the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, it would be the same if he asked Nan Yue and Cang Ze. They would definitely know.

When Zuo Mo came to the prison battlefield, he couldn't help but pause.

The prison battlefield was extremely unpopulated with only a few figures about. Even though he did not remember what happened, but he clearly remembered the crowds of yao that had surrounded the prison battlefield that day.

His heart suddenly jumped. Had he gone out of business?

When the figures that were wandering around the prison battlefield saw Zuo Mo, all of their expressions changed. They looked as though they were seeing a ghost. Their gazes were filled with terror and fear.

Zuo Mo was puzzled. What was with this group of people? Did he have something frightening on his body?

It shouldn't be so!

He remembered that these people in the past had looked at him as though they were drooling dogs seeing meat buns. Why was it that now they looked as though they were mice that had seen a cat?

Was it ... something had happened that day? The bewilderment inside grew. He wanted to call a yao and ask for clarification. But when this yao saw Zuo Mo reach out, his face suddenly paled, his gaze unfocused, and he disappeared in a flash of white light.

This this this ...

Zuo Mo was stunned where he stood. He had never thought there would be a day that he could frighten a yao straight out of the Ten Finger Prison.

A moment later, he refocused. Moving his feet, he walked into the prison battlefield.

The formations on the outside had not changed compared to the past day. It was only when he went into the stage area that he saw Cang Ze. In the enormous stage area, Cang Ze sat alone.

“Daren!” Cang Ze saw Zuo Mo and joyfully ran over.

“Oh,” he made a sound in response. He then looked at the surroundings, and asked with a frown, “What happened here? Where’s Nan Yue?”

“Nan Yue went to cultivate. We’ve been taking turns waiting for Daren.” Cang Ze saw Zuo Mo’s expression was unfriendly and hurriedly said, “This place ... this place ...” At this moment, he could not find the words to describe and was stuck.

“We lost?” Zuo Mo asked.

Cang Ze swallowed and shook his head. “No.”

“Then why haven’t people come?” Zuo Mo asked curiously.

“Daren, you do not remember?” Cang Ze carefully asked.

“Don’t remember.” Zuo Mo shook his head. “I was just going to ask you what happened that day?”

The sound of Cang Ze swallowing became louder. His gaze was full of respect, and his expression even had threads of terror. “That day ... that day, Daren successively killed twenty six yao! As a result ... result ... all ... all the yao that registered ran away in fear!”

Thinking about the scene that day, Cang Ze’s body uncontrollably shook.

“Successively killed twenty six yao ...”

Zuo Mo was stunned.

Chapter 385: The Fame of a Brute

“Yes, Daren.” Cang Ze’s respectful voice carried great passion. Before when Zuo Mo had decided to set up the battle stage, he had felt it was absurd. But now, in his mind, Daren was like a deity, undefeated and with immeasurable power.

He had a feeling that Daren, even being so young, would definitely leave his name in the annals of yao history. This feeling was so strong that he had even spoke of it to the clan elders in the hopes that they could provide more aid to Daren.

In the beginning the clan elders did not believe him, but after the yao art recordings started appearing, they subdued the doubts of the elders. These yao art recordings were made by those that had challenged Xiao Mo Ge and had recorded the entire process of their battles with Xiao Mo Ge.

Twenty six challengers, and there were nine yao art recordings that had been publicized.

Of the twenty six challengers, the most famous was Yu Zi Zhou. The most accomplished genius of the Jade Clan’s new generation, he once had the chance to enter the Elder’s Council of the Genius Alliance. However, in order to concentrate on cultivation, he had refused Ming Yue Ye’s invitation. The Jade Clan was not a large one, but it had a long history that stretched back into the prehistoric era.

When Yu Zi Zhou appeared on the Wasteland Beast Chessboard prison battlefield, everyone had thought that the battle had lost meaning. No yao in the yao world did not know that Yu Zi Zhou was pursuing Ji Li Yu. He was also publicly recognized as the one most likely to receive Ji Li Yu’s favor.

But no one had thought that Xiao Mo Ge was so powerful he defeated Yu Zi Zhou in an instant.

What happened after that seemed to challenge the limits of the spectator’s imaginations.

Xiao Mo Ge was like a terrifying monster that did not know exhaustion. Any enemy standing in front of him would be crushed in an instant.

One person, then another, and another

Other than the first mysterious challenger no challenger was able to resist for five breaths, not even Yu Zi Zhou. Among them were genius youths, like Yu Zi Zhou, those that were experienced in death, and there were even two combat yao from the military. There were also five supervisors from the Genius Alliance.

Such a grand line up, it was possible to make a powerful offensive yao troop at the front lines!

However, in front of Xiao Mo Ge, they were cut up and diced like vegetables! In the third prison and above, there was a rumor that was going around: all the yao that failed in their challenge, including Yu Zi Zhou, had serious consciousness wounds and they had to seek healing. There were a few that had even more terrible situations. Other than wounds, this battle had left a great shadow in their hearts. It was possible that they would not progress anymore in their life.

Xiao Mo Ge became famed after this battle!

His fame as a brute was unparalleled at this time!

“Have you found what yao art this is?” Su Wei crowded over and asked curiously.

Ming Jue Zi shook his head. “No.”

His gaze once again landed on Xiao Mo Ge inside the yao recording art, and he was extremely puzzled. The body was covered in flame, the golden yellow light, the full suit of armor, a shield on the left and a blade on the right, the transparent golden wings, the golden claws, this extremely strange attire was recorded in all nine yao recording arts. What caused the greatest fear were those golden eyes made of crimson flame, they were so cold like there was no emotion. This indifference was the antithesis to his savageness and bloodthirstiness in combat. He was like a wild beast that

only knew how to kill.

All of the enemies were like weak prey and were torn into pieces under his sharp claws.

“Even you were not able to find anything?” Su Wei really was surprised this time. Ming Jue Zi’s power was not enough to bring him fame, but in terms of breadth of knowledge, few could trump over him. He was familiar with all kinds of secret histories and information that were not widely known. He even was well-studied in the yao history before the thousand year war.

“En.” Ming Jue Zi did not move his gaze away. He stared at the yao art recording. A moment later, he spoke, “I have a feeling this may not be a yao art.”

“Not a yao art?” Su Wei paused. He then shook his head like a rattle drum. “Impossible? If it is not a yao art, what is it?”

Ming Jue Zi was silent for a moment. “It looks a bit like a mo skill.”

“Mo skill?” Su Wei’s gaze instantly became strange. “Brother, you have a fever! Mo skill? Mo skill appearing in the Ten Finger Prison? Other than yao arts, there is nothing else that can appear in the Ten Finger Prison.”

“I don’t know either.” Ming Jue Zi spread his hands. “But I really feel it does not look like a yao art.”

Su Wei said in a deep voice, “Don’t be impatient. We can slowly search, there is definitely someone who will recognize it.”

“We can only do this.” Ming Jue Zi could only nod. He suddenly thought of something, and said seriously, “Don’t involve yourself in this mess. This Xiao Mo Ge is very savage.”

“No no!” Su Wei said without hesitation. “I don’t want to find death! This guy can be seen to be one that treats yao lives like grass. In his hands, if it is not death, it is serious injury! A bloodthirsty murderer! This guy really is a bloodthirsty murderer! Look at the two people from the military, didn’t they get end up killed with a stroke?”

The two yao did not have good expressions. They repeatedly watched the nine yao art recordings. That brute that was like a demonic god was deeply imprinted in their minds.

“How can the Great Day mo physique appear in the Ten Finger Prison?” Pu Yao stared at Wei and asked. This was a question that had lingered in his mind.

Wei sat with his legs crossed, arms against his legs, his hands dangling off his knees. His gaze was like the sea. “The Great Day mo physique is an extremely rare mo physique. Only a few know its origins.”

“Origins?” Pu Yao raised his eyelid. “I have never heard that mo physiques had origins.”

Wei smiled and did not refute. He only said, “In prehistoric times, there were no divisions between xiuzhe, yao, and mo. The cultivation at that time was not as complex as it was now. Actually, the cultivators of that time cultivated everything. The cultivation method of that time was very heterogeneous, varied. Mo physiques existed very early on but not many would know that the creator of the mo physique cultivation method, according to today’s categories, was more like yao.”

“Ha! You say that mo physiques are actually created by a yao?” Pu Yao seemed to have heard the best joke.

“Yes.” Wei did not argue and said, “When he found at that time the technique he was cultivating was unsupportable without a powerful body, he had to spend large amounts of time on body cultivation. He scorned the mainstream body cultivation methods of that time for being too slow so he created the mo physique cultivation method.”

Pu Yao did not speak. He realized this fake gentleman was not speaking nonsense. The mo physique cultivation method was really efficient, but the process of cultivation was truly dangerous. Pu Yao had great breadth of knowledge. He knew very well that there were all kinds of divisions in history. It looked as though it was due to chance, but under the surface, one would find that there were all kinds of inevitable occurrences. There

were historical requirements to the developments.”

“At the time, he was not the only one developing a mo physique cultivation method but his results were the most obvious. The Great Day mo physique was his greatest work. The mo physiques did not have such great variety as they do now, and the Great Day mo physique was the peak of all mo physiques at that time. What this elder was most skilled in was still yao arts, so in developing the cultivation method of the Great Day mo physique, he drew inspiration from yao arts. The Great Day mo physique is the mo physique that most closely resembles yao arts. In today’s terms, the Great Day mo physique emphasizes the use of spiritual power.”

Wei continued on, his presence forming naturally.

Pu Yao did not answer. He pondered with his head down and then said with realization, “So that’s why.” He was a genius to start with, a weirdo with the name of the Encyclopedia of Yao Arts. After continuous battle, the number of spells and mo skills that he had won and collected could not be counted. He was very knowledgeable. There were parts he did not understand before but now that Wei spoke a bit about it, it was enough for him to clearly see the crux of the matter.

“The guy that thought of this method is really a genius!” Pu Yao praised. He seemed to have a new idea and said to himself, “Maybe this can be tried out?”

Wei’s expression was calm, but a shiver flashed through his mind. Being enemies with Pu Yao, he directly felt the immeasurable nature of this guy. Pu Yao’s mind was sharp, sensitive, reacted extremely quickly, vicious and decisive, especially the insanity that came from his bones, that insanity that would destroy everything to reach his goal!

Such a terrifying enemy!

A wave rippled in Wei’s heart but he quickly resumed calmness. He looked openly at Pu Yao without any trembling in his gaze.

The two had their own thoughts and it became silent.

Zuo Mo dazedly looked at Cang Ze, and gaped for a long moment. Successively killed twenty six yao? He was joking! How could he be so ferocious? He was clear how much he was worth. Even though he didn't know names of the people that fell under his blade, but military combat yao, high level supervisors of the Genius Alliance, and guys that could enter the Elder Council of the Genius Alliance. Hearing Cang Ze heatedly narrate his results with awe, Zuo Mo felt like he was being told a story.

What yao world joke?

That was the words that were echoing inside his mind the most, but when he saw Cang Ze's face which was so excited his lips were trembling, he felt that it was not pretense.

Had he really done it? Zuo Mo was full of suspicion and it was like he was listening to a fairytale.

Okay, maybe it really was he that did it

Zuo Mo said to himself. Oh, let's focus on something more practical. He raised his head and asked, "How much did we make?"

Cang Ze that had been going on heatedly suddenly choked. His expression froze. In an instant, the giant figure of Daren in his mind wavered. He seemed to feel his breath was being choked at his throat.

Seeing Cang Ze's expression, Zuo Mo instantly panicked, "Did we lose money?"

Cang Ze almost collapsed. Why why

In the legends, shouldn't those great heroes treat gold like dirt?

The great battle god statue in Cang Ze's mind collapsed.

"Da Daren, we earned earned thirty million" Cang Ze felt like he was a server reporting to the manager of the store.

"This much?" Zuo Mo's eyes suddenly widened and lit up. All the suspicions in his heart instantly dissipated in front of true income.

How could the number of yao he defeated be as tangible as how much he made? Zuo Mo wanted to roar with laughter!

Chapter 386: Cang Lin

“Daren, this is my cousin, Cang Lin. He has been to the third prison before. If Daren has any questions, you can ask him,” Cang Ze said respectfully. There was a male yao standing next to him with features similar to Cang Ze, but he looked slightly worn down. Cang Lin also followed with a bow to Zuo Mo. His eyes were filled with respect and awe. In the last few days, the brutish reputation of this mysterious daren had spread everywhere.

Zuo Mo looked at him and then suddenly made a sound of surprise. “You were wounded?”

“Yes, Daren,” Cang Lin said in a hoarse voice. His voice was drier than Cang Ze and his gaze dim. In the past, he had been the most talented of the younger generation of the sect. Young and he was able to enter the third prison. He got into a conflict with someone else in the third prison once and was wounded in combat that resulted long lasting damage to his consciousness. He had not expected the other’s imprint to be extremely malicious. The elders of the sect tried all they could but had no solutions.

Cang Ze had called him over this time because Zuo Mo had asked about the yao market bounties. Of the younger generation of the clan, only Cang Lin had gone to the third prison.

“Let’s heal you first and then talk.” Zuo Mo beckoned with his hand at Cang Lin. “Come over.”

Cang Lin stilled. Cang Ze reacted first, and said in a joyful and trembling voice, “Daren, can you heal this kind of wound?”

He could not be blamed for his loss of composure. The glory of the Grey Clan had long faded, and the Grey Clan was continuously declining. The greatest problem the Grey Clan faced was that they had no able successors. Cang Lin had once been the hope of the Grey Clan. In order to heal his wound, the clan had spent great sums. Cang Ze was the youth with the greatest talent next to Cang Lin but if it was not for the [Grey Scar Art], it probably would take him far more time to pass the first

prison.

If Cang Lin's wound could be healed, that meant the Grey Clan would have an able assistance! So when Cang Ze heard that Zuo Mo was able to heal Cang Lin's wounds, his state could be described as overjoyed. Cang Lin was completely stunned, his mind blank.

He dumbly walked in front of Zuo Mo.

"Relax."

Just like normal, Zuo Mo's spiritual power was like nimble tentacles that connected to Cang Lin's consciousness. The scenery in front of him changed. He seemed to be situated in a patch of grey and blue mist that moved relentlessly. It was possible to see dozens of mist streams that slowly flowed along specific paths.

Zuo Mo was shocked. The scene in front of him was so clear it was slightly outrageous.

His consciousness had improved again! Other than joy, Zuo Mo felt slightly puzzled. The improvement of his consciousness seemed too fast recently, it seemed to improve at a rate visible to the naked eye. He started to worry. Would this rate of increase have any problems?

He needed to find a time to ask Pu Yao.

Suppressing the worry and shock inside, Zuo Mo started to seriously inspect Cang Lin's consciousness. He quickly found the cause of the problem. These blue streams were flowing slowly, too slowly.

He closed his eyes, and the scenery inside the blue mist continuously appeared in front of him.

The slender flows were like rivers and streams. Some were thick, and others extremely thin. They criss-crossed and did not interfere in certain places. Zuo Mo seemed to understand. These slender flows were like the ling channels inside people's bodies and supported all of the consciousness.

At a place where the blue slender flows intersected was a blood-coloured

vine covered in thorns.

This was it!

Zuo Mo narrowed his eyes. He was not skilled in healing and only understood a bit after repeatedly inspecting A Gui's body. Vitality, this intangible and ethereal substance was something he could measure. From the beginning using the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] to inspecting A Gui's body, he had gained a direct impression. In the prison-breaking battle of Vast Water Clear Skies, facing the vast water breath filled with vitality, he had a new understanding of vitality.

Seeing Cang Lin today, he detected that Cang Lin's vitality was not flowing smoothly so he had asked.

He examined it for a while longer and confirmed that the red thorny vine was the culprit that disrupted the flow of the blue streams. He did not hesitate and started to deconstruct it. In his eyes, the thorny vine was completely made from yao arts.

When he touched the red thorny vine, Zuo Mo couldn't help but shiver.

An excited expression quickly came over. The construction of the red thorny vine was a new structure he had never seen before. It was also more complex than the yao arts which appeared in the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. From when they entered Vast Water Clear Skies, Pu Yao had continuously emphasized deconstruction to Zuo Mo.

How many yao arts had Zuo Mo deconstructed up until now?

He himself could not remember it but deconstructing yao arts almost had become a kind of instinct. When he saw a completely novel and complex yao art, he had a twinge of excitement like a gourmand that that saw delicious food!

Without hesitating, Zuo Mo started to deconstruct it.

Zuo Mo quickly encountered a blockage but this did not discourage him. It was the opposite and his fighting spirit was stimulated. He was like a battle seeking warrior who encountered an opponent of similar skill.

It had been so long since he had encountered such a powerful yao art!

Zuo Mo was excited!

This really was a complex yao art problem. Zuo Mo's mind revolved quickly. His focus narrowed. The lights of all kinds of little yao arts continuously flashed on his hands. He was truly familiar with the set of little yao arts now and could confidently use them without any struggle. It was natural like eating and drinking. When an idea formed in his mind, the little yao art on his hand would have formed as well.

Cang Lin's expression continuously changed. Sometimes pained and sometimes relaxed. Cang Ze did not dare to relax and silently informed the elders of the clan. To the grey Clan, this was really an important matter.

A moment later, six wizened looking Grey Clan elders appeared next to Cang Ze.

"How is the situation?" the Chief Elder asked in a deep voice. His gaze landed on Cang Lin and did not shift away. From the lights that were flashing on Cang Lin's body, it was clear the other was undergoing healing.

"It's been going for two hours," Cang Ze hurriedly replied.

The elders instantly had serious expression. They had all tried to heal Cang Lin before but in the end, they were ineffective. The yao art imprint inside Cang Lin was not strong, but was extremely hardy. No matter which method they used, they could not destroy it.

Without needing to ask, the elders encircled Zuo Mo and Cang Lin and shielded in the middle, preventing others from disturbing them and affecting the healing.

Looking at Cang Lin's pale and weary face, Chief Elder's heart couldn't help but hurt. He and the other elders worked to support the Grey Clan but they were already in the last stages of their life. But watching as they aged day by day, and there was no successor from the descendants of the Clan, the urgency they felt could be imagined.

The Grey Clan had declined but they possessed the Golden Tree so they had barely managed to survive until now. The reason the Grey Clan could protect the Golden Tree was that the elders were strong. Each of them was not individually strong but they were united. Others did not dare to easily provoke them. But if they were no longer there, the Golden Tree would end up being fatal to the Grey Clan.

The appearance of the [Grey Scar Art] undoubtedly filled the elders with hope of the future again.

If Cang Lin could recover, then their last worry would disappear. With Cang Lin's talent, his cultivation would definitely skyrocket if he cultivated [Grey Scar Art].

The lights on Cang Lin's body suddenly flashed rapidly. This change caused the expressions of the elders to deepen. They knew this was the most crucial moment!

Pia!

An abnormally crisp sound suddenly came out of Cang Lin's body.

Chief Elder stilled and then his eyes lit up. He could not control himself from showing an overjoyed expression. The other elders quickly reacted, all of them with joy on their face.

Cang Lin opened his eyes. There was another light in that pair of dim eyes.

Zuo Mo did not move. He was like a statue of wood.

Seeing the situation, the other elders did not dare to slack off. They persisted in shielding Zuo Mo.

A long while later, Zuo Mo slowly opened his eyes and exhaled a long breath. "Such a strange yao art!"

Seeing Zuo Mo open his eyes, Cang Lin forcibly suppressed the excitement inside and made a deep bow towards Zuo Mo. "Cang Lin cannot repay Daren's great boon of rebirth. But whatever Daren orders, Cang Lin will do his best to accomplish!"

The Chief Elder just wanted to stop him, and hadn't expected that he would be too late. He couldn't help but sigh inside. As expected of a young person! With these words, it was akin to putting the future of the Grey Clan into the hands of Xiao Mo Ge. Of the young people of the clan, the most promising successor to the position of clan leader were Cang Ze and Cang Lin. But he could see the attitudes of these two towards Xiao Mo Ge.

But Chief Elder altered his way of thinking. This was not a terrible thing. If the Grey Clan had the aid of such a powerful expert in the future, at least, they did not have to worry about others targeting the Golden Tree.

Thinking about this, he stepped forward and bowed to Zuo Mo. "This old man is the Chief Elder of the Grey Clan. Greetings to the honored Xiao Mo Ge! The boon that Sir has given us is something all of the Grey Clan is grateful for. This is just a small token. Sire, please accept it."

The other elders saw the two Golden Souls in the Chief Elder's hand and couldn't not stop their disbelieving expression. The production of Golden Souls was very low. Last time to exchange for the [Grey Scar Art], they had paid ten Golden Souls. What was left in the clan could be counted on the fingers. They had not expected the Chief Elder to give out two Golden Souls in their first meeting!

However, they all know that the Chief Elder usually had deep insight and carefully considered his actions. They were puzzled but no one spoke in opposition. They simultaneously bowed towards Zuo Mo. "Please accept it!"

Zuo Mo was not courteous and took the Golden Souls. He said that he wanted to ponder what he had learned today. The elders were all very intelligent and hurriedly bid farewell.

A cold light flashed past Zuo Mo's eyes. He sat down cross-legged on the ground to recover his spiritual power.

Moments later, a figure appeared in the distance.

Zuo Mo detected it. He opened his eyes and stood up. Just now when he had succeeded in deconstructing the yao art imprint inside Cang Lin's body, at the moment the blood colored thorny vine turned to dust, he

received a challenge.

The yao that had left the yao art imprint in Cang Lin had challenged him.

This was a letter delivered in an arrogant tone and filled with unconcealed threats. The other had detected that Zuo Mo was deconstructing his yao art imprint. He could not bear it and wanted to see who was stronger with Zuo Mo.

If this was a usual time, Zuo Mo would definitely ignore the challenge, but today, he had a different idea.

This kind of complex and weird yao art had many unique places. Zuo Mo might have deconstructed the yao art imprint on Cang Lin, but there were still many places he did not understand. The other's challenge was like a fat sheep that was being delivered to his mouth. A starving Zuo Mo unhesitatingly accepted it.

The blood colored thorny vine's yao art was very interesting!

Zuo Mo was thoughtful.

Chapter 387: Mo Ru Huo

The Desolate Flat Slope was an extremely barren place. Weeds were growing everywhere and withered, graveley earth covered the land. No faction had any interest in such a poor and barren place. However, the South Sky Wisteria Clan lived here.

Just like the many times before, Nan Yue's figure flashed past. Because there were no plentiful water sources nearby, and the air was dry. This kind of environment was not suited to their survival. The Wisteria Clan liked to live in places with dense forests, shade, and plenty of water. But places like those, even if they had no valuable resources, were everyone's targets.

The Wisteria Clan which only had the old, the children, and the crippled, what offensive power did they have?

Looking at the piles of pebbles that flashed by below, Nan Yue's mood was dour. She resolved inside that she had to made a breakthrough as early as possible to increase her yao designation. If she could increase her yao designation, she could take her clansmen into the city to live. The environment inside the cities was much better than in the wilderness.

Thinking of the [South Sky Arrow Art] she was cultivating, she was full of confidence in the future!

With her present improvement speed, it would not be long before she could receive a satisfactory yao designation level.

"A Yue has come back! A Yue has come back!"

The clanspeople saw Nan Yue and were very excited. Nan Yue was the most outstanding young yao of the Wisteria Clan and the hope of the clan. If it was not for the fact that she was so young, the clan leader would have passed the position onto her. In the younger generation, she was the undoubted big sister. When she arrived, everyone crowded over.

Nan Yue showed a smile, "Is everyone fine?"

"Great! A Yue, don't worry about us!"

“Yes, Big Sister A Yue, we’ve been working hard on our cultivation!”

Everyone talked over each other. Listening to the clanspeople speak of what had happened in this past while, Nan Yue’s heart was filled with warmth. She took out a large pile of daily essentials from her date seed bracelet. This was bought using the money she earned outside of her time spent cultivating.

“We really troubled A Yue!”

The elders of the clan sigh. Their turbid eyes were filled with deep guilt. The entire clan was almost supported entirely by A Yue right now.

“It is my duty.” Nan Yue smiled, and comforted, “It is a kind of cultivation! If Uncles need something, tell me.”

When she had been little, her parents had died. It was these elders that had raised her. This situation was very common in the clan. Right now, the entire clan was eleven people. Other than the two elders, the rest were all children. They had survived only due to the toil and farming of these elders. It was this kind of hardship and poverty that caused the entire clan to become unusually united.

The elders of the clan had low cultivation. They did not have any other skill to earn money. They could only plant some basic grains in this patch of pebbly land and barely satisfy their hunger.

After talking about daily life with the elders, she stood, patted her hands and gathered all the children.

“How has everyone cultivated?”

The children squealed and talked. Nan Yue patiently inspected them one by one. She quickly had a happy expression. Three children were not far from igniting their star fire and entering the stage of star fire where they would be able to form vine arrows, giving them basic offensive abilities. All of this was due to the [South Sky Arrow Art]. [South Sky Arrow Art] was really the inherited yao art of the South Sky Wisteria Clan. It seemed to be custom-made for them and was the best suited for them to cultivate.

She praised the children that had improved the quickest, and patiently

explained the problems that they encountered in their cultivation. However, she did not teach them the attacking yao arts of [South Sky Arrow Art] but taught them little yao arts.

She took Zuo Mo's entire set of teachings and transferred it to them it over directly.

What Daren said was definitely correct!

Looking at the focused little faces, Nan Yue was full of anticipation towards the future.

Mo Ru Huo's expression was dark. Just now, he had felt the yao art imprint that he had put in Cang Lin had been destroyed!

Who was this person who had no eyes! Who dared to meddle in matters not of his concern!

Looking for death!

He showed a bloodthirsty smile. Hee hee, it had been very long since he met someone worth fighting. It was good to have something to do today! He had also recently had a breakthrough and was at the time where his confidence was at its peak. A person who did not have eyes coming up to him, was there anything better than this?

My axe is hungry, and wants to drink fresh blood!

It was a pity that this was the Ten Finger Prison and there was no way to taste blood. He regretfully smacked his lips. He had a full and bristly beard. His eyes were deep set and a strange deep red. The slightly hooked nose made him seem sly.

When he flew, it was like a blazing thread of fire, he had no intention of concealment. His attitude was extremely arrogant and proud. The yao he encountered along the way all changed expression when they saw this thread of fire and moved aside in panic. Mo Ru Huo's infamy was known by everyone in this area.

A free and smug laugh came from inside the fire thread. With the sound

of the fire crackling as it burned, it spread into the surroundings!

Inside the fierce fire, Mo Ru Huo narrowed his eyes. He wondered, what would the other's face look like when they saw him? He had seen too many guys who thought they were experts get ashen expressions when they saw him. That was way too amusing! Every time it happened, he would find it amusing. He was like a cat playing with the mice under his claw!

This kind of life was so wonderful!

He greedily sighed. How would he torment that unfortunate person later? Oh, use the yao art he had just comprehended? This idea wasn't bad!

A ball of fierce fire crackled as it flashed past at astounding speed.

Entering the first prison, he quickly found the traces of the other. If ever his yao art imprint was destroyed, it would release an extremely weak imprint. This imprint would not do any damage, but it could guide him to find the other.

No one had ever escape untouched if they met him! Never!

Without needing much effort, he found the other. Looking from the distance, it was a lone figure. Mo Ru Huo suddenly became excited. Thinking how the other would desire death in front of his yao art, he felt the blood inside heat up.

It would be such a wonderful feeling!

He unhesitatingly sped up. This figure became closer and clearer. The other showed no intentions of fleeing. Wait, he seemed to be waiting! Suddenly, the figure raised its head and looked over. Mo Ru Huo sensed something unusual.

The distance between them decreased. The other's appearance became clearer. Hm, why did he find this guy somewhat familiar?

Had they interacted before? Mo Ru Huo was slightly puzzled. He frowned, and thought back where he had seen this guy before. He did not

decrease his speed. Surrounded by fire, Mo Ru Huo charged straight towards Zuo Mo.

When he was about three zhang from the other, a name suddenly jumped into Mo Ru Huo's mind. His face instantly became white. That pair of bloody red eyes filled with viciousness and killing intent turned instantly into terror that reached his bones!

Xiao Mo Ge!

He was Xiao Mo Ge!

Mo Ru Huo's heart seemed to be gripped tightly by an invisible hand without any warning. The sudden feeling of suffocation made his entire body soften. In a moment, his mind was blank and his eyes lost focus. The blow caused by this name almost destroyed his mental defenses!

Brute! This was a true brute! A heartless brute that killed twenty six yao successively! A truly lawless brute that caused even the military combat yao to lose their halo! Thinking about that undefeatable figure wrapped in fire, Mo Ru Huo felt his entire body tremble!

Compared to Xiao Mo Ge, he was just a sheep wrapped in wolfskin, so weak and gentle, so innocent and harmless!~

Those that fell under the butchering knife of Xiao Mo Ge included geniuses that Mo Ru Huo heard of like Yu Zi Zhou, battle hardened combat yao, and a few that he was very familiar with. Those yao channels had just mentioned them, but Mo Ru Huo knew them. He even had good relations with one of them.

Those people were truly lawless people that worked in the shadows. They did not blink when they killed, vicious and emotionless. They were all people that Mo Ru Huo was very wary about. But all of them, without exception, had fallen under the blade of Xiao Mo Ge, even though the battles were in the Ten Finger Prison.

But this was not what caused him to feel terror.

Just yesterday, the one he had the closest relationship with had died in front of him. Speaking of him, Mo Ru Huo was not close to the guy, they

had just interacted a few times. But that guy had no friends and had found him in the end. Mo Ru Huo could only go. In the end, he had taken care of the corpse. On the surface, it seemed the death was caused by old wounds like injuries to the consciousness, but the true fatal blow was the powerful blow that person's mind had received.

That was the true cause of his death.

That blow of Xiao Mo Ge had not just wounded his consciousness, it had completely destroyed his will!

What the person had said to him at that time, Mo Ru Huo almost didn't believe his ears!

The guy that died definitely had taken more than thirty lives, his will was definitely as sturdy as rock. Normal illusory arts could not affect him. He was so vicious and cruel that even Mo Ru Huo felt some fear of him. But a guy as powerful as him had met his end by one blow from Xiao Mo Ge.

And that was in the Ten Finger Prison.

This guy was terrifying to an extreme degree!

After that incident, in Mo Ru Huo's heart, Xiao Mo Ge was a terrifying existence like a demonic god, and ranked first among those that he would not dare provoke.

What were Ming Yue Ye, Ji Li Yu? They can all go to hell!

Mo Ru Huo usually did not place any importance on those geniuses. In his eyes, those so-called geniuses were garden flowers that lived in the greenhouse. No matter how attractive they looked, they were only able to be admired but not used.

Those that did not experience blood and fire, they were just greenhorns. But Xiao Mo Ge was a vicious beast that climbed out of hell.

He had actually ran over to make trouble for Xiao Mo Ge ... a phrase jumped out of his mind ... he didn't want to live ...

Did he not want to live? ...

His mind was completely blank. He lost the ability to speak, and to think. He could only look at Xiao Mo Ge dumbly. Every bone in his body, every piece of muscle was frozen midair.

Was today the apocalypse?

When he refocused, he was less than one zhang from Xiao Mo Ge.

Chapter 388: Fantasy Flame Tornado

Pu Yao greedily absorbed the Golden Souls. In the battle between him and Wei, he held the advantage, but he also had expended himself greatly. The two Golden Souls the Chief Elder of the Grey Clan had delivered were a rain that came at the right time. He unhesitatingly stole them from Zuo Mo's hand. Zuo Mo did not stop him. He had probably guessed that it would be impossible to prevent.

The golden mist permeated Pu Yao's body at a visible rate. Pu Yao showed a satisfied expression. However, a portion of the golden mist drifted towards Wei. Even though it was just a quarter, Pu Yao was still slightly discontent.

However, he had no solution to this problem. Just like no matter how much he found this false gentleman an eyesore, he was not able to kill the other. There was a direction connection between his three thousand years of survival in the Yao Forging Tower and this strange wretched armor. Wei was the armor spirit of this wretched armor. Pu Yao was about the same, but he was not restricted by the armor.

He had worked his mind for three thousand years to try to take over this gravestone armor. But this gravestone armor was a closed system and extremely strange.

However, when he thought about how this false gentleman was unable to shrink back into the turtle shell, Pu Yao couldn't help but be smug. Anyway about it, he was a Sky Yao. He understood all kinds of obscure methods, and he finally found a few that were effective.

From a certain perspective, he and Wei shared an existence. The two could not destroy each other. Pu Yao could not even absorb the Golden Souls completely by himself. There definitely would be a portion which Wei would absorb. Even though Pu Yao clearly held the more powerful position, there was nothing for him to feel happy about. Even if this false gentleman had an extraordinary background, but in the eyes of Pu Yao, whose eyes were on the top of his head, this was a very low thing.

A piece of armor sitting in a position equal to his this was too motherf***ing displeasing to ge!

Having finished absorbing the Golden Soul, Pu Yao's hair became even darker and shinier, and his bloody pupil had an additional sheen. The snake-like tongue unconsciously licked his lips with lingering hunger. He glanced at Wei who was sitting cross-legged. He could see that the Golden Soul was also of significant help to Wei.

A cold smirk floated at the corner of Pu Yao's mouth. After three thousand years together, he understood his neighbor very well. Even if this guy agreed to not pass mo skills to Zuo Mo, he would not give up so easily.

However, Wei definitely would not think that his scant words that day had inspired great trust in Pu Yao .

To a person as perverse as Pu Yao, the inspiration brought by the most minuscule hint could change too many things.

Just wait and see!

Pu Yao narrowed his eyes.

Zuo Mo stared at Mo Ru Huo and was slightly surprised. A person that looked so rough used such strange yao arts. Yao really could not be judged based on their appearances.

Mo Ru Huo shivered under Zuo Mo's stare. Zuo Mo's silence pressured him. What should he say at this time?

"Sorry, I got the wrong person?" Or "Brother, I've long heard of you, give your little brother mercy!" Or just run away immediately

Various thoughts formed in the pitiful Mo Ru Huo's mind. He did not think of resisting at all. Even if he was facing Yu Zi Zhou, he definitely would not be so nervous. Yu Zi Zhou was stronger than him but he believed if he gritted his teeth and did not fear death, he would have a chance at survival. He felt that in terms of viciousness, the great majority of geniuses could not compare to him.

But facing Xiao Mo Ge, no matter if they competed on strength or viciousness, he thought he had no chance at all.

What made him want to cry the was that he had been the one to instigate this matter! He really was seeking death! He wanted to slap himself. Such an idiotic matter had happened to him! All of the fighters of the yao world were trying to avoid this brute right now, and he had pushed himself in front of the other

Even he knew that the bounties of the yao markets for Xiao Mo Ge were continuously decreasing. The yao that had been wanting to watch a spectacle were really frightened this time. Vicious and savage, bloodthirsty and murderous, this kind of presence wasn't something a yao with clean hands could have. The consciousness could not be faked.

On this point, almost all the yao had come to an unusual consensus.

Xiao Mo Ge was a lawless brute whose hands were drenched in blood!

The elders of those students ordered them to stop their actions against Xiao Mo Ge, and some over zealous students were put under house arrest by their clan, unable to leave. The Ji Family and the Blue Flower Family kept low key and clearly did not want any further incidents. Even the Genius Alliance which was usually loud-spoken collectively lost their voice.

They had enough privilege, enough strength, but none were willing to provoke a lawless brute. Even more so a lawless brute who was so young but had such power. Some experienced yao discussed secretly among themselves suggesting that if Xiao Mo Ge could live for another twenty years, then the yao world would have another butcher.

Just as Mo Ru Huo was thinking what to do, Xiao Mo Ge suddenly spoke.

“You left behind the yao art imprint on Cang Lin?”

Mo Ru Huo's heart shook once. This was the classic interrogation! Zuo Mo's words destroyed the last lingering thread of hope inside. Mo Ru Huo was truly a vicious person. The desperate situation provoked his viciousness. He raised his head and said harshly, “Yes! I left it!”

Zuo Mo made sure and so he did not hesitate. A few little yao arts smashed from his hands towards Mo Ru Huo.

As they started to fight, Mo Ru Huo started to calm down and settled to receive Zuo Mo's attacks. After a few rounds, he quickly found that Xiao Mo Ge did not have the unstoppable presence he had in the yao recording arts. His attacks could not be considered strong. However, Mo Ru Huo was very battle-experienced. His murderousness was usually high, but he was cautious when he fought.

After standing up for twenty more breaths, Xiao Mo Ge was still as soft as water and did not pose too much of a threat. At this time, Mo Ru Huo finally relaxed completely and his attacks increased.

Mo Ru Huo's yao art was extremely unique. His hands would continuously flick and swipe at the space in front of him as he was surrounded by dancing flames. The flames in the air floated along to strange paths. It was as though there were invisible threads in front of him that pulled the flames surrounding him.

Zuo Mo randomly threw out a little yao art and stopped a thread of flame. A feeling of danger rose. He did not hesitate and saw a blade of flame brush past his scalp. There was no time for him to dodge as a spear of flame jumped up and pointed straight at his stomach.

Zuo Mo's legs crossed, and the fingers of his left hand flicked. A little yao art accurately hit the flame spear and caused it to divert from its path. However, Mo Ru Huo's attack did not stop, and became even fiercer! The flames surrounding him were not just able to dance and attack to his will, but could transform into all kinds of attack forms.

It was the first time that Zuo Mo encountered a yao art as strange as this. His actions were uncoordinated and he made a somewhat sorry figure.

Mo Ru Huo saw this and his morale rose. He guessed that Xiao Mo Ge's golden yellow armor probably had some special restriction. Another possibility was that Xiao Mo Ge had been wounded last time. Otherwise, he should not be refraining from using the armor.

Thinking about it this way, the terror in Mo Ru Huo's heart retreated. Xiao Mo Ge's situation was not uncommon. Those yao arts that were wondrously powerful usually had stringent requirements, or one had to pay a weighty price.

If it was like that, then this was undoubtedly the time where Xiao Mo Ge was the weakest!

Was this a chance given by the heavens?

Thinking about this brute that shook all of the yao world being abused under his hands, a feeling of exhilaration that he never had before filled his body. His body was even trembling from his excitement! Such a wonderful matter! A matter that he didn't even dare to think of was happening in front of him. The extreme terror and the hopelessness from before decreased. The stimulation and pleasure produced almost consumed him. In this kind of wondrous situation, his state reached the highest peak of his life. The yao art that he had just had a breakthrough with did not seem raw in his hands and was confidently executed. Each yao art was carried out instinctively, so perfect that he felt this was a pleasurable experience!

Zuo Mo felt as though he had suddenly landed in a flaming hurricane. All kinds of fire yao arts covered the skies and earth as they shot at him. Even worse, he had no room to dodge. The other's yao arts spread out, and their presence was bigger than Zuo Mo imagined.

However, Zuo Mo was not panicking. His figure looked sorry, but both his expression and his gaze had been dead still.

The light on his hands never stopped. To him, little yao arts were as simple as breathing. Sometimes it was one light, sometimes many. Five hundred kinds of little yao arts formed from the many combinations in his hands. These little yao art combinations either guided or stopped. Zuo Mo would frequently find the smallest space and use them to dodge repeatedly.

The flame hurricane continuously strengthened!

Looking at Xiao Mo Ge who was in a sorry state under his yao arts, Mo

Ru Huo felt extremely smug. The longer his [Fantasy Flame Tornado] persisted, the more powerful it was. It would continuously strengthen itself, and the amount of spiritual power he expended would not change greatly.

The longer this battle dragged out, the more advantageous it was for him.

As expected, Xiao Mo Ge became even more harried. There were a few wounds on his body.

Even though it was just a few small wounds, Mo Ru Huo could not help but roar with laughter. “Xiao Mo Ge! Struggle! Experience such wonderful yao arts! Haha! Ooh, another wound, so pitiful!”

Mo Ru Huo started to play his favorite game of cat and mouse. Looking at Xiao Mo Ge who was holding on in the tornado, he did not want to miss any scene.

“Tsk tsk! Really hardy! As expected of Xiao Mo Ge! Such beautiful movements! Come on! Let’s have another one! Haha!”

Mo Ru Huo laughed freely.

Inside the tornado, Zuo Mo was silent as he withstood with effort. But Mo Ru Huo did not notice that the lights on Zuo Mo’s dangling hands were slowly changing.

Chapter 389: The Goal

The lights continuously changed on Zuo Mo's hands. His brow was tightly furrowed. Little yao arts flowed like water past his fingertips. He had a serious expression and did not dare to slack off. As the tornado increased in strength, he could clearly feel the pressure increase along with it. He to use one hundred and twenty percent of his attention for each step. If he was the least bit careless, he would be drowned in the barrage of attacks.

The fire yao arts the other cast were extremely unorthodox and completely different than anything he had encountered before. What had attracted his attention though was the yao art imprint from Cang Lin's consciousness that he had deconstructed. That yao art imprint had been strange and poisonous. It was completely different than these explosive yao arts he was seeing now.

Zuo Mo focused attentively on the chaotic looking fire yao arts. Like a fish swimming, his consciousness locked onto every yao art that passed in front of him. He was unusually calm, his mind and eyes clear like a serene lake. The yao arts passed like flickering silhouettes flashing across the lake.

The reflections that these yao arts created on the lake surface gradually became clear.

Zuo Mo did not blink. His steps were like that of a butterfly weaving between flowers, the little yao arts on his hands extremely accurate and appearing at the most appropriate time! With his attention occupied, even he did not detect his own transformation.

Time was like a line that grew longer the more it was pulled. The lightning fast yao arts and fire seemed to become increasingly slow.

Each yao art was unprecedentedly clear in Zuo Mo's eyes. They seemed to pass by like snails. Every minuscule detail clearly landed in Zuo Mo's eyes.

The wondrous feeling did not cause Zuo Mo to feel excited. His face was

peaceful, and he searched for the traces of what interested him among these yao arts! The yao art imprint inside Cang Lin was his target this time!

The abundant fire yao arts looked domineering, but were not what he desired.

Just at this time, the lights on Zuo Mo's hands finally stabilized. The faint glowing light seemed to form a thin and small glove of light that enveloped his palm. This yao art was called [Tactile Knowledge Grip]. This was a yao art that Zuo Mo had created. It was not complex, but it had taken great mental effort. This yao art could clearly identify the attributes of a yao art and was a yao art he created especially to help him deconstruct other yao arts.

But it was the first time that he used [Tactile Knowledge Grip] in battle.

A bloody red blade of fire came towards his neck at a difficult angle.

Zuo Mo raised his hand and grabbed at the blade of fire. A hand of light projected from his own and grabbed the blade of fire!

The blade of fire shook fiercely as if it was a fish that had been captured and wanted to jerk out of the hand. Pew pew pew! The outer layers of the blade of flame quickly dissipated, and revealed a section of bloody vine. Zuo Mo's eyes brightened and his hands moved in the air. The hand of light gripped onto the bloody vine.

Such an unique construction

Zuo Mo closed his eyes, and his consciousness shot at the bloody vine!

The excited Mo Ru Huo stilled. Xiao Mo Ge actually closed his eyes! What was this guy thinking of doing? Did he want to surrender? Hmph! Did Xiao Mo Ge think that he would let him off like that? Mo Ru Huo's bloodlust had been aroused, and his fear of Zuo Mo had been thrown out of his mind.

A cruel smile suddenly came onto his face. Suddenly, his pupils expanded and his smile froze on his face.

Inside the tornado, the figure of Xiao Mo Ge with his closed eyes became even hard to predict like wisps of smoke. The sky full of yao arts couldn't even touch the corner of his clothes!

Why

Mo Ru Huo suddenly had a bad feeling. Just now, Xiao Mo Ge had been a sorry figure, but now he seemed so at ease as though he was strolling around. Had he been pretending before?

There was a section of blood vine inside the blade of flame!

Shocked, Zuo Mo's interest rose. This was it! The bloody vine was what he was interested in! When he had been healing Cang Lin, he had found the bloody vine was very unique. It could securely root itself inside the consciousness of the enemy and was extremely hard to eradicate. Zuo Mo had spent a great deal of effort to deconstruct that little section of bloody vine. Some of its unique structure had interested him greatly. This was why he had especially waited for Mo Ru Huo to come find him!

Zuo Mo's style was to only act if there were benefits. He would not make trouble merely on behalf of Cang Lin.

That little section of bloody vine excited Zuo Mo, but it was just a little section and not a complete structure. Zuo Mo required a more complete bloody vine because this seemed related to another yao art.

Ten breaths later, Zuo Mo crushed the little section of bloody vine that he had finished studying and started to search for the next target.

The light grip was a new yao art he made. It was constructed from twelve little yao arts and specifically used to peel away the outer layers of the other's fire yao arts. His use of little yao arts were at a mastery level. Even Pu Yao would occasionally praise it.

After continuously capturing six fire yao arts, Zuo Mo found that the bloody vine inside these fire yao arts were not very different. He frowned again. The bloody vines inside these fire yao arts were still incomplete.

He raised his head and narrowed his eyes towards Mo Ru Huo. It seemed that he had to get this guy to put more effort in!

Mo Ru Huo coincidentally saw Zuo Mo's gaze and his body was instantly chilled. His face was ugly. The other seemed to have adjusted to his illusory flame tornado.

Damn it!

Why was it like this? The Fantasy Flame Tornado was one of his killing moves and had never failed before.

Viciousness flashed through his eyes. Having escalated the fighting to this point, if it was not you that died, it would be me! He gritted his teeth and burrowed into the tornado.

Zuo Mo stilled at Mo Ru Huo's action. He quickly had a wary expression.

The Fantasy Flame Tornado that had been rampaging about suddenly became silent without any decrease in speed. The fire yao arts inside the tornado flew backwards rapidly. Mo Ru Hou was like a strong magnet, attracting all the fire yao arts to fly over.

A strange and dangerous presence covered Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo was motionless as he stared at up Mo Ru Huo in the sky.

Mo Ru Huo was surrounded by all kinds of fire yao arts. He glared at Zuo Mo and insanity flashed through his eyes! All of his thoughts disappeared at this time, his consciousness was all consumed. The fire yao arts floating around him suddenly released an enchanting red light.

Pia!

Like magnets, fire yao arts were attracted to each other.

Pia pia pia!

The fire yao arts around Mo Ru Huo were combining into pairs and trios to become even larger fire yao art.

The powerful presence was like a gust of wind that blew at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo narrowed his eyes, his hands were like blooming flowers. [Tactile Knowledge Grip] was used to its limits. Threads of light floated from between his hands and the mist like light formed a crystal like ball of

light in the air above Zuo Mo's dancing hands. He used the layering method of [Sky Glass Wave] on [Tactile Knowledge Grip] to form this crystal ball of light.

Lights continuously flew out of Zuo Mo's blurred fingers and entered the crystal ball of light.

The ball of light slowly revolved and gradually formed a glass-like hand.

Zuo Mo's narrowed eyes became brighter. Every minuscule change in the space surrounding the glass hand would appear in his eyes. Even the thin hair-like strands of spiritual power that passed by the hand would be accurately captured by Zuo Mo.

It was the first time he had used the [Tactile Knowledge Grip] like this!

Mo Ru Huo seemed to be surrounded by an aura of red light. The enchanting red light carried the presence of blood. The fire yao arts floating by his side had completely changed. Their mass was five or six times what it had been before.

Zuo Mo's eyes brightened.

Waves of strange spiritual thought came from these bloated fire yao arts! Zuo Mo suddenly had a feeling that there seemed to be something alive inside each fire yao art!

Zuo Mo thought of one of his own yao arts—Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art!

Up until now, he had seen many yao arts but this was the second yao art that was like the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art! Yao arts were yao arts. No matter how strong they were, how powerful the presence it produced, but only these two yao arts could produce vitality!

When Zuo Mo had been deconstructing the yao art imprint inside Cang Lin, he had detected the faint presence of life contained in the blood vine. This made him very curious. But it had not been as strong as what he was feeling now!

The threads of spiritual thought inside the fire yao arts were filled with a feeling of darkness and maliciousness. Compared to the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial art, the vitality contained in these fire yao arts was much weaker and incomplete. But those threads of spiritual thought filled with vitality made Zuo Mo feel spirited like he never had been before!

Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art was his final ultimate move, and would be used to save his life at a crucial moment! Pu Yao had told him that the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art was not one move, but a set of yao arts. But no matter how Zuo Mo asked about the topic, Pu Yao never mentioned one bit about the other moves of this set of yao arts. Pu Yao closed his mouth and never even discussed the origins of this wasteland beast.

What Zuo Mo felt even more helpless about was that he could not find any similar yao arts to refer to. He did not fear if Pu Yao did not tell him, but if he did not even have a yao art to use as reference, then he could do nothing!

Until today!

This was the first yao art Zuo Mo encountered that had attributes similar to the Archaic Wasteland Sacrificial Art. How could he let pass by?

Five enormous fire yao arts floated next to Mo Ru Huo. The five fire yao arts were of different shapes. One was like the head of an axe, another like a snake, while the remaining three were hard to distinguish. Mo Ru Huo's entire body was covered in the enchanting red light. The twisted face had a few hints of evil.

"Go die!"

Mo Ru Huo bellowed. Five dashes of red light tore the air and smashed towards Zuo Mo!

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrank, his hand seemed to wave weakly. The crystal hand was like the willow branch blown by the wind and coincidentally caught one of the red lights!

In a moment, countless bits of information entered Zuo Mo's mind.

Time seemed to stop during this moment. Zuo Mo's mind moved at an unprecedented speed as it digested the enormous amount of information that flooded it! In order to digest the information, he stopped all of his actions, and his body became motionless.

He suddenly turned to a wooden puppet.

A faint enchanting red light suddenly lit up in Zuo Mo's puppet-like eyes.

The other four streaks of red light instantly flew in front of him. The bright red light reflected onto Zuo Mo's face. Mo Ru Huo's roars of laughter came into his ears. Zuo Mo was motionless and had no intentions of dodging.

No one noticed that the red light in his eyes suddenly exploded!

The red light instantly engulfed Zuo Mo.

Laughing furiously in the air, Mo Ru Huo did not notice a hair-thin grey energy silently crept up his back, quickly permeated through it, and disappeared.

Chapter 390: Working Together

Wei Sheng sat cross-legged with the black sword upright by his side. For some unknown reason, the corrosive fiendish mist would not come within three zhang of him. He opened his inky black eyes that shone with a determined light.

His daily life was extremely routine, so routine it was frightening.

Practicing the sword, meditation, and teaching others became the essential and only parts of his daily life. He would repeat the dull and monotonous cultivation over and over. He did not use ling power, relying on just his physical body, to slice and chop until all of his strength was exhausted and his entire body trembled.

A jindan expert cultivating to the point that his body would not stop trembling! Both Zong Ru and Yi Zheng whose cultivation emphasized hard work felt ashamed when they saw this kind of self-abusive and sadistic cultivation method, much less the sword xiu and Guard Camp. When everyone mentioned Wei Sheng Daren, they would feel admiration from the depths of their hearts. Every person knew hard work and persistence could lead to improvement, but how many could do it? The only one that could reach Wei Sheng's level was only Wei Sheng Daren!

Also a jindan, Xie Shan had essentially become Wei Sheng's manservant and followed him like a shadow.

Wei Sheng breathed out. Hiss, the fiendish mist three zhang away tore apart as though an invisible sword essence had cut through it. He had a satisfied expression. It may have been due to teaching others that he had recently comprehended much and improved greatly.

Suddenly, a wail came from Zuo Mo's tent. It was Shidi!

Wei Sheng's figure suddenly disappeared from his spot.

"Pain pain! Ow ow, so painful!"

Inside the tent, Zuo Mo was jumping about as though a fire was lit on his butt. His mouth was open and his nose and brow was almost squeezed

together.

“It hurts hiss so much!”

Zuo Mo ran around in the tent like a headless chicken as though it could relieve his pain. Lil’ Fire seemed to have found a new toy and instantly became excited. It hung on to Zuo Mo’s behind and swung around as it chirped cheerfully.

Seeing the chaotic scene, Wei Sheng had a wry smile on his face. His heart relaxed. “Shidi, what is it? You alright?”

“Hisss hiss”

The sound of Zuo Mo inhaling could be clearly heard. As he ran around, he waved his hand. “Nothing hiss nothing!”

Lil’ Fire found it fun and seemed to mimic his speech. “Chirp chirp chirp chirp chirp!” Zuo Mo glared angrily. Lil’ Fire was frightened and its body froze in the air.

“... .. hiss” Zuo Mo inhaled again. His expression of fury instantly dissipated. His expression was very strange as he started to jump around in a hurry. Lil’ Fire recovered from fright and thought that Zuo Mo was playing with it. It chirped happily as it leapt over and hung on behind Zuo Mo.

Wei Sheng was helpless against Shidi’s weirdness. He shook his head and left.

Zuo Mo knew that if he was thrown out of the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, his consciousness would probably be injured, but he had not expected his consciousness injury to be so painful! If he had known, he definitely would not have done this “dumb thing.” It had been too long since he was last injured. Zuo Mo had almost forgotten the pain of consciousness injuries. This time, it really was so painful he wanted to die!

The damned Little Red!

Wait for ge, ge will return!

As he breathed in jerks, Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and swore an oath.

Several black figures passed by like lightning, and several sharp edges criss-crossed in the air before suddenly appearing on the fiend soul beast. The fiend soul beast was instantly dismembered, and leaving behind only a black fang and a bead.

The fang and the bead were put away. The hardship guards had joyful expressions.

At this time, the expression of one of the people shifted. "Gathering orders! Back to the camp, immediately!" The other people quickly disappeared in the fiendish mist without another word.

In the Guard campgrounds, Shu Long looked at everyone who had finished gathering and was very comforted. Everyone's improvement in this time had been great and unexpected to him. All of the Hardship Guards that cultivated [Hardship Guard] had formed their weapons. He had originally predicted they would need one or two years and had not expected it to be complete in less than a month.

He was filled with respect and awe towards the mystery daren inside the necklace. In his view, that daren could do anything! It was the guidance of this daren in this recent while that caused everyone to all finish forming their weapons. All of the cultivation regimes had been personally prescribed by the mystery daren. In this short month, the power of the entire Guard Camp had multiplied!

His thoughts were interrupted by the gazes of those below him. He focused and said in a deep voice, "In this recent while, everyone has cultivated successfully and finished forming the weapons! Good! Very good!"

Shu Long's praise caused the hardship guards below to raised their heads and puff up their chests, their faces bright. Shu Long had a warm personality, but he was extremely stern when he supervised their cultivation. Everyone felt honored to receive his praise and were very proud.

The expressions of everyone landing in his eyes, the corners of Shu

Long's mouth imperceptibly smiled. He then said in a serious tone, "In order to commend everyone's recent efforts, Daren has passed down new cultivation techniques."

Everyone below instantly had joy and anticipation on their faces.

"Everyone has to work hard on this [Great Day Hardship Guard]. Its power is even greater! I won't say much but only when our strength becomes strong can we give our service to Daren, to be able to protect Daren! Does everyone still remember the oath we took in the past?"

Woosh, everyone simultaneously bowed, and said together, "Do not dare to forget!"

Every hardship guard had excitement on their faces!

"You are too daring." Wei's expression was at ease as though he was narrating a small non-descript matter. "It is not so easy to modify a mo skill."

"You feel guilty," Pu Yao said coldly. There was no warmth in his bloody pupil.

"What do I feel guilty for?" Wei's voice did not ripple at all.

Pu Yao smirked, his expression filled with scorn. "You definitely regret saying so much that day. You did not expect that I would deduce so much from your scattered rambling."

"Yes, this point is unexpected to me." Wei openly nodded. "Your skill in yao arts surpasses my imagination. A yao who is able to change mo skills using yao arts. I cannot accomplish this."

"Of course you cannot do it." Pu Yao was not modest at all.

Wei smiled slightly, and his star like eyes were bright. "Your theoretical level is definitely the most outstanding that I have ever seen but you lack experience. Spells, yao arts, mo skills, they do come from a common root, but after so many years of development, the divisions are clear. No matter if it is yao arts or mo skills, they have developed far on their own paths."

Pu Yao lowered his head to think for a moment. When he raised his head, the scorn on his face had disappeared. He said seriously, “Your words are not wrong. My yao art theory and knowledge are based on the experience of those before me. These are my fundamentals, but I lack the fundamentals of mo skills.”

“A very clear awareness,” Wei calmly praised.

“Your conditions,” Pu Yao glanced at Wei and said coldly.

“A complete Golden Soul.” Wei raised a finger.

“Half.” Pu Yao shook his head.

“Agreed.” Wei unhesitantly nodded.

He knew that even if he did not tell Pu Yao, with Pu Yao’s talents, it would not be difficult to study and come to understand. He only needed to find some experimental subjects and make comparisons to come to the conclusion. Righteous Yao might not use these kinds of extreme methods, but for someone who was insane like Pu Yao, there was nothing that he would not do.

Also, Wei’s original intention was not to gain something from this transaction. He hoped that this was a good beginning.

No matter if it was against Pu Yao or Zuo Mo, this was extremely important as those that cultivated [Great Day Hardship Guard] were Zuo Mo’s subordinates.

Wei was clear to the contents of the [Great Day Hardship Guard] that Pu Yao had modified using the Great Day mo physique. Pu Yao had not concealed any part of the process from him. He was also clear about the problems of the [Great Day Hardship Guard]. Truthfully, Pu Yao had shocked him greatly.

A yao that modified a mo skill. He had never heard of such a thing in his past. More crucially, the [Great Day Hardship Guard] that Pu Yao had modified had an extremely high level skill. If this mo skill was thrown into the mo world, it definitely would become a mo skill that would be passed down in a clan.

Wei was also clear that if he wanted to do anything, he needed to first prove his value. Because he had a practical “landlord.”

He did not conceal anything, and proactively discussed with Pu Yao to make this mo skill even more complete. Pu Yao also saw Wei in a different light. Existences such as armor spirits might accumulate large amounts of knowledge because they had long lifespans but they were not necessarily outstanding in terms of intelligence.

But Wei showed how he was different compared to normal armor spirits. He did not just have a wealth of knowledge, he also had outstanding intelligence. This completely upended Pu Yao’s understanding of armor spirits. He was slightly curious. The origins of this false gentleman didn’t seem to be small.

No matter how much of a biased opinion Pu Yao had towards Wei, the discussion went extremely smooth. These two geniuses quickly found synergy.

A completely new [Great Day Hardship Guard] came out of the stove.

When the skill was completed, Pu Yao and Wei exchanged a look and found the anticipations in each other’s eyes.

This completely new mo art, with the [Hardship Guard] as the foundation and merging the Great Day mo physique as well as Pu Yao’s yao arts, what heights would this reach?

This was really worthy of anticipating!

The next morning when Zuo Mo work up, he found that the wounded consciousness that had caused him so much pain, had healed.

Hm, what happened?

Zuo Mo jumped up. He touched around and found that there was no pain. He hurriedly inspected his body. Had something new occurred inside his body?

Calming down, he entered his inner perspective.

He was completely shocked by the scene in front of him!

Chapter 391: Great Mo Physique

The flame seed inside Zuo Mo's body tinged with gold flickered. These golden flames had extremely unique shapes. They seemed to be like overlapping waves, layered together. There were more than five layers. The color of each layer was different. The innermost layer was almost transparent, and the outermost layer was pure dazzling golden yellow. They burned silently.

Zuo Mo suddenly recalled his Golden Crow Fire seed. He hurried to look and his expression changed slightly. The Golden Crow Fire had disappeared without a trace. Golden Crow Fire was a fourth-grade flame and it could completely fulfill any of his present demands. It could melt gold and iron easily, and was one of Zuo Mo's greatest assistants. Its sudden disappearance instantly made Zuo Mo slightly panicked.

A thought suddenly jumped into his mind.

Had some new change happened to the Golden Crow Fire?

His thoughts shifted, and the layered flame changed as expected. Pew, large amounts of layered flame suddenly erupted out of Zuo Mo's palm and formed a hand of fire. Zuo Mo curiously put his hand in front of him. The boundaries between the layers of the golden layered flame were extremely clear. It exuded an astonishing heat but his palm was as cold as ice.

Zuo Mo found it interesting and his consciousness burrowed into the golden layered flame.

Pew!

The golden layered flame suddenly erupted. A pressuring heat, with Zuo Mo at the center, exploded outwards. The defensive formations of the tent suddenly lit up with a red glow and stopped this wave of heat. Pia pia pia. The red light retreated. There was a crackling like glass breaking and Zuo Mo's heart leapt when he heard this.

The last layer of formations forcibly stopped this terrifying wave of heat.

Zuo Mo instantly released a breath. However, when he saw the mess inside the tent, his heart shivered. There was a layer of black glass on the ground. This was because the heat had melted the granite. Zuo Mo instantly judged that the golden layered flame was better than the Golden Crow Fire!

At least fifth-grade!

Zuo Mo thought to himself somewhat cheerfully. If it wasn't that he knew the Golden Crow Macro Formation and could harvest Golden Crow Fire at will, obtaining the fourth-grade Golden Crow Fire would not be easy, much less obtaining this golden layered flame of a high grade. The golden layered flame had a higher grade, and was even more powerful. The requirement to control it was even higher. Zuo Mo thought to himself that he had to spend time studying this golden layered flame. Otherwise, it was shameful if he had a treasure and could not use it.

The changes to Zuo Mo's body were not just limited to the golden layered flame. If he did not see it with his own eyes, Zuo Mo would not believe that this body was his!

Bones like crystal, the blood vessels that all glowed, and the patterns on them could be clearly seen. The blood inside the vessels was bright and fresh, filled with vitality and shining with a faint golden light. They circulated extremely slowly. If Zuo Mo's consciousness was not extremely sensitive, he would have thought that the blood was unmoving. Zuo Mo quickly found the cause. The blood that was tinged with golden light was now much more viscous. Even the blood vessels were multiple times thicker and gave off the feeling of power.

Other than the channels and blood vessels, the muscles and tendons inside Zuo Mo's body had completely transformed. The strong muscles had a faint gold sheen like it had been brushed with a layer of golden oil. The tendons inside his body were thinner and more slender than before but Zuo Mo could feel the astonishing power contained inside.

Zuo Mo had a strange feeling that he had become a weirdo.

A weirdo that had endless strength and an inhumanly strong body.

Slightly insecure, Zuo Mo instantly ran into the sea of consciousness. When he saw Pu Yao, he burst out, "Pu, what is with my body?"

Pu Yao's eyes were closed in relaxation. He said lazily, "Don't startle over nothing. Your Great Day mo physique advanced, that's all."

"Great Day mo physique advanced?" Zuo Mo realized and the stone inside his heart landed. He was instantly interested. "Haha! So it advanced! What are the benefits from advancing? Pu, tell me more!"

The corner of Pu Yao's uncovered eye imperceptibly twitched and then he drawled. "An insignificant Great Day mo physique advancement, what else is there to say?"

Zuo Mo instantly was discontent. He smirked. "An insignificant Great Day mo physique advancement? If you have the skill, do this insignificant thing as well! Don't hold the bread and say you don't have food. Ge is relying on this to kill yao and mo. If we can't walk out of this ghastly place, can you?"

Pu Yao was speechless.

Wei felt very good inside. Even though helping Zuo Mo in secret had been an action taken out of helplessness, but now he found that this guy was truly a weirdo! He had lost a few times to Pu Yao. He had a deep experience of Pu Yao's cunning and maliciousness. Seeing Pu Yao defeated by Zuo Mo, he felt great no matter how he looked at it. If he wasn't wary of Pu Yao, he wanted to clap his hands in pleasure.

However, he maintained his position and pretended to not overhear Zuo Mo and Pu Yao's argument. Pu Yao was one to get even. Zuo Mo was unafraid, but he could not say the same. Unable to go back into the gravestone, his power was weaker than Pu Yao. Even more, Pu Yao was more cunning than him, more vicious than him, and dominated him in all aspects.

"Look at the time, you are still hiding things?" Zuo Mo was furious.

Pu Yao suddenly opened his eyes. "You can ask him about the Great Day mo physique."

“Wei?” Zuo Mo was slightly puzzled. He turned to ask Wei, “You understand the Great Day mo physique?” He suddenly nodded in realization. “Right, right! You jumped out of the gravestone, you definitely understand the Great Day mo physique!”

Wei was shocked inside. He looked at Pu Yao who had closed his eyes again and was puzzled. After the gravestone had been sealed by Pu Yao, he had been forced into an agreement with Pu Yao and could not to pass mo skills onto Zuo Mo. This time, Pu Yao had actually suggested of his own initiative for Zuo Mo to ask him for help with the Great Day mo physique. Wasn’t this strange?

Out of caution, he shook his head. “I cannot teach you mo skills.”

“Why?” Zuo Mo stilled. His eyes widened and he suddenly showed realization. He said generously, “What do you want? Name a price!”

Wei closed his mouth and did not speak.

Pu Yao opened his eyes again and said to Wei, “This guy is right. If we cannot leave this ghastly place, no one will be well off. Since his Great Day mo physique has advanced, it is beneficial for everyone if you teach him a bit. This does not betray your oath.”

Wei’s bewilderment increased. Pu Yao’s words were righteous and appeared reasonable but the more it appeared so, the more Wei felt the other had a scheme. Wei pondered it momentarily inside and then made a decision. He nodded. “Alright.”

What he needed to do was not betray his oath and be able to pass mo skills to Zuo Mo. Even if Pu Yao had secret intentions, he decided to take the chance.

Seeing Wei agree, Zuo Mo was overjoyed. He hurriedly sat opposite Wei. Pu Yao closed his eye again. He might have been resting his mind or meditating.

Wei pushed aside his stray thoughts and slowly began, “The Great Day mo physique is an extremely rare mo physique, extremely yang and strong, unparalleled in dominance. You are familiar with the six transformations

of the Great Day mo physique. Do you still remember when you had used all six transformations at the same time?”

“A bit.” Zuo Mo nodded.

“It has a name, Great mo physique,” Wei said faintly, and a strange look flashed through his eyes.

“Great mo physique?”

“The Great mo physique is the sign that amo physique has reached maturation, but this situation is very strange.” Wei said in a deep voice, “You are not a pure mo. Theoretically, the possibility of achieving Great mo physique is very low, but you managed to do it. Even now, I do not understand the cause of this.”

“Would there be any danger?” Zuo Mo hurried to ask. The Great Day mo physique did have great power, but if he lost his life in trade for this, then it was not profitable.

“There is no danger.” Wei said with a warm smile, “For you, there are only benefits and no harmful effects. You should have found the changes in your body. Those are traits unique to your Great mo physique. Your body right now is a body that cannot be unbroken. The flying swords controlled by ningmai xiuzhe cannot harm you. The dhyana xiu have similar techniques that create a body that cannot be damaged. Other than a few traits, there is no basic difference.”

Zuo Mo listened extremely carefully. Wei’s understanding of the mo physique seemed to be deeper than Pu Yao.

“The layered flame inside your body is called the Great Day Banded Flame. It is a kind of sixth-grade fire seed. Very few mo that cultivate the Great Day mo physique can form the Great Day Banded Flame. This must be related to the xiuzhe spells you cultivated before.” Wei said humbly, “The Great Day mo physique is very rarely seen. I do not know much about it and can only use some of what I know for you as reference.”

The Great Day Banded Flame was actually a sixth-grade fire seed. In this moment, Zuo Mo felt so happy he could faint!

Sixth-grade fire seed! This mean that his forging and dan-making would increase by two levels!

Zuo Mo wore a stupid smile.

Wei saw Zuo Mo's expression and couldn't help but grin. He did not hurry Zuo Mo along, and waited for Zuo Mo to come out of his daze. When Zuo Mo's gaze became clear again, he continued, "After using the six changes of the Great Day mo physique to form the Great mo physique, it can open the deep mo levels."

"How is it different?"

Wei smiled and then said seriously, "The six changes of the deep mo levels dramatically increase in power. Only then will you truly have the power to equal the top jindan xiuzhe."

With an outstanding appearance, a humble presence, a serious expression, the cross-legged Wei was like the most devout preacher.

"How do you open the deep mo layer's six transformations?" Zuo Mo asked.

"Comprehension."

"How do I gain comprehension?"

"Very sorry, I do not know that either." Wei shook his head with a slight smile. "Let me tell you of an example of someone that comprehend the deep mo level. Maybe this will give you some help."

The deep pupils lit up with the sheen of remembrance, the handsome face filled with reminisce.

"My previous master's mo physique when entering the colonel stage was called Serene Python. It cannot compare to your Great Day mo physique. The Serene Python is a mo physique famed for its strength, and it only has three transformations."

Wei's tone was deep and carried an inexplicable charisma as he narrated.

"She was fourteen when she reached the Great mo physique of the

Serene Python.” Wei raised his head to see the shock on Zuo Mo’s face and smiled. He then said, “However, it was only when she was seventeen that she opened the deep mo layer of the three Serene Python changes. In these three years, she journeyed through nine mo jies.”

Zuo Mo was stunned. He murmured, “Nine”

He could not imagine travelling over nine mo jies. Even if they were little jie like Sky Moon Jie, it wasn’t just a matter of one or two months to cross one of them. Zuo Mo felt that he had gone many places, but compared to this person, it was an embarrassing comparison.

Even more, at fourteen

“She fought four hundred and twenty seven times, killed fifty nine mo, wounded another thirty, and was wounded twenty four times.”

Zuo Mo froze in shock.

Chapter 392: Making A Wish

What deep mo level, go to hell, this was the only thing Zuo Mo thought after hearing Wei speak of his previous master.

If he really followed what Wei suggested, Zuo Mo guessed that the only person among his compatriots that could accomplish this would be Wei Sheng Shixiong. Other people, including him, definitely could not realize it.

Since it was an insurmountable task, then there was no need to trouble himself over it. This was Zuo Mo's usual style.

Compared to the unreliable deep mo level, it was more important to find news regarding the Battle of Sealed Extinction. Due to his lack of wealth in the past, he had delayed going to the second prison. Now that he had money, this matter had to progress quickly. Thinking about it, Zuo Mo entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard again.

This time, he did not go to find Nan Yue and Cang Ze, and went alone into the second prison. Cang Lin's grievous injury had just healed and he needed to recover. Cang Ze and Nan Yue had to go through the test of the prison battlefield before they could enter the second prison. Zuo Mo, due to finishing the prison breaking battle, had already received the qualifications to enter the second prison.

The second prison was called Dance of Falling Maples.

Endless mountain ranges, and large groves of fire red maple trees extended endlessly into the distance. When a gentle wind blew past, the woods would creak, and fire red maple leaves would be caught up in the wind and leave their branches. In that time, the maple leaves would be like red pixies that danced in the wind. Even the clouds in the sky would be slightly tinged with red.

The scenery in front of him was as bright as fire, but Zuo Mo felt an unspeakable feeling of sorrow and desolation in his chest. Zuo Mo looked dazedly at the maple leaves floating in the wind.

Was it that his calm had decreased after his consciousness was wounded?

Zuo Mo focused and mocked himself. He walked forward.

Nan Yue looked with determination at the prison battlefield in front of her. Suddenly, Cang Ze's laugh came from behind her. "A Yue has also come here."

Nan Yue turned around and couldn't help but be surprised. Today, Cang Ze seemed to be completely different than usual. Battle intent exuded faintly from his body, and his steps were determined. She instantly understood. "Cang da ge is also planning on today?"

"Yes, I can't fall too much behind A Yue," Cang Ze said with an open laugh.

Nan Yue had slightly mirth on her face, the competitiveness in her eyes rising. "Then let's see who succeed first!"

"Alright! See you in the second prison!"

"See you in the second prison!"

The two figures charged into the prison battlefield at the same time.

The Maple Leaf Market was the yao city of the second prison and also one of the largest cities of the Ten Finger Prison. Usually, most yao that entered the second prison were yao that had successfully achieved planting of the spirit. Those who were successfully managed to rise above the lowest classes of little yao and ghost attendant yao. The yao of this stage were called night stock yao.

The yao that just ignited their star fire were called little yao, those yao that completed transformation were called ghost attendant yao, and those that successfully planted their spirit were night stock yao.

Night stock yao was the true fundamental level of the yao world. The local corps's lowest requirement was ghost attendant yao, but the true

backbone of these corps were the night stock yao. A corps commanded directly by the Council of Elders were at minimum night stock yao.

Zuo Mo could clearly feel that the yao that passed by were much stronger than the Wasteland Beast Chessboard as he had expected. Night stock yao were equivalent to ningmai xiuzhe. However, due to how cultivating yao arts meant communicating with the world, the presence exuded by night stock yao was stronger than ningmai xiuzhe.

Many night stock yao that successfully planted their spirit were unable to gather and conceal their power. All kinds of flowing rings of light would appear in the surroundings. Along the way, Zuo Mo saw many strange and weird rings of light. Some were bright green, others fire red, some were shaped like a sickle while others had teeth or were crescents. It broadened his visions.

These moving rings of light were related to the yao arts they cultivated. Night stock yao that just entered the spirit planting stage were unable to completely control their consciousness. A portion of the consciousness that leaked out would naturally form the yao art they cultivated and produce stray rings of light. Yao who had good eyes were even able to judge the attribute of the yao art from the rings of light.

Those night stock yao that did not have rings of light were actually stronger.

But no matter if they had a light ring or not, any yao coming that saw Zuo Mo's face clearly would pale and then hurriedly jumped to the side.

One's name was like the shadow of a tree. With the name of "Xiao Mo Ge," Zuo Mo was a young expert that was known through the yao world, especially after he had killed twenty six yao successively, it had given him a reputation of brutality and no one dared to cause trouble for him.

Anywhere he passed, the crowds of yao avoided him.

But a problem also came along. Zuo Mo was planning to ask for directions. Before he could speak, the other would turn and run as though their butts were on fire. A few ran even faster when they heard Zuo Mo speak, hating that their parents hadn't given birth to them with two more

legs.

Zuo Mo could only grimace.

After a lot of effort, he finally learned the position of the Maple Leaf Market.

After a few rounds at the Maple Leaf Market, he was slightly disappointed. As expected, this place was still quite low-level. The things sold and the contents of those bounties were also low-level. No wonder Cang Lin suggested for him to go to the third prison.

He was doubtful if he could find information on the Battle of Sealed Extinction at the third prison.

A short while later, there were many yao surrounding him. They looked at Zuo Mo with respect and awe and occasionally discuss. However, no one came over, clearly wary of Xiao Mo Ge's reputation as a butcher.

Zuo Mo shook his head. After asking for directions to the prison battlefield, he left.

Everything Zuo Mo passed was extremely novel and unfamiliar, but Zuo Mo wasn't in the mood at this time. The Sealed Extinction battlefield was like a heavy rock weighing on his heart. Right now, they seemed to have it easier, but Zuo Mo knew if it dragged on, their situation would become even more precarious.

The prison battlefield of the Dance of Falling Maples was a stand of beautiful and enchanting maple trees.

Zuo Mo did not stop and unhesitatingly stepped into it.

Zong Ru's complexion was red gold, his lips slightly curved upward as though in a smile, his right hand seemed to be holding a flower as he sat with his legs crossed. His entire body seemed to be made from copper, a dignified and grave presence filling the entire room.

A long while later, he slowly opened his eyes. Gold light flashed through his eyes, and the spell on his fingers disappeared. The dignified and grave

presence around him instantly disappeared. An uncontrollable look of joy floated in Zong Ru's pupils. He finally saw a great path towards jindan!

When he had received [Attainment Golden Body] from Daren, even a person as composed as him was stunned where he stood! Sixth-grade spell! Daren had given him a sixth-grade spell! And it was also a sixth-grade dhyana xiu spell! For some reason, his nose had become sore, and he had almost cried.

No one knew the greatest reason he had chosen the path of the dhyana xiu was that he lacked spells. His talent was not outstanding, and sects would not accept him based on merit. His family was also extremely poor and could not pay the tribute. No sect was willing to accept disciples like him. A dhyana xiu that had wandered by had felt pity at his situation and given him [Sky Wave Fist Scripture].

This fist scripture was very simple and could even be called rough, but Zong Ru was still very grateful to that dhyana xiu.

He knew this fist scripture was extremely rudimentary. If he wanted to progress, other than obtaining higher-level spells, he could only work on his Samadhi to achieve ningmai. He used his outstanding persistence and finally reached ningmai, even forming an abhinna.

Only he knew the hardship of this entire journey.

However, Samadhi meditation was not the solution to all. He furiously worked on his Samadhi but he quickly found that relying on just the practice of Samadhi was unable to allow him to progress further. Zong Ru had been disappointed but he had not felt sad. He was not an ambitious person, and only worked hard on cultivation each day.

But when Zuo Mo handed [Attainment Golden Body] to him, everything changed.

His cultivation that had remained still for so long actually grew a little sliver. Such a wondrous effect, as expected of a sixth-grade spell.

What he had never expected was that, other than the [Attainment Golden Body] Daren also gave him the Nine Turn Sky Soil Disk!

A sixth-grade spell, and a sixth-grade talisman!

Things the he didn't even dare to dream about were now in his hands.

Daren had also said, using the Vajra Gada as the spindle, the Nine Turn Sky Soil Disk as the wheel, he would reforge the two into a prayer wheel that would definitely be powerful.

Threads of warmth rose in Zong Ru's heart, and a smile floated at the corner of his mouth.

Daren never did unprofitable business. He wanted him to sell his life for his entire life.

Then he will sell himself to Daren!

His hands suddenly came together, he lowered his eyes, his features dignified.

His dhyana heart was calm like an old well, a determined and grave voice echoing in his mind.

"Zong Ru wishes, forsaking the path to Buddhahood, to use this body as a vajra to protect Daren."

His dhyana heart that was calm suddenly became covered with black clouds. Wind and rain came, lightning flashed, thunder roared, and created waves that reached the sky.

Zong Ru gave a muffled grunt and his expression changed slightly. But he seemed to not detect it. He closed his eyes, his voice as determined as usual.

"Zong Ru wishes, forsaking the path to Buddhahood, to use this body as a vajra to protect Daren!"

His body trembled fiercely, his dhyana heart cracking all over and on the edge of collapsing.

Zong Ru gritted his teeth and closed his eyes, reciting his wish over and over. He seemed to be situated in a terrible storm, lightning snakes flashing above him and illuminating his determined face. He piously recited again and again the wish he gave!

Boom!

A strange power suddenly formed from his nearly destroyed dhyana heart and quickly burrowed into his limbs and organs. Even more wondrous was that it permeated Zong Ru's ling power, and every bit of blood and flesh of his body.

At the same time, the ling power inside his body seemed to be awakened, and started to flow according to [Attainment Golden Body].

A thread of strange power burrowed into his forehead.

In the camp, everyone suddenly stopped their actions and turned to look at a corner of the camp.

Everyone had shock on their faces.

Core formation!

Someone was entering jindan!

Yi Zheng who was not far away from Zong Ru suddenly paled. His lips trembled and he exclaimed, "Wish power! Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish!"

How was it possible?

Someone had given a death wish!

Did he not know that if one gave a death wish, they could not become a Buddha anymore?

Was he crazy?

Chapter 393: Buddhahood Abandonment

Death Wish

Core formation!

Up until now, the camp had two jindan in total, Wei Sheng and Xie Shan.

Zong Ru undergoing core formation was unexpected by everyone. Wei Sheng's core formation was caused by the condensation of his sword heart after killing something, and Xie Shan's core formation was an innate change due to power. Zong Ru's talent could only be called normal. While his cultivation was not bad, but he had not accumulated power on the level that Xie Shan had.

Zong Ru, who was not the most outstanding in any area, was the third to undergo core formation!

Shocked, everyone naturally spread out and raised their guard to defend against the fiendish mist that would come and disturb Zong Ru.

After seeing two core formations, everyone was familiar with the apparitions during core formation. In the sky above Zong Ru's tent was an enormous shadow that was like a faint ball of mist. The mist flowed and twisted as though something was struggling inside.

When everyone raised their heads to look at the enormous shadow in the air, they all expressed shock. As the mist appeared, a faint presence covered everyone's minds like a little mountain. The only ones that could keep their composure were Wei Sheng and Xie Shan. But even these two had nervous expressions. If core formation failed, the lightest consequence was injury and the degradation of cultivation; the most serious was loss of life.

Roar!

A sound that was like a dragon and elephant thundered through the depths of the shadows like waves.

Irregular ripples formed in the air like ripples in water. Everyone guarding the surroundings felt their ears ring as though something had exploded by their ears. Those with deep cultivation wavered, and those that were of lower cultivation paled and took multiple steps back.

Only at this time did a hard wave of wind reach everyone.

“Wish power! A Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish! How long has it been since I’ve seen such pure and extreme wish power?” In Wei’s deep pupils, there seemed to be something flashing.

Pu Yao looked at the continuously changing mist in the sky, as a hint of trepidation flashed through his mind.

Wish power!

A taste that he had almost forgotten. But when it appeared again, that familiar trepidation once again appeared.

In that great war three thousand years ago, he had fought against many dhyana xiu. Of course, there were dhyana xiu that possessed wish power. Dhyana xiu that possessed wish power were enemies that all yao did not want to encounter. It didn’t matter if it was yao arts or mo skills, there were many malicious and evil techniques he could think of; but if Pu Yao had to pick out the ten most malicious powers, wish power was definitely among them.

Wish power did not have any connection with the cultivation level of the dhyana xiu. It was a power that could permeate all kinds of ling power. It was only connected with the wish inside the heart of the wisher. The more determined the wisher’s belief was, the stronger the wish power was.

In the legends, if the dhyana xiu who made a wish could complete the oath they gave, they could become a buddha.

The strongest belief of every dhyana xiu was to become a Buddha. A death wish was a wish that could not be completed. Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish, was when the dhyana xiu made the cruelest and harshest oath and because of this, of all the kinds of wish power,

Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish was the most extreme wish power.

No one wanted to be enemies that had made a Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish. If one touched this terrifying wish power, it would directly damage their soul, and this damage was almost irreparable. It was a synonym for death.

Luckily, not every dhyana xiu could make wishes. Otherwise, the great battle in the past would not have lasted for long. In reality, it was rare to find dhyana xiu that could receive wish power; and of those the dhyana xiu that could make a Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish, even Pu Yao hadn't seen more than five.

But they actually encountered one here!

Pu Yao and Wei were frightened.

Of the entire campsite, in terms of who was most shocked, it would undoubtedly be Yi Zheng.

Coming from the Great Buddha Temple, Yi Zheng was from an orthodox and famed sect. But at this time, he was gaping as he looked at the sky, his entire mind a mess.

Dropped into this ghastly place, what he had seen in these short months had completely upset everything he had learned on the mountain.

When he had seen Wei Sheng the first time, he was awed by the other's talent and felt that he, in comparison, had achieved nothing. However, he never would have thought that it was just the beginning. Everything that followed was so fantastical it was like a dream.

A guy who was of similar age to him was the leader of thousands of people, and everyone was strangely loyal.

In a place called Golden Crow Camp, everyone had a fourth-grade Golden Crow Fire seed. He had almost gone insane then. Could that fire seed be made wholesale?

In a place called Vermillion Bird Camp, everyone there were battlemaniacs. Even their gaze when they walked by were like blades. Yi Zheng was a greenhorn. He did not know how strong these people were but the presence exuded by these people made his heart beat wildly.

A place called Guard Camp had its doors locked all day. However, there would occasionally be the sounds of howling like wild beasts and battle coming from inside. Every time he passed by, he would uncontrollably shake.

There was one that rested all day hugging the sword, one that held a black spear and killed all day without any weariness, little people that could fly, and mischievous pagoda

All kinds of weird, strange, and impossible things were found here.

We are from Great Buddha Temple, we are dhyana xiu, we won't compete with you on strangeness, Yi Zheng repeatedly comforted himself in multiple nights.

But today, he saw with his own eyes a dhyana xiu's coreformation, saw a dhyana xiu give a wish, saw a dhyana xiu give a Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish, and consequently, he completely broke down!

Who is the dhyana xiu here!

Great Buddha Temple, one of the ten dhyana xiu holy grounds. He knew of three that had wish power, the shishu from the Discipline Hall, the ancestral forefather, and Seventh Shigu.

Buddhahood Abandonment Death Wish, oh, the stuff of legends, it's good to hear about it.

But why did it have to appear in front of him

Yi Zheng suddenly felt that the glittering sigh of the Great Buddha Temple was still dazzling in front of this unorthodox dhyana xiu, but for some unknown reason, its presence had lessened greatly.

All hail the Buddha!

Yi Zheng grabbed his head with his hands and looked dazedly at the

dark shadow gradually forming in the sky.

A blurry shadow gradually formed above the camp.

The enormous slave transporting boats in the face of this figure's foot was like a toe. The shadow was like an ancient giant looking down at the world. Everyone in the camp without exception inhaled sharply. An endless presence came at them like a tsunami.

Wei Sheng showed a grave expression. He stepped forward, and gestured in a circle and swiped with his fingers.

Everyone felt the presence oppressing their bodies instantly lesson and their terror-filled expressions eased slightly.

Wei Sheng and Xie Shan exchanged a look. Both had grave expressions. The two of them had detected the unusualness of Zong Ru's core formation.

Moo!

The blurry giant suddenly raised its head and bellowed. The sound travelled far in all directions!

Waves of motion came from the depths of the fiendish mist.

The giant's blurry figure continued to change.

Zuo Mo who was going through the Dance of Falling Maple's prison battlefield did not know of the enormous noise at the campground.

This time, he did not activate the prison breaking battle and he sighed in relief. If he activated the prison breaking battle again, then he would want to smash his head of a wall. He thought of how much endless trouble breaking Vast Water Clear Skies had been.

With money in his hand, Zuo Mo did not want trouble. These things might also be money, but there were not as likable as jingshi. In any case, ge couldn't waste it.

The prison battlefield of the Dance of Falling Maple was primarily based on killing illusions. Zuo Mo felt good after using [Bone-Crushing Obscuring Wind]. Powerful yao arts only worked if they were used frequently. Zuo Mo clearly detected that he could use [Bone-Crushing Obscuring Wind] now.

Zuo Mo quickly was not satisfied with purely using [Bone-Crushing Obscuring Wind]. He started to try to change yao arts.

Suddenly thinking of the feeling he caught at the last moment in the battle against Mo Ru Huo

Zuo Mo's eyes suddenly lit up.

The door created by blue and green vines twined together released a serene light. This was a yao door. The xiuzhe had their transportation formations, the yao had the their yao doors, the mo had their blood pools.

They were going home.

Looking at the yao door, Mu Xi's thoughts flowed. She couldn't say how she felt after being able to safely return home after fighting for several years. Before this campaign, she had never left home for so long. Thinking about how her mother had cried until she was made of tears when she had been preparing, her heart felt sore.

Returning in victory, this was the only part she felt was worth it. From a young age, her talent was not very eye-catching among the youths of the clan. It was only when she began to study being a battle general that her talent was seen. It had been unexpected that the chance to represent the Wood Clan had landed on her head. The clan leader's order had created many doubting voices. It had to be known that of all military commanders, she was the youngest.

Fortunately, she had not failed. Even though there were no great achievements, there were not any failures.

"Let's go," she said serenely.

Just at this time, a yao that was wearing the military uniform hurried past. Mu Xi recognized this yao. The other was an intermediate-level battle general at the front line of the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. Mu Xi had once met him. The other's expression was panicked and had slight terror. Mu Xi's heart suddenly jumped.

"Mang Zang Daren!" she called the other.

Mang Zang's steps paused. He finally saw Mu Xi like he had woken up from a dream. "It's Mu Xi Daren!"

To any battle general, the skill to remain calm was the most fundamental of all fundamentals. Seeing the other so uncomposed, the bad feeling inside grew. She asked in a light voice, "Has something happened?"

Zang Mang's expression changed. His eyes suddenly became slightly red, his voice hoarse. "The front lines were defeated."

"Ah!" Mu Xi and her vice commander's expression changed dramatically.

"Three days ago, small numbers of xiuzhe appeared on the outskirts of the defensive line. We sent out little teams to clean out the area. We quickly received news that the teams were surrounded and were asking for aid. Yan Shang Daren led the troops to give aid. But the other took the chance to attack the defense line. The attack was strong. Yan Shang Daren was ambushed on the way back to give aid. The Fierce Fire Corps were completely killed. Yan Daren has also given his life in sacrifice. The troops that went to give aid to Yan Shang Daren were also ambushed and lost great numbers!"

Mang Zhan's voice was sorrowful.

Mu Xi's face suddenly became as white as paper.

Chapter 394: Speculation

When the news of the defeat at the front line reached the rear, all were shocked. This was the first defeat the yao had suffered after the war began. The losses were so severe they surpassed imagination.

In the previous battles, the yao military forces had advanced smoothly. The xiuzhe hadn't just retreated out of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, they had also lost multiple jie. But looking at it with a calm eye now, the xiuzhe had not been truly wounded at all. What they had lost were just the lowest level of sects, and the true elite had not suffered losses at all.

In this defeat, the yao casualties were all combat yao above the stage of spirit planting.

Normal yao and combat yao were both were spirit planting stage, but there was an enormous difference in ability. This was not as evident when it was a small skirmish, but the difference would certainly show in mass combat. Even if it was the local militia, they needed to training for at least five years to form preliminary combat abilities.

Even more, Fierce Fire Corps was a regular corps commanded directly by the Council of Elders.

None one had expected the xiuzhe's counterattack was so ferocious and decisive. When they attacked, it was like thunder.

When the situation at the front lines were good, the mood at the rear was very relaxed, but with the news of the defeat the mood of the rear instantly became tense.

The Fierce Fire Corps of Yan Shang Daren were famed for their ferocity. They were completely defeated. Then how strong was the power of the enemy?

The yao finally remembered that the xiuzhe had possessed Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie for three thousand years. Three thousand years, even if Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was not suited for xiuzhe to fight, they would still be as familiar with that place like it was their back yard.

The light on his hand flashed continuously, Zuo Mo was very careful. Pia, the light disappeared.

Zuo Mo shook his head. It still didn't work. He tried to recall the feeling he captured with the [Tactile Knowledge Grip] that day, and seemed to comprehend something but he could not describe it. He knew this was due to not having a deep enough understanding. That barely discernable understanding needed more accumulation.

It seemed that he needed to go find Little Red soon.

The pitiful Mo Ru Huo was a pretty famous character, but due to his completely red body, Zuo Mo intimately called him Little Red. If he heard this nickname, he would probably go insane immediately.

He had been planning to use the prison battlefield to practice his yao arts. Now that he did not have any ideas, Zuo Mo did not decide to procrastinate any further.

As long as he did not activate the prison breaking battle, passing through was still pretty easy for him.

He quickly received the qualification to enter the third prison.

He thought, he had spent enough time in the Ten Finger Prison today. His consciousness swept across the spiritual imprint. He found that Cang Ze and Nan Yue were both present and headed to the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

When Zuo Mo found Cang Ze and Nan Yue, he found the two were dejected and had worried expressions.

"What is it?" Zuo Mo asked in puzzlement, "Has something happened?"

Cang Ze narrated the news of the loss at the front lines in a low voice. At the side, Nan Yue showed worry. They lived in the yao world. If the yao army were defeated, their lives would become even worse. They had just seen hope. If the yao world became destabilized, would anyone remain unaffected?

After Cang Ze finished, Zuo Mo was stunned where he stood, with only shock left inside.

After a long time, he came back.

His first response was, how was it possible?

He had personally seen the great strength of the yao army. Sky Moon Jie, Little Mountain Jie, when hadn't the xiuzhe retreated continually? Those large sects retreated when they heard of the advance of the yao army and ran back to Bright Wave Jie like homeless dogs. After that, Zuo Mo had lost complete confidence in Kun Lun. Even the present Vermillion Bird Camp and Guard Camp in Zuo Mo's eyes could not compare to the elite forces of the yao army.

Now he was hearing Cang Ze say that the yao army had been defeated by the xiuzhe.

The yao military that was so powerful was actually defeated? And defeated right in front of their own doorstep?

When he heard that the total death count reached twelve thousand, Zuo Mo didn't know what to say.

So the xiuzhe had powerful people too

He still didn't believe it but he knew that Cang Ze and Nan Yue definitely would not try to con him.

Such a dazzling victory completely upended Zuo Mo's impression of the fragility of those great sects. He suddenly realized the depths of those great sects were not as he had thought.

But he couldn't help but have a strange feeling.

The past weak display of the xiuzhe was a stark contrast against this great victory.

The two were so different they were like mud and clouds.

Was it was it

Zuo Mo's eyes suddenly widened. His body froze and a wave of coldness

rose from his spine.

Pretend to be weak?

The four words tore his mind like lightning.

His expression changed.

With multiple jie of territory, countless sects as the bait it was insane!

His mind blanked as he mindlessly murmured.

If it really was so, then the one who planned this was a madman! An undoubted madman!

Zuo Mo soullessly returned to the camp.

The grey mist in the sky continuously retreated back towards the center. The figure of the giant continuously shrunk and became clearer.

When it completely appeared, simultaneous inhales sounded in the camp again.

An extremely weird giant floated in the sky. Twenty zhang high like a little mountain. It had three heads that faced three directions, each with a different expression. There was one glaring angrily, one smiling slightly, and one with eyes closed in deep thought. The six arms were either making seals, or the pair of hands were together.

Endless dignity was like an invisible wave that struck everyone's minds.

Staring at the colossal being in the sky, Yi Zheng's face was as pale as paper, his pupils scattered as he unconsciously murmured.

"Dragon and Elephant Attainment"

When Zuo Mo returned to the camp, Zong Ru's core formation was in its ending stages.

He looked towards where Zong Ru was. He was first shocked and then

he showed joy. However, this thread of joy was quickly shrouded by thick darkness. His face became extremely dark and he called everyone to his tent.

The mood inside the camp was extremely low. Everyone had terrible expressions. The news that Zuo Mo had brought from the Ten Finger Prison was a shock and everyone was silent.

“We are bait.”

Gongsun Cha narrowed his eyes as his finger gently swiped across his face. His bashful and shy face was completely frosty at this time.

“If this really is their plan, then they definitely have successive plans,” Gongsun Cha continued to speak. His voice was cold like the collision of ice cubs. His autumn like pupils were filled with murderousness. “A person who is able to make such a scheme definitely would not just aim for this kind of small victory.”

“Damn it!” Xie Shan bellowed, his eyes sprouting fire and his features twisted.

The other xiuzhe who came out of Little Mountain Jie had completely red eyes. Not even one out ten xiuzhe had managed to survive Little Mountain Jie. No one experienced more than they did. Every one of them had crawling out of piles of corpses.

No one doubted Gongsun Cha’s speculation.

Sword essence flowed in Wei Sheng’s black eyes and his expression was black. He had felt things were strange when he had accompanied Lin Qian and his group to the sword cave. Every one of Lin Qian’s bodyguards had exceptional power. With that kind of strength, why did they not defend Sky Moon Jie? It seemed more like they had given Sky Moon Jie to the yao army.

With the comparison now, he understood. A strong fury and dislike instantly filled his chest. The sword essence in his body felt it and roiled as it wanted to burst out of his body.

Kun Lun governed the entire Kun Lun Territory. Every sect needed to pay

taxes to Kun Lun. A portion of their income had to flow towards Kun Lun, turned to jingshi, turned to materials for Kun Lun disciples to cultivate, for Kun Lun to use for daily expenditures.

But

Killing essence flowed through the tent and the mood was extremely low.

Zuo Mo who had been silent all this time suddenly raised his face. As though nothing had happened, he gave a bright smile. "Everyone, cultivate! If they really did this, ha, there naturally will be chances to slowly settle our debts with them."

"Faster, faster!"

"Accelerate! We must reach the defensive line within forty eight hours!"

Every yao soldier had tired expressions. They had received orders. In order to rush to Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie as fast as possible, they had almost used all their power.

"General, we will reach Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie soon."

As the corps commander of Ice Frost Corps, Lan was in his prime. Twenty years ago, he had become a golden battle general. The twenty years of experience of commanding a troop had caused him to show hints of making a breakthrough. As one of the most influential people of the Water Clan, everyone speculated that he would have a good future.

Lan had a cautious personality. His battle style was steady and he rarely made mistakes.

The reason that the Elder Council sent him was in hopes that he could quickly stabilize the theatre of war and prevent the collapse of the defensive line.

Looking at the bloody mist that was endless in front of him, Lan was silent. The troops streamed past him and entered the bloody mist. His vice commander silently stood next to him and did not disturb him.

“Do you know the origins of the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie?” Lan asked.

The vice commander respectfully said, “Three thousand years ago, we were defeated. In order to halt the advance of the xiuzhe, the four major jie masters used their fleshly bodies in sacrifice, with seven intermediate jie as the axle, forty nine little jie as the screen, to create what is called Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie.”

Lan said emotionally, “Yes, born of our elders’ blood and flesh. I hope they can protect us to safely return.”

The vice commander said in shock, “Does Daren have such a low outlook on our mission this time?”

“The other definitely has more plans.” Lan shook his head. “The complete defeat of the Fierce Fire Corps is not an accident. The destruction of a corps is at least an intermediate scale battle. If they did not put in enough power, they other could not have completely killed the Fierce Fire Corps.”

The vice commander couldn’t help but have a worried expression. He had followed his commander for many years. Daren would never speculate.

Noticing the vice commander’s expression, Lan said with a smile, “Don’t be nervous. We will use earth to deal with water, generals to deal with soldiers. We just have to be more careful.”

“This subordinate thinks too much,” the vice commander hurriedly replied.

“Being more cautious is good.” Lan was silent for a moment before he suddenly raised his head. A light flashed through his pupils. “Order! Collectively accelerate! We need to reach the defensive line in twenty four hours.”

The vice commander apprehensively responded, “Yes!”

Chapter 395: Gold Battle General

Zong Ru opened his eyes. The chaotic air turbulence around him instantly stopped and a glowing light flashed and disappeared in his eyes. The skin on his face became extremely smooth, the weathering due to hard days in his past had disappeared. His appearance was not handsome and not exceptional in the campsite but the dhyana serene aura on his body was unique to him.

It had to be said that the people of the camp were very unique. Wei Sheng's determination, Gongsun Cha's insanity and viciousness hidden under bashfulness, Shu Long's steadiness, Ma Fan's laziness etc.

On Zong Ru's clean forehead was a blood red lotus. Two auras, one holy and one demonic, were merged together, and filled with a soul-shaking power.

He stood and slowly walked out of the tent.

"Old Ru!"

Seeing Zong Ru, Lei Peng and Nian Lu first stopped and then were overjoyed. The three of them had once been in a team and had a good relationship. While Zong Ru had undergone his core formation, the two of them had stood guard outside the tent.

"Lei Man! Little Nian Nian!" A sincere smile came onto Zong Ru's face.

Nian Lu's smile froze on his face, and the tendons in his forehead pulsed. Lei Peng laughed instead, and rushed in front of Zong Ru, opening his eyes and giving a hard hug.

"Old Ru, you did it! Secretly having your core formation! Isn't this forcing the rest of us to work hard?"

Lei Peng's voice was like thunder and exploded next to Zong Ru's ear. Zong Ru had a slight smile as he patted Lei Peng's back.

Nian Lu's gaze swept across Zong Ru and landed on Zong Ru's face. His eyes suddenly lit up. "So core formation can make one more handsome! Excellent! No, no, I have to enter jindan soon! I'm so handsome now, if I'm

a jindan, how handsome would I be? It is such a hard question”

Hearing Nian Lu’s narcissistic and nonsensical words, Zong Ru’s heart felt unspeakably warm.

The news that Zong Ru had come out made the entire camp erupt.

The mood of the camp had been extremely heavy these past days. Zong Ru’s re-appearance caused everyone to be filled with joy. Zong Ru was humble and low-key usually. In this time, the people that came to congratulate him was endless. Compared to everyone’s worry when Xie Shan had his core formation, everyone was extremely calm this time.

When Zong Ru saw Zuo Mo and the others, he hurriedly walked forward. He made a deep bow and said respectfully, “Daren!”

A smile came onto Zuo Mo’s face and he unhesitatingly went forward to give Zong Ru a hard hug. Just as Zong Ru was very moved, Daren muttered in a small voice next to his ear, “You have to work hard on the healing techniques of [Attainment Golden Body]. There is so many people in the camp, think how much jingshi we can save when the time comes”

“Daren, we cannot sustain this,” the vice commander’s expression was fragile and his voice bitter and burdened.

Lan’s face was unaffected. “How many have we lost?”

“Another two hundred were just killed, three hundred wounded!”

The vice commander had a terrible expression when he reported the numbers. In the short eight hours since they stepped into the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, they had encountered six waves of attack! Up until now, fatalities reached more than one thousand people, more than one-tenth of the entire corps.

The other’s attacks were extremely fierce and unpredictable. They seemed to be able to move without restriction in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. No one knew how they were able to do this. The Blood Sky Metropolis

Jie was the battlefield suited for yaomo, yet they were suppressed in this place. But the xiuzhe who attacked them seemed to be unaffected at all and were at great ease.

How was the other able to do this?

Lan gazed into the distance and asked, "How long until we can reach the defensive line?"

"The other's attacks have slowed our advancement"

Lan interrupted the vice commander and asked sternly, "How long?"

The vice commander's heart shook. He gritted his teeth and said, "At this speed, we will only reach the line after ninety six hours."

Lan was silent for a moment before he said in a deep voice, "Gather the other daren."

"Yes." The vice commander heeded the order. Moments later, the nine officers hurried over. Their expressions were all bad.

In eight short hours, one-tenth of their forces had been killed. This kind of attrition rate made their hearts beat rapidly. Based on this speed, their numbers would be expended before they reached the defensive line.

Lan's gaze swept across the nine officers. Their faces were terrible but not panicked. He had personally promoted all nine commanders who had outstanding skills.

Military positions had very strict requirements. For a regular corps like the Ice Frost Corps, the corps commander must be a gold battle general, and the officers had to be silver battle generals.

"I need one that is willing to go to his death."

Lan did not waste words and directly said it.

The nine officers all changed expressions. From Daren's words, they could surmise the state of the situation. Daren's gaze made them feel there was a blade at their back.

But

They hesitated.

At this time, a youth stood out.

“Daren, this subordinate is willing.”

Lan’s expressionless face imperceptibly twitched. He looked closely at the youth and his heart couldn’t help but hurt. This youth that had become a silver battle general at the age of twenty had a limitless potential and one of his favored commanders.

Liang Wei belonged to one of the side branches of the Water Clan. His results in the yao art house had been average until he had turned to study as a battle general, where his results shot up. When he was twenty, he had successfully passed the exam of a silver battle general. Even though he was not eye-catching compared to the little monsters of the yao world, Lan still felt that his future was limitless.

Liang Wei stood upright, full of bravery.

Lan could not refuse at this time. He nodded. “I will give you three thousand combat yao. Take up the rear, sweep the flanks of the troop, and stop the attacks.”

The other officers had complex expressions. From the harassment they had endured in the last eight hours, they could predict just how great the pressure Liang Wei would face.

Liang Wei calmly accepted and made a bow towards Lan.

“If I die in combat, Daren, please give some care to my clansmen.”

“I will!” Lan gravely replied. He turned to the other officers and said in a deep voice, “Proceed at full speed! Military law for those that slow down!”

“Yes!” The officers all shook.

Wei gazed at the development of the battle situation. He felt great shock at the combat capabilities that Gongsun Cha showed.

The battle had been at a stand still for two whole days.

Wei saw a rare seriousness on Pu Yao's face. After interacting for several thousand years, no one could rival his understanding of Pu Yao. When his previous owner had been the corps commander, all of the strategic decisions had come from Pu Yao.

Pu Yao was forced to such a state by such a young guy!

If he didn't see it with his own eyes, he definitely would not believe it.

From the start of this war chess match, he had watched as the two fought without a moment of inattention. He had sighed in amazement many times throughout. The eye-dazzling fighting had caused him to exclaim. The time rate of war chess was much faster than regular time. The span of two days was equivalent to a whole month inside the match.

He did not understand battle generals. At every dangerous moment, his heart couldn't help but jump. He had thought hundreds of time inside, how could they be so devious?

Even though the advantage of the match was in Pu Yao's hands, but Wei put more of his attention of Gongsun Cha. Such a young person that was able to resist Pu Yao for so long, his skill definitely was not low!

Gradually, the balance began to tilt and the Pu Yao's advantage had grown.

Pu Yao's sweeping attacks in the final stages of battle were, in Wei's view, this guy venting for having lost face.

As expected, when Pu Yao came out of the war chess, his expression was not good.

"A very powerful young person." Wei's words were slightly pouring salt onto the wound.

Pu Yao's expression became even uglier, but he seemed to think of something and his expression instantly recovered. He said proudly, "Don't give young people too much praise. This is not good for his improvement."

Wei stilled. He reacted very quickly. "He is?"

"My student." Pu Yao showed a smug and sly smile. "How about it? Give

a review!”

Wei really was stunned this time. “He is also your student? What about Zuo Mo?”

“Why can’t I have two students?” Pu Yao glanced at Wei, his tone filled with smugness and showiness. “I have good eyes for judging people!”

“Strong!” Wei’s praise seemed sincere.

“Of course!” Pu Yao was even more smug. “Nothing needs to be said of Zuo Mo, that guy is a weirdo that even I don’t understand. Gongsun Cha is born to be a battle general. Ha, a twenty year old gold battle general, he’ll frighten those old guys to death!”

“Gold battle general?” Wei was frightened. He stammered out, “That little guy is a gold battle general?”

Wei’s display made Pu Yao’s smugness reach a peak. His devious and cunning face seemed to glow at this moment. “Definitely a gold battle general! I jumped in fright this time when he attacked! If I wasn’t careful, I would have lost. Tsk tsk, a scripture he comprehended himself, twenty year old gold battle general. As expected of one that I taught from the beginning! Most importantly”

Pu Yao suddenly closed his mouth and did not speak. Wei unconsciously asked, “What is it?”

“Hahahaha! He didn’t not just inherit my skills as a battle general, but also my handsome appearance! On this point, Zuo Mo lacks a lot”

Wei looked wordlessly at Pu Yao.

Gongsun Cha’s mood was terrible to the bone.

He had originally thought that after just having a breakthrough, he could rival the mystery person. Who knew that he had lost again. Even though he knew he could not rival the other, but he disliked failure, extremely disliked it!

After swallowing the fiend soul beast bead, he had just reached the

border of a breakthrough. Just at this time, Zuo Mo had given him a Golden Soul and successfully allowed him to make a breakthrough!

The strong confidence brought by the breakthrough caused him to unhesitatingly challenge Pu Yao.

But it still ended in defeat. Thinking about how he had never beat the other once, his mood became even worse!

The speculation about being bait made him even angrier. With his understanding of Shixiong, even though Shixiong had said it easily that day, he definitely would not give up inside. They would get even. As the battle general, he would undoubtedly play the most crucial part.

He could not fail!

Craziness flashed through Gongsun Cha's eyes.

A daring and insane idea quickly formed in his mind.

Chapter 396: News

The high temperatures produced by the white hot Samadhi Truth Fire twisted everything in his field of vision.

Staring at the remnants of the defensive line burning, Liang Wei's vision darkened. He viciously bit down and stopped himself from collapsing. He forcibly steadied himself as he tasted blood, but tears uncontrollably left his eyes.

Liang Wei and the soldiers beside him were covered in wounds, their blood covered clothing was torn everywhere. He could not remember how many attackers he had killed on the way here but he had been resilient and managed to block them from attacking the larger troop. In the end, to prevent the enemy attacks from their rear, he had resolutely led the troops as the rear guard.

They had travelled twelve hours behind the rest of the troop.

Liang Wei's face was covered in tears and was like a wooden puppet. Looking at the flames that rose into the sky and rampaged, his body became increasingly cold. A long while later, the wails and cries of his compatriots became clear in his ears. He looked blankly at the grieving comrades around him.

His scattered gaze gradually became bright. He bit down hard on his lips and wiped away the tears. He turned around, his hoarse voice full of resolve as he said, "Let's go!"

"Go? Go where?" The combat yao under his command raised their grieving and empty eyes.

"To get revenge!" Liang Wei said without turning his head.

Zuo Mo had been in the Ten Finger Prison in the past few days, not the third prison, but the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. The bounty for information had been posted, and what remained was to patiently wait.

At the same time, he was waiting for the results of another matter.

Gongsun Shidi's speculation was stuck in his heart like a thorn. Everyone in the camp was waiting for the result.

According to Gongsun Shidi's speculation, it would be quickly proven.

It may have been caused by this matter that Zuo Mo was disinterested in everything, even lacking interest in studying new yao arts.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo noticed Cang Ze arrive with an ugly expression.

"Daren, the newest information, the front lines were defeated again! Ice Frost Corps were almost completely destroyed, less than six hundred people remain." Cang Ze's voice was trembling. His heart was filled with terror. When Daren had told him to pay attention to news from the frontline, he had found it puzzling. But when he heard this news, he was frightened!

He suddenly found that Daren was standing in a daze.

"How does Daren find out news about the outside?" Nian Lu pressed his voice low and asked.

"Daren is like a ghost, and doesn't know!" Lei Peng said in what was not a good tone. "It's not like you don't know how much of a monster Daren is!"

Nian Lu nodded repeatedly. "Yes! However, I get angry just thinking about it! Those great sects are not good! We need to cultivate and get even. As a handsome person, I cannot swallow this breath!"

Lei Peng showed an understanding and devious smile. "Don't worry! Daren has said that he will take us and settle the odds! Hee hee, I'm telling you in secret, Lil' Miss Daren privately said that it probably is people from Kun Lun that did this!"

"Kun Lun!" Nian Lu was shocked and then furious, "It is actually Kun Lun!"

"Don't worry, don't worry! There's no need to worry even if it is Kun Lun," Lei Peng's expression was twisted as he smiled and said, "Daren said, if you have something of ours, spit it out. If you dug a trap for us, we'll dig

one for you! Little Nian Nian, go cultivate! Even Old Ru is a jindan, it's not easy to live if we aren't jindan in the future”

“Everyone wants to have a core formation, is the core that easy to form” Nian Lu murmured. “Shouldn't core formations be achieved according to the degree of handsomeness”

Coming out of the Ten Finger Prison, Zuo Mo walked out of the camp with a fire in his chest.

The xiuzhe in the camp criss-crossed around busily, but looking at this busy scene, Zuo Mo's heart did not calm down but became even more irritated.

He walked aimlessly out of the camp.

Walking out of the campsite, and losing the barrier provided by the campsite formations, the fiendish mist rushed towards him. The thick fiendish energy inside the fiendish mist made his raging fire grow even greater.

Nearby, there were xiuzhe from Vermillion Bird Camp that were cultivating. The [Fiend Ling] that they cultivated needed to use the power of the fiendish energy.

Zuo Mo did not disturb them and walked forward. At this moment, his heart was full of the impulse to destroy. Without thinking, he charged into the depths of the fiendish mist.

The presence of danger increased but he did not seem to detect it, and his steps did not slow.

Several fiend soul beasts silently stalked him. In the black-red fiendish mist, several dark red pairs of eerie eyes tightly locked onto Zuo Mo.

Without noticing, Zuo Mo had walked at least three hundred li from the camp. This distance far surpassed the camp's usual cultivation and living area. Even Guard Camp would not go outside one hundred li of the camp.

A fiend soul beast could not resist any longer. With a roar, he charged at

Zuo Mo!

The accumulated rage and savagery inside Zuo Mo were ignited at this moment!

“Go die!”

His eyes suddenly became red. He did not dodge. Facing the charge of the fiend soul beast, he punched out!

The fiend soul beast had not expected Zuo Mo to be so courageous and did not have the time to dodge.

Bam!

The two figures were like two arrows that flew apart. The fiend soul beast's enormous body flew back with even faster speed, and Zuo Mo was like a ball hit by a stick that smashed heavily into the ground.

The other fiend soul beasts saw the chance and unhesitatingly leapt over.

Pia pia pia!

With sounds like that of a whip, the fiend soul beasts that leapt over all flew backwards.

Zuo Mo's body floated up. A suit of dark golden armor stood proudly. The bright red eyes were filled with murderousness, his entire body exuding viciousness and savagery like a demon that walked out of hell.

The fiend soul beasts showed wariness. They crouched down and continued to growl. Their dark red eyes stared at Zuo Mo but they did not dare to move forward.

Zuo Mo raised his murderous eyes, and his figure disappeared from his spot.

The fiend soul beasts were alarmed and scattered.

Suddenly, an armoured hand appeared on the forehead of a fiend soul beast. This hand pressed it down. The fiend soul beast felt an enormous power pass over. It was unable to move! Now it became panicked. It

growled urgently, its four limbs furiously tearing at the ground to try to resist this terrifying hand!

Zuo Mo's left hand did not move a sliver. He raised his right hand and formed a fist.

"Go die!"

Zuo Mo bellowed. Brutality increased in his completely red eyes. The right hand heavily smashed onto the head of the fiend soul beast.

Bam!

The fiend soul beast's body froze.

"Go die!"

Bam!

"Go die!"

Bam!

The berserk Zuo Mo bellowed as his fist rained down on the head of the fiend soul beast. Gradually, the body of this fiend soul beast became blurry.

Bam!

Zuo Mo's fist penetrated the head of the fiend soul beast and struck the ground. It instantly smashed a large hole in the ground! The body of the fiend soul beast completely disappeared, leaving behind a black fang and a fiend soul beast bead.

The seemingly insane Zuo Mo made the other fiend soul beasts feel a thread of terror. While this fiend soul beast was smashed to nothingness by Zuo Mo, they did not dare to go forward.

Zuo Mo did not look at his spoils of victory. He raised his head and slowly stood. His gaze swept towards the other fiend soul beasts.

The fiend soul beasts that encountered his gaze all retreated without exception.

"You should all die!"

The dark and icy voice came out of Zuo Mo's chest. Before his words landed, his figure disappeared again!

The fiend soul beasts were alarmed and scattered, fleeing in all directions.

Zuo Mo's figure seemed to appear out of thin air beside a fiend soul beast. Just like the previous one, his hand grabbed the head of this fiend soul beast.

He hadn't expected this fiend soul beast to be unusually clever. Its figure changed, and it escaped Zuo Mo's grip.

A red light suddenly flashed across the dark red pupils of the fiend soul beast.

Zuo Mo suddenly felt a burst of dizziness. It was like he had entered the crevasse of a glacier. All the ling power inside his body seemed to be frozen and he was unable to move at all!

The eyes of this fiend soul beast showed smugness and cruelty. Midair, its body twisted as though it had no bones and it turned to face Zuo Mo. Its body crouched and jumped without needing to gather power, and like an arrow leaving the bowstring, it leapt at Zuo Mo!

The cold and sharp fangs and claws swiped out cold lights in the air.

The lights flashed towards Zuo Mo's throat.

Suddenly, a fist appeared without warning in its field of vision and dramatically enlarged!

Boom!

Like a large drum being struck but also with a metallic clang!

This fist firmly punched the fiend soul beast without any finesse. The moment the fist and its body touched, threads of mist roiled on the surface of its body.

With speed even faster than just before, it flew backwards!

Bam!

Midair, a golden figure flashed, and the fiendish soul beast that was retreating immediately changed directions and smashed heavily into the ground! The ground trembled and dust flew up.

When the dust dissipated, there were only a few spoils of victory left in the large hole.

The other fiend soul beasts showed terror. They whined a few times before turning and fleeing.

They did not lack intelligence to have survived and grown up in such a cruel and harsh place.

Zuo Mo's surroundings instantly became silent.

Gradually, the blood slowly faded from Zuo Mo's eyes. The angry and savagery inside was vented, and his mind became clear. With clarity came a strong feeling of exhaustion. His legs softened and he sat down on the ground.

The sweat permeated his entire body. Weakness and softness came. He panted hard.

Ha-ah ha-ah... ..

His rushed breathing in his ears were like bellows.

His heart gradually calmed down.

Zuo Mo had a grimace on his lips. It seemed that his resolve was not strong enough. Full of self-disdain, he couldn't help but think back to his journey. Without realizing it, he felt his heart was warmed.

No matter how terrible the situation was, he would always have a crowd of people beside him, following him, fighting with him, risking their lives together with him

No matter how dangerous the future was, everyone was still supporting him, trusting him, following him, and protecting him.

A slight smile on the corners of his mouth, his heart gradually became warm and calm.

The sky full of fiendish mist in his eyes seemed to become an endless bright blue sky.

A strong will silently birthed and spread inside.

He balled his fists.

When he raised his head again, the confusion had cleared and was replaced by strong will!

After resting for a moment, Zuo Mo found a terrible problem and his face instantly fell.

Damn it, how was he to return?

At this time, a proud bird figure slowly stalked its bird walk and appeared in his vision.

Chapter 397: Totem Fragments

Even though Silly Bird's gaze was still so proud, so discontent, but in front of Zuo Mo's scoundrel-like and hoodlum laugh, there was nothing to do. Zuo Mo used his arms and legs to climb onto Silly Bird's back and pretended to be dead.

However, Zuo Mo was muttering on the inside.

After Silly Bird's strength had strangely skyrocketed, her personality had become even prouder. Adding on that all the little ones listened to her, she acted as the leader of them all, and completely forgot her actual profession as a steed, much less think of him, the owner!

This could not be tolerated!

Education could not be relaxed!

Planning on educating Silly Bird, Zuo Mo was going to speak when he felt himself shoot up. His entire body was almost thrown off. With a shake, he hurriedly hugged Silly Bird's neck.

When they were flying in the air, the feeling was completely different. It was like lightning!

The wind blew so hard Zuo Mo could not open his eyes. Such an exhilarating speed caused Zuo Mo to be in a good mood. Hands tightly grabbing on to Silly Bird's slender neck, he raised his head and started to sing.

"I want to fly even higher fly even higher ah ah ah"

The cymbal like sound flew across the sky.

Silly Bird's eyes looked back with unfriendliness and glanced maliciously at Zuo Mo, who was in a world of his own. Her wings suddenly flapped and she flew straight up.

"Ah ah aaaaah"

Zuo Mo's wail followed Silly Bird's acceleration, as they floated up.

When he dismounted from Silly Bird's back, his legs were as soft as

noodles. His entire person was intoxicated as though he was drunk. Before he walked a few steps, he found all the little ones had come over, nudging and crowding intimately around Silly Bird.

Like the moon surrounded by stars, Silly Bird didn't even look at Zuo Mo. Stalking her bird walk, she flounced off.

That presence, that manner, it made Zuo Mo gape.

Suddenly recalling what Silly Bird looked like before, Zuo Mo couldn't help but laugh. After shaking his head in self-mockery, he went into the tent.

A Gui who was in the corner of the tent saw Zuo Mo come in, and the wooden and empty pupils seemed to become slightly more livelier.

"A Gui, have you rested well these days?"

Just like usual, even though he knew that A Gui would not reply, Zuo Mo spoke to her as he took out his spoils.

"En."

When the tiny sound, that was like that of an ant, landed in Zuo Mo's ears and was akin to thunder! Zuo Mo's movements suddenly froze. He raised his head, and his face was filled with disbelief.

The disbelief on his face rapidly turned to ecstasy. He shot in front of A Gui. "A Gui! A Gui! You can speak?"

A Gui's face was wooden, her pupils empty and she was unresponsive to Zuo Mo's words as though the sound of response had been Zuo Mo's delusion.

That definitely had not been a delusion!

Zuo Mo's eyes were filled with joy. Even though A Gui's body gradually shows signs of a good turn, but the response today was a breakthrough.

"A Gui, can you hear me speak?"

Zuo Mo slowed his talking speed and tried to make his tone warm. His eyes looked hard at A Gui's face.

“En.”

It was another mosquito-sized response. It caused Zuo Mo to break out in a grin. He jumped up like a child and whooped.

“Haha! A Gui can talk! A Gui can talk!”

A slight ripple was produced in A Gui’s empty pupils.

After celebrating, Zuo Mo inspected A Gui’s body. He quickly found that the purple energy inside A Gui’s body had grown. The purple energy inside A Gui’s body was the decisive change and surely had an effect in A Gui’s recovery.

But this purple energy was extremely dark and unpredictable. Even Pu Yao did not know of its origins. Even weirder was that Zuo Mo could not sense any signs of life from the purple energy. It was the extreme opposite. It was dark, varied, and filled with destructiveness, the presence of death. Theoretically, such a strange power should bring death so how come it could make A Gui recover?

Even though he did not understand, Zuo Mo couldn’t help but ponder the purple energy. How could he increase the strength of the purple energy?

This thought flashed through Zuo Mo’s mind. Calming down, Zuo Mo suppressed the urgency inside. He had to be cautious with this matter! A Gui’s body was extremely delicate. Any change, and there was a possibility the body could shatter into pieces.

Those two sounds of response seemed to have taken great energy from A Gui. She closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Seeing her state, Zuo Mo hurriedly quieted down and carefully laid her down.

After thinking for a long time, Zuo Mo finally returned his attention to his spoils. This time, he had killed two fiend soul beasts, and the spoils that remained were slightly strange.

It was strange, because there was something else other than the fiend

soul beast bead and the remnants of limbs.

It was a piece of metal about the size of a fingernail. There were some special patterns on the surface of the piece. Zuo Mo felt the patterns were like seal scripts. This piece was left behind by the fiend soul beast that froze his ling power.

The composition of the metal was extremely unique. Zuo Mo could not say what it was made out of and had never seen the scripts on it before. Luckily, there was an old antique from three thousand years ago with him.

“Pu, do you recognize this?”

Pu Yao sprouted out, and grabbed the piece from Zuo Mo’s hand. Putting it on front of his eyes and studying it, his expression was grave as he shook his head. “I can see it is something ancient. But I don’t know what it actually is.”

Zuo Mo was not shocked. If this really was the Sealed Extinction battlefield, it was normal to not recognize something from tens of thousands of years ago.

“Can I have a look?” Wei suddenly spoke.

Pu Yao glanced at Wei and threw the fragment in his hand over. Wei received it, put it in front of him, and closely inspected it.

“This is a fragment of a totem. In order to be preserved until now, it should be the best part of the totem. The patterns on it is a kind of ancient totem.” Wei’s black eyes flashed with an unique light.

“Ancient totem?” Zuo Mo had a shocked expression.

“It is a kind of primitive seal script,” Wei explained. “In ancient times humans, yao, or mo lived in tribes. They gradually formed their own beliefs and totems were born from that. The xiuzhe’s scripts were developed from totems. However, the two have core differences. Seal scripts are the changes of ling power, while totems are related to ling power, they are related more to sacrificial offerings.”

“Sacrificial offering?”

“Sacrificial offerings are the most important matters of each tribe.” When Wei spoke to this, he suddenly said, “I cannot explain the reason behind this.”

But this was enough for Zuo Mo and Pu Yao to feel shock. The person and the yao exchanged a look and saw the shock in each other’s eyes.

Wei could speak so much about such ancient matters. What was this guy’s true origins?

“Then what is the use of this totem fragment?” Zuo Mo raised the fragment in his hand and asked what he was most concerned about.

Wei said, “The best materials that each tribe could find were used to make totems. Other than being made of extraordinary material, it must have undergone countless years of sacrificial offerings to survive tens of thousands of years and not be destroyed. Maybe this fragment has ling kernel.”

“Has ling kernel” Zuo Mo’s eyes lit up.

He hurriedly channeled his spiritual power into the fragment in his hand, but when his consciousness was blocked on the outside, he was even happier. Ling kernel! It actually was ling kernel! The stronger the material resisted, it mean the higher the grade of the ling kernel of the material.

Materials that had ling kernels, no matter what material it was, was the best materials. Because the talismans that could be forged from it could have cognition. Talismans that had cognition meant they had room to grow, for example, Lil’ Pagoda.

There were countless ways to substitute for the poor quality of a material, but ling kernel was something that was a matter of chance.

He had picked up a treasure!

Zuo Mo suddenly became excited! He was just saying. How could such a big and ancient battlefield not leave behind anything good. He understood now. The fiendish energy of this place was so thick that the fiend soul beasts born were intelligent. If there was anything good, they could not

have escaped the eyes of these fiend soul beasts.

It seemed the good stuff of this ancient battlefield had been divided up by the fiend soul beasts.

Zuo Mo's eyes flashed greedily and his drool escaped the corner of his mouth.

If this was the case, they only needed to focus on the fiend soul beasts!

Thinking about the endless fiendish mist, and the abundant fiend soul beasts

Oh! Heavens!

Zuo Mo's drool dripped. Those ugly fiend soul beasts suddenly became peerlessly adorable in his eyes! The prizes of hunting fiend soul beasts were only remnants of limbs and fiend soul beasts. Supposedly, those remnants could be used to make mo weapons, but for Zuo Mo right now, there wasn't any big uses. Fiend soul beast beads were slightly useful but were unable to stir Zuo Mo's interest.

But right now, the totem fragment was enough to move Zuo Mo's heart and upend his soul.

What could materials with ling kernels be used for! Making talismans! Who wouldn't want many talismans? Who wouldn't want many good talismans!

Also, Zuo Mo knew that everyone in the camp was hunting the fiend soul beasts for practice. Tsk tsk, able to increase combat experience, able to increase cultivation, and able to get good things. Such a good opportunity, where else could he find it?

He suddenly recalled that everyone had killed many fiend soul beasts these days. Then in the spoils

Like his butt was on fire, he rushed out and headed for Bao Yi. The pitiful Bao Yi was frightened when he saw Zuo Mo. When he heard Zuo Mo ask about the spoils from hunting fiend soul beasts, he hurriedly pointed them out.

Seeing the items piled up in the corner like garbage, Zuo Mo instantly felt pain in his heart.

He quickly found two more totem fragments from the pile.

So risky!

Pearls in the dust!

He was full of self-blame. Hadn't ever thought that an, Little Mo ge, almost let something good slip by! He then gravely instructed Bao Yi to take good care of these things, especially fragments like what he had.

Bao Yi was clever. Seeing the pain on Boss' face, cold sweat instantly poured down and he agreed frantically.

Coming out of Bao Yi's place, Zuo Mo instantly ran to Vermillion Bird Camp and Guard Camp to pass down the instructions regarding the totem fragments. If someone threw away the totem fragments like garbage, he wouldn't even have the time to cry.

After doing all this, he finally relaxed and started to ponder another problem.

What talismans could be forged from this?

Chapter 398: The New Mood of Golden Crow Camp

Speaking of forging, Zuo Mo had not done it for a very long time. In the past, he had needed to rely on the power of talismans. He had an unorthodox background in forging, but he did have a powerful weapon in Golden Crow Fire. Adding on that he had practiced arduously, his handiwork was relatively good. When his cultivation path had leaned towards emphasizing Great Day mo physique later on, the time spent practicing forging and dan-making had naturally been reduced.

Rawness was one factor, and the other was the lack of high level forging techniques. This caused him to not know what talisman to forge with the totem fragments on hand even though he had a sixth-grade flame, the Great Day Striped Flame.

Also, these totem fragments were great materials, but he wasn't familiar with them at all.

After wavering for a while, Zuo Mo still decided to go to Golden Crow Camp.

The campsite of Golden Crow Camp was completely different than others. Only they had set up camp on a slave transporting boat. The entire interior of the slave transporting boat had been completely remodelled. It wasn't just the layout that was completely different, almost all the formations had been changed. Every board of the ship had been carved with large and small formations. Right now, the structural integrity of this slave transporting boat was frightening.

This group of people were extremely bored yet also scared of death. So they used everything they could think of to insure this boat as their life-saver.

At the very center of the boat was the most important talisman of this slave transporting boat, the Crimson Fiend Cauldron.

The present Crimson Fiend Cauldron had shrunk to the height of a person. The cauldron had also turned from crimson-red to jet black. Its design had been simple to start with, and now it seemed even denser and dignified. The Crimson Fiend Cauldron had continuously tempered itself and now showed signs that it was going to level up.

At the present, the Crimson Fiend Cauldron had become the heart of this slave transporting boat. Every day, it turned large amounts of fiendish energy into ling power, and passed the ling power through the dense spider-web formations to every corner of the slave transporting boat.

Some ling plant farmers decided to just stay in the rooms and plant ling grains together. The beast speakers, led by Chun Yu Cheng, raised all kinds of ling beasts in the boat. It was possible to hear the calls of all kinds of ling beasts and very busy workers.

Everyone loved this boat. The density of ling energy inside the slave transporting boat could compare to some secret paradises.

What satisfied everyone the most was the atmosphere inside the boat, especially after Zuo Mo had assigned the study of mo matrixes to Golden Crow Camp. The seal xiu that had originally been in Vermillion Bird Camp had been moved here to study mo matrixes together. These production xiuzhe were not as fearless as combat xiuzhe but they had more skills. Additionally, the mood of the Golden Crow Camp was very liberal, the two masters, Ji Wei and Sun Bao, encouraged everyone to play around, so the youthfulness and liveliness of this group of young people were expressed to the maximum.

In this place, every person could do what interested them. There was nothing that was forced upon them, but it was not easy if they just wanted to get by through slacking. One factor was that the mood was so, and everyone looked down upon those that slacked off. The other factor was, beyond their basic needs, every person's income and access to resources was based on their efforts. If one wanted more materials? Wanted more spells? Then work hard!

So when Zuo Mo visited Golden Crow Camp again, the completely new

Golden Crow Camp stunned him.

Fortunately, every still recognized Boss. The two masters quickly hurried over.

“Daren!” The two respectfully bowed. Their cultivations had improved greatly and reached the later stages of ningmai.

Zuo Mo looked at the two people and found that their complexions were much better than they had been in the past. Thinking about their cautious and timid conduct of the past, and looking at the steady presence of these two people, it was a completely different world.

Zuo Mo said with a smile, “It seems everyone is living pretty well.”

“This place isn’t actually bad,” Sun Bao said with a smile. “Everyone has something to do, the ling power is abundant, and there is materials to waste. It’s natural for us to live well.”

The two of them were very content with the present life. They were all people that were intoxicated with forging and very experienced. The spells and formations that Zuo Mo had given them could be said to be invaluable. Adding on the abundant ling power inside the slave transporting boat, the two of them even felt indications of having a breakthrough.

However, what made the two of them feel the most proud about was not their individual breakthroughs, but the growth of the entire Golden Crow Camp. The good atmosphere, the abundant supplies, large amounts of spells as reference, and all kinds of novel problems had caused the youthful xiuzhe of Golden Crow Camp to grow at astounding speed. These young xiuzhe of meager backgrounds did not waste such a valuable opportunity. Their efforts and hard work caused both masters to feel very comforted.

“Has Daren come for the Golden-Winged Great Roc?” Ji Wei asked.

Master Jie Wei’s question reminded Zuo Mo. He hurriedly asked, “How’s the progress on the Golden-Winged Great Roc?”

“We’ve only solved half.” Ji Wei said embarrassedly, “The Golden-

Winged Great Roc matrix is extremely complex. Our cultivation is not enough. Thankfully, with the addition of Li Zhuo, the rate of advancement quickened. Up until now, we have found three formations and they are wondrous!”

The two people’s faces were bright. The wonders of the three formations had broadened their visions. The reason that the two of them showed signs of core formation was a benefit from comprehending these three formations.

Zuo Mo had formed some impression of Li Zhuo. At ningmai stage and he was able to forge second-grade seal soldiers, he was very talented.

“This is not urgent, we advance go slowly.” Zuo Mo knew how complex the Golden-Winged Great Roc matrix was. In the past, he had studied it for a long time. He was already shocked at Ji Wei and the other’s advancement speed.

He then stated the goal of his trip. “I’ve come this time for another matter.”

The two hurriedly piqued their ears.

Zuo Mo took out the totem fragments and handed them to the two. “These are fragments of ancient totems that have remained over tens of thousands of years. They have formed ling kernels.”

“Ancient totem fragments!”

“Ling kernels!”

The two paled. Zuo Mo’s words instantly destroyed their mental barriers.

“En. These are good, but even the best stuff, if they cannot be used, are useless.” Zuo Mo continued, “I’ve come to find you to see what ways you guys have to forge them into talismans.”

Sun Bao and Ji Wei stared at each other. After a while, Sun Bao hesitantly opened. “Why doesn’t Daren forge them? Such a precious treasure, it would be too much of a pity if it was ruined.”

Zuo Mo naturally would be ashamed to say that his skills had been lain

to waste. However, facing the duo's worries, he said with a smile, "Don't worry about ruining them!" After speaking, he took out two more pieces.

The two instantly became dumbstruck.

"These might be valuable, but everyone should not be timid due to this," Zuo Mo said smugly. "These have come from the bodies of the fiend soul beasts. We probably can get more in the future."

Sun Bao and Ji Wei's eyes instantly lit up. No forging xiuzhe would not be moved when they heard this!

"You guys take it and study it!"

Zuo Mo gave each of them a totem fragment and kept one for himself. He didn't want to lose a skill like forging that could earn jingshi. If he became poor one day, he might have to rely on this to eat. Also, he had the sixth-grade flame, Great Day Striped Flame, it would be too much of a pity if his forging skills were left to rust.

He asked Sun Bao to find an empty room and started to ponder it himself.

"Hm, Xiao Mo Ge!"

Ming Yue Zi who was sweeping around the yao city saw this name and his gaze couldn't help but still as he stopped walking. He had a surprised expression. To be able to see Xiao Mo Ge's bounty on the yao city of the third prison, that meant that Xiao Mo Ge had already entered the third prison. With Xiao Mo Ge's strength, it did not surprise him that Xiao Mo Ge had entered the third prison.

What surprised him was that Xiao Mo Ge had put up a bounty of his own.

Ming Yue Zi's first response was, "Is this guy wanted to retaliate against the Ji Family?"

His fingertip swiped across this bounty. The contents that opened up caused him to still. Battle of Seal Extinction? This extremely unfamiliar

phrase caused Ming Jue Zi to not remember anything about it in a moment. A while later, he finally recalled some blurry impression about the Battle of Sealed Extinction.

The curiosity in Ming Jue Zi's heart instantly rose. He hurriedly read on. Xiao Mo Ge's bounty desired information on the Battle of Sealed Extinction. The more specific, the better, and they could even talk face-to-face. He then looked at the reward. His heart instantly jumped: It was a very high number!

This was an extremely strange bounty.

The requirements of the bounty was very indistinct, just that the more specific the better. And the goal of the bounty was unusually obscure. A battle that happened in ancient times?

Xiao Mo Ge was a historical enthusiast?

This speculation was too funny!

Did he have some treasure map of the Battle of Sealed Extinction? That was possible! If it was like that, then it was very probably that Xiao Mo Ge would put up such a bounty.

Thinking about the results of his past investigation, Ming Jue Zi's heart suddenly started to burn.

He had expended great energy to finally pin down what high-level yao arts were used by Nan Yue and Cang Ze!

[South Sky Arrow Art] and [Grey Scar Art]!

These two yao arts that had been lost for a long time once again appeared in front of the word, and the crux of this entire matter all pointed to one yao—Xiao Mo Ge!

Maybe

Thinking about this, Ming Jue Zi decided to take this quest.

Bao Yi felt today was an unfortunate day.

Just after Boss had left, Gongsun Daren had arrived. It was fine to interact with Boss, but he couldn't help but tremble whenever he interacted with Gongsun Daren. Whenever he saw Gongsun Daren's peerlessly bashful smile, he couldn't help but shiver.

"Daren, do you have any orders?" Bao Yi was very respectful.

"I've come to find fiend soul beast beads." Gongsun Cha was slightly embarrassed.

For some unknown reason, when he saw Gongsun Cha's shy expression like that of a seventeen year old, Bao Yi's legs started to tremble slightly.

"How-how many do you need?"

"Give me all of them." Gongsun Cha seemed to be even more embarrassed.

If it was any other person that came to Bao Yi and said this, he would definitely kick them in the face. Opening their mouths and demanding all of a certain material? Go dream! But facing Gongsun Daren, he said with the utmost respect, "Yes!"

Immediately, he used the fastest speed he was able to achieve to take out all the fiend soul beast beads and gave them to Gongsun Cha.

Gongsun Cha contentedly left.

Bao Yi's legs softened and he sat down on the ground with lingering fear on his face. He finally sent off this killing god!

However, he was slightly puzzled. What did Gongsun Daren want so many fiend soul beast beads for?

Chapter 399: Weaknesses

“How was your troop’s harvest today?” a Vermillion Bird Camp xiuzhe asked his comrade beside him.

“Alright. It’s better than a few days ago. We killed two fiend soul beasts, but our luck wasn’t bad; and we got one totem fragment.” This fellow was truly proud inside, but he pretended to be indifferent.

“You guys really got lucky!” the other said with admiration. “I don’t know what is going on right now, so many good things becoming available at once. Did you see that Daren has announced three more kinds of formations that can be engraved?”

“Yes! They’re really good!” He licked his lips and was full of desire. “Much stronger than the engraved formations that were carved previously! However, the number of points that need to be used is really not cheap!”

“There’s no reason for good things to be cheap!” The person seemed very experienced. “And it’s just for us. Outsiders don’t even need to think about it. Even Ma Fan Daren has been furiously hunting fiend soul beasts these days. Isn’t it because he wants to trade for the engraved formations?”

“Ha, that’s true. Everyone is crazy! Who can sit still now? I’m not going to chat, going to work now! The faster I get points, the earlier I can get the formations engraved!”

In these past days, the relatively peaceful camp’s ambition had instantly been ignited by Zuo Mo’s announcement.

He had announced the three new formations, and the number of points needed for them to be engraved. In addition it was also announced that the mission for obtaining points would be the collection of totem fragments and fiend soul beast beads.

The number of points needed for each of the three newly announced formations were not low, but when everyone finished looking at the descriptions of the three formations, their eyes instantly turned red. A furious hunting wave had started due to this.

Compared to Vermillion Bird Camp, Guard Camp was much more peaceful.

The engraved formations did not have much use for them. What they cultivated was the fleshy body; but it did not mean that were not moved to action this time.

Fiend soul beast beads and totem fragments could be traded for points. For them, points were also of great use.

However Shu Long did not leave the camp and instead stayed locked up inside his tent by himself.

He was cultivating [Great Day Hardship Guard]. This mo skill had been greatly modified by Pu Yao again. Compared to [Hardship Guard], [Great Day Hardship Guard] was higher level. But the cultivation difficulty had also increased greatly. Out of caution, Pu Yao had Shu Long cultivate it first to prevent any problems from appearing.

[Hardship Guard] was a mo skill especially suited for those that did not have outstanding talent but were persistent.

The [Great Day Hardship Guard] that Pu Yao had modified had used [Hardship Guard] as the basis for a new mo skill. Even though his primary area was yao arts, to a peak expert like him that could touch the core nature of power, one solution was every solution. His knowledge was extremely broad. To say nothing of yao arts, he had studied an extraordinary amount of spells and mo skills.

Even Wei praised it after analyzing this [Great Day Hardship Guard] that he created. Afterwards, Wei had made adjustments to some details and further perfected it.

The [Great Day Hardship Guard] for which two great experts had teamed up to create was a top level mo skill even in the mo world.

But this top level mo skill was not so easy to cultivate. Pu Yao had added in many methods of cultivating from the Great Day mo physique, or rather, the cultivation of mo physiques.

The cultivation of mo physiques was extremely dangerous.

Shu Long's entire body was tense. The armour on his body liquefied at a rate visible to the naked eye into a jet black liquid. Moments later, this black liquid wrapped him completely to the point even his eyes could not be seen.

"The hardest step is over," Pu Yao said indifferent from within Zuo Mo's consciousness.

"I feel some anticipation." Wei's eyes flashed. "If he can really cultivate into a mo physique"

He did not say what was after, but Pu Yao understood what Wei meant. If Shu Long could really cultivate into a mo physique, that meant that the possibility that other people could cultivate into mo physiques was very high.

In the mo world, the ability to cultivate into a mo physique depended on bloodlines and talent. If Shu Long could really cultivate into a mo physique, that Pu Yao undoubtedly had opened a completely new path! To cultivate into a mo physique by cultivating mo skills... instead of innate talent!

Wei was very clear about the terrifying power encapsulated in this!

Such a terrifying madman!

Zuo Mo's expression was ugly as he stared at the totem fragment in his hand.

There was an aura of ancient desolation in this tiny fragment that made him think of the wasteland beast. Even though the presence of the totem fragment was not as powerful, vast, or savage as the wasteland beast, that bleakness was extremely similar. However, the bleakness of the wasteland beast carried a deathly stillness, and the bleakness of this totem fragment had birthed an extremely tiny thread of vitality.

That was the ling kernel!

Tens of thousands of years had caused this little fragment of life

essence, to birth a thread of cognition.

He was almost certain that normal forging methods were unsuitable for the totem fragment. Normal forging methods could easily destroy the ling kernel of the totem fragment. That would be a great pity.

Zuo Mo placed great importance on this totem fragment. Due to this, he had specially used the Great Day Banded Flame to reforge the Sonic Lightning Walnuts to familiarize himself with the more domineering and purer Great Day Banded Flame.

It had to be said that the sixth-grade flame's strength was as extraordinary as expected. He had almost forged a Sonic Lightning Walnut into a pile of silver water. The dominant nature of the fire could be seen. This also caused Zuo Mo to realize his weakest area.

The skill of a forger was primarily decided by three factors.

The first was forging knowledge: one had to be familiar with all kinds of materials, their combinations, and the formations.

The second was cultivation: one's cultivation directly determined the control over the flame, the carving of formations. The higher the formation, the more complex it was, and the more it demanded of ling power.

The third were forging tools: fire seeds and cauldrons. If it was a water method, one also needed ling springs and cold ponds etc.

Zuo Mo was not weak on forging knowledge. Even though he did not understand high level forging methods, he had read a great variety of forging jade scrolls. In the area of formations, the entire Golden Crow Camp had no one that could compare to him. After the grind of the Ten Finger Prison, the endless yao arts broadened his visions and his affinity for formations came even more easily to him.

And tools were his strong points. Sixth-grade Great Day Banded Flame was definitely a peak fire seed that could not be bought with jingshi.

His weakest area was cultivation.

When he had been reforging the Sonic Lightning Walnut, he had detected this. In terms of cultivation, he was just in ningmai. Originally, he had not felt this kind of cultivation was low, but when he had channeled the Great Day Banded Flame today, he had found just how weak his ling power was.

The Great Day Banded Flame was like a colossal being, and his ling power wasn't enough to even get a good glance at it.

If the Great Day Banded Flame had not been formed from his Great Day mo physique and was from the same origins, he would have been harmed in the backlash, much less channeled it.

Now Zuo Mo was depressed.

What was more depressing than having a treasure and not being able to use it?

Cultivation, cultivation! He was stuck at cultivation!

Deeply struck by this blow, Zuo Mo ran into the sea of consciousness and found Pu Yao. He asked without any greeting, "Pu, is there any methods that can immediately increase my cultivation?"

Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo like he was looking at an idiot. "What do you think ling power is?"

Zuo Mo was unsatisfied. "Are there really no methods?"

"I do have a good amount of spells here," Pu Yao glanced at Zuo Mo, "but with your quality of physique, you probably have to cultivate ten more years to reach jindan. Unless you have worldly treasures. Do you have such things?"

Zuo Mo was instantly sorrowful. Worldly treasures that could increase cultivation, how could he have those?

With his present ling power, it was a delusion to think that he could control the sixth-grade Great Day Banded Flame. It wasn't that he had not thought of using formations to control the Great Day Banded Flame, but no normal materials could tolerate the sixth-grade Great Day Banded

Flame .

Damn it!

Wasn't he wasting it?

Zuo Mo turned to Wei. Wei also showed an apologetic expression. He also didn't have any good solutions.

Coming out of the sea of consciousness, Zuo Mo's mood was terrible. The Great Day Banded Flame was a top fire seed, the totem fragment was a top material, but he could only stare at them. It wasn't even as good as Golden Crow Fire. That was just fourth-grade, but at least he could control that easily.

He finally realized a great problem. Ling power would always be his greatest weakness and he had to improve in it unless he wanted to give up on dan-making and forging. No matter if it was yao arts or mo skills, they were very powerful, but they could not replace ling power's uses in other areas.

Fine, he wouldn't think on it so much. Surviving and leaving the Sealed Extinction battlefield was the biggest priority right now.

Zuo Mo quickly let go of his mood.

He ran into the Ten Finger Prison. He first went to the yao city and received a letter left for him. The writer was a yao named Ming Jue Zi. He had written detailed inquiries on what kind of information Zuo Mo needed on the Battle of Sealed Extinction.

This letter instantly caused Zuo Mo's low mood to rise greatly. Compared to his losses in forging, the information on the Battle of Sealed Extinction was much more important. He hurriedly wrote a response and replied to every question the other had.

After doing this, Zuo Mo's depression was swept away. He excitedly ran to the Wasteland Beast Chessboard to find Nan Yue and Cang Ze. However, he did not find the two but found Cang Lin first. This young person was gradually recovering and was very happy when he saw Zuo Mo. Cang Ze was one of the primary hopes of the clan, and was urgently

cultivating [Grey Scar Art].

A short while later, Zuo Mo saw a slightly tired Nan Yue. Due to the defeats at the front lines, everyone was furiously cultivating now. Nan Yue had a strong feeling of danger and was furiously teaching her clansmen to cultivate.

Zuo Mo thought of Nan Yue's financial situation. The front lines had lost, so the prices of necessities would definitely have skyrocketed. Nan Yue's days were probably very difficult. He gave a portion of the money he had to Nan Yue.

Having experienced war, Zuo Mo told her to spend more time on cultivation. In troubled times, strength was the basis of survival.

Nan Yue pressed her lips together tightly. She did not refuse and seriously nodded.

Zuo Mo explained in detail what to pay attention to during wartime. These were all his experiences. Nan Yue was not the only one to listen carefully. Cang Lin who was at the side hurriedly cast a recording yao art to record Zuo Mo's words.

Zuo Mo's stream of words caused Cang Lin to think. Had Daren experienced war before?

Was Daren at the front lines?

His heart was filled with questions.

Chapter 400: Draft Notice

Zuo Mo was downcast at the thought that his ling power was a constraint, but he was not demotivated by this. Instead it had roused his fighting spirit. Didn't have any other ways? What he first thought of was the five element glass bead inside his body.

This five element glass bead was of extraordinary origins and greatly increased his affinity towards the five elements. When he had been at Wu Kong Mountain, he had benefited greatly from this.

At present, the five element glass bead was not one of Zuo Mo's top talismans, but it was closely connected to Zuo Mo's origins and had a special importance.

Zuo Mo had always been preoccupied and was unable to study it. At this time, Zuo Mo thought of it.

The five element glass bead had merged into Zuo Mo's blood and flesh so he could only inspect it with his consciousness. However, when his consciousness inspected the five element glass bead, it was blocked by a gentle power.

Zuo Mo stilled. He recalled that Pu Yao had said to him that something was sealed inside the five element glass bead. A cautious expression came onto his face. This ling power was not strong, but it was very pure. The sealer should be a xiuzhe above jindan.

Surprised by his finding, Zuo Mo didn't think much about it. In these two short years, he had encountered many battles and had almost died a few times. His life philosophies had also changed. Like his stance regarding his changed appearance and his origins, he still cared greatly and would endeavor to discover the truth, but he would not be as impulsive as he had been in the past.

Facing the threat of war, living in an unpredictable environment where he could perish at a moment's notice, surviving was more important than anything else. Having personally experienced the cruelties of war, he knew just how small and insignificant a person's life was. They were like a

sapling in the middle of the storm. It took all of his strength to struggle and search for that thread of life.

After being baptised in battle, his heart was much stronger, and his self-control was stronger as well.

Pu Yao had also said clearly told him that he could not break the seal on the five element glass bead with his low cultivation. So Zuo Mo was not astonished about his failure.

His consciousness wrapped around the five element glass bead. Zuo Mo tried to find the smallest weakness in the seal, but this thin layer of ling power showed him that difference between cultivation stages was not so easy to overcome.

He shook his head, withdrew his consciousness from the five element glass bead. His hopes of using the five element glass bead was bankrupt.

Then what methods were there?

While Zuo Mo's mind dwelled on the topic, a light flashed through his mind. He thought of another method, yao arts.

Could he use yao arts to forge? Yao arts could also control fire. Of all yao arts, five element yao arts were something every yao knew a little of because they were powerful and easy to learn. Zuo Mo's fire yao art skill was not his best, but it wasn't bad.

However, the fire of fire yao arts and the fire of forging had fundamental differences. Formations needed a medium in order to be engraved onto talismans, and flames could act as the medium. Fire yao arts might have powerful fires, but they could not be used in this manner.

Why so?

Zuo Mo sank into thought.

If things were different, Zuo Mo would not waste time on such a ridiculous problem, but there was no way around it. Even if it was ridiculous, he still had to do it.

As he thought, Zuo Mo's right hand unconsciously cast a fire yao art.

The simplest fire yao art of little yao arts, [Fire]. A weak flame wavered on the tip of his finger. Zuo Mo was extremely familiar with little yao arts. His mind did not need to move, and the wisp of flame twisted and danced around his finger like a snake of fire.

He closely felt every detail of the wisp. The snake of fire was very nimble and spirited.

Deep in thought, Zuo Mo completely did not realize the flow of time.

Draft notice!

Heavy Earth Corps had sent a draft notice!

Nan Yue looked at the draft notice in her hand. Her heart suddenly sank. The draft notice was compulsory. The tense wording requested the draftee to report to Heavy Earth Corps before a deadline. The one being drafted was not Nan Yue. She did show potential, but her strength was not enough that she qualified for a draft.

The draft notice was for Daren!

Nan Yue quickly understood. They could not find Daren's location, but it was not hard to find her origins. Her mood instantly became dour. She had followed Daren for a while and generally grasped Daren's temper.

Daren definitely would ignore this draft notice. At that time, conflict would be unavoidable.

Which person was scheming against Daren from the shadows?

She turned and looked at the clansmen that were working hard on their cultivation.

Her gaze was full of worry, but then her determination rose up.

She quickly entered the Wasteland Beast Chessboard. No matter what, she had to let Daren know as soon as possible!

Daren would definitely have a solution!

She was filled with confidence.

The black fire wrapped around a Golden Armor Guard. The Golden Armor Guard stood motionlessly like a wooden puppet. Pu Yao's hands were like two blooming flowers. Yao arts rained down and entered the bodies of the Golden Armor Guards.

"Pity, the materials are a bit lacking," Wei said with slight pity.

Due to the combination of Pu Yao's skilled techniques and the the large amounts of black fiendish energy the Golden Armored Guards absorbed from this vicious and fiendish ground, they had the conditions to level up. The only thing Wei felt pity about was that these Golden Armor Guards had all been xiuzhe that cultivated the sword before death. The door-sized swords they held were frightening to see, but if it was a mo with a strong body, the power would have been several levels higher.

"Let's just work with what we have," Pu Yao said lazily. "Compared to the past, these days are already much better."

"En." Wei nodded and agreed with Pu Yao's words.

This vicious ground to Zuo Mo and the others was undoubtedly a poor one. However, for Pu Yao and Wei, it was much better than Wu Kong Mountain. At the very least, they no longer needed to constantly worry about that withered old man suddenly coming with his sword to exterminate yaomo.

"Your student seems to have encountered trouble," Wei reminded Pu Yao.

"I can't help him," Pu Yao said unconcernedly. His hands did not stop. "Do you understand that the methods of xiuzhe forging?"

Wei shook his head. "Mo cultivate their bodies and cannot forging."

"It's not that you cannot understand, but there is no need to understand." Pu Yao was clearly opposed to the xiuzhe methods. "Yao cultivate the spirit, mo their bodies, why do they need to forge? If he wants to work on forging, he can only rely on himself."

Wei was silent for a moment before he suddenly said, "Why not let him cultivate yao arts and mo skills at the same time?"

“If you don’t want all of us to end up dead, it’s best if you do not have such a dangerous idea,” Pu Yao said warningly, “If he dies, you and I cannot escape either. Hmph, it already makes me feel unsafe that he cultivated a mo physique. Who made it so that your mo physique cultivation is so dangerous. I don’t want to die so soon.”

“Mo physique cultivation is not as dangerous as you think”

Pu Yao impatiently interrupted Wei. “If there are safer ways, then why risk it? Do you have a problem with your head? If you want to find a successor, other than him, you can pick anyone. Guard Camp has so many people, just pick one. Shu Long isn’t bad, how about it? Have you considered it?”

Wei shook his head. “His talent is not enough.”

“Wake up!” Pu Yao was full of disdain. “Look at our state, you are still holding on to those traditions. It’s already good if you can find a successor, yet you’re still so picky!”

Pu Yao ranted on disdainfully, but his hand movements did not slow at all. When the last few lights entered the bodies of the Golden Armor Guards, he finally showed slight satisfaction.

The Golden Armor Guards were completely transformed. The scaled golden armor that had covered their bodies had disappeared, a complete suit of heavy black armor replaced it. The heavy armor was fitted so well it seemed like one object. They were like metal monsters. The terrifying presence that emanated from their bodies made people fearful.

Black spikes protruded from their shoulders, elbows, knees and other important places. The tip of each black spike was a strange blood-like red. At the crown of their helmets was a rhombus shaped golden mark that resembled the blood rhombus on Pu Yao’s forehead.

Pu Yao rubbed his chin and scanned the new Golden Armor Guards. He said to himself, “These trashy swords are no longer suitable. Oh, that broken sword in Wei Sheng’s hands isn’t bad, I wonder where he got it”

A moment later, he shook his head, and muttered, "Never mind. First we will work on this, let's think about weapons in the future."

Suddenly, Pu Yao raised his head and his eyes flashed.

At the same time, Wei also raised his head.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu's faces were pale white.

After Daren had announced the fiend soul beast hunting mission, everyone was very enthusiastic. Other than engraving new formations, a piece of gossip was secretly passed on—the totem fragments were materials that had ling kernels! Supposedly Daren had already tasked the Golden Crow Camp with studying the forging talismans out of the totem fragments.

Those with foresight instantly detected the opportunity. Their past experiences told them if Daren gave something to Golden Crow Camp, it probably was in preparation to give to everyone.

No matter if it was the new formations, or the new talismans that hadn't been forged yet, they all needed to be traded for by points. If they didn't take this opportunity to earn points, were they dumb?

Lei Peng and Nian Lu were stronger than the average Vermillion Bird Camp members but they were still weaker than Ma Fan and the others. The two of them decided to pair up to hunt fiend soul beasts.

They worked very well together and were efficient producing great results. The past combat experiences had not been wasted. The strength of Vermillion Bird Camp had clearly increased. Many people did not even need to use the sword formation to comprehend sword essence. Of course, part of this was Wei Sheng's work.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu's improvement was especially evident. The fiend soul beasts they were afraid of in the past gradually became less dangerous for them.

Without detecting it, they had travelled a long way from the campsite.

Everything had been proceeding smoothly. Their luck was unusually good. They had encountered many more fiend soul beasts than usual. The outstanding result caused the two to start fantasizing about their wonderful future lives, with engraved new formations and using their new talismans.

Until they encountered this terrifying fiend soul beast!

Chapter 401: Big Guy

This fiend soul beast was more than three times the size of an average fiend soul beast. Its body shimmered with a metallic sheen. It stared coldly at Lei Peng and Nian Lu.

Its icy stare didn't contain any hint of warmth.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu felt as though they were two little insects about to be stomped under the steps of a colossal giant. The other only needed to gently raise its foot and could crush them.

This fiend soul beast was unusually ugly. Its flat head was like that of a toad. The wide maw was tightly clenched and its jaw askew. The hunched posture was poised to strike. Every tense muscle fiber was visible to the eye. Its abnormally thick limbs made it appear asymmetric, but when these unbalanced features were combined together, it left them terror-stricken from the sense of danger.

The duo's scalps felt numb but they did not dare to move rashly. The two of them were experienced. They knew if that they ran right now, there would be no chance of survival.

The fiend soul beast was motionless as it gazed down at the duo with indifference.

"What do we do?" Lei Peng maintained his posture as he asked in a low voice.

"Drag it out." Nian Lu was also motionless. His eyes twirled about. "This thing is making such a spectacle. The others will definitely detect the disturbance. We will drag the fight out until they come to reinforce us."

At the same time, the fiend soul beast suddenly opened its mouth.

The terrifyingly wide mouth opened like a gaping maw.

"Move!"

Lei Peng and Nian Lu's bodies moved at the same time. The two of them darted away, one to the right and one to the left, each gathered all the ling

power they could muster. The sword energy and sabre energy left their hands at the same time and howled as they flew towards the fiendish soul beast.

The fiendish soul beast seemed to not see it. Its eyes widened, and it inhaled through its enormous mouth.

Hiss!

The fiendish mist in the surroundings gathered furiously towards its gaping mouth. At a rate visible to the naked eye, a red black ball of light formed in its open mouth. It actually condensed the fiendish mist it had gathered in into a ball of light the size of a fist!

Ding ding!

Two clear sounds of impact rang out. Lei Peng and Nina Lu's complexions changed. Their sword and sabre energies had struck the body of the fiend soul beast and only caused two sparks to fly.

What kind of monster was this?

These two were both xiuzhe that had comprehended "essence." Their blows had been thrown with all their power, but they hadn't even left a mark behind. The duo's hearts sank. This big guy's strength was far beyond their predictions!

A black red light erupted from the open mouth of the fiend soul beast.

It frightened the two into using all of their power to dodge to the sides.

Boom!

The red and black light lit up behind them. They were not able to react as they thrown backwards, and tossed through the air like blades of grass.

Pia pia, the instant the two landed on the ground, they were barely able to stabilize themselves. Their legs sunk into the dirt from the force, they were left in a sorry state. They could not dwell on the shock they were feeling. Turning around, the fiendish mist behind them had been swept clean away. Black smoke rose from a twenty zhang wide burnt black pit that stretched out behind them.

This, this was a monster!

The duo's faces were ashen white.

Ma Fan moved like a ghost in the fiendish mist as he searched for fiend soul beasts. His entire body was covered in faint sword essence. Ever since he had comprehended sword essence manifestation his strength had leapt forward, but this also made his status slightly awkward, and this was even more evident when Zong Ru had stepped into jindan.

Compared to his normal fellows, he was much stronger, but he was a step behind the strongest group. After Wei Sheng came, and Zong Ru's core formation, the stage of jindan had become the sign of being in the first group. It seemed as though he was only one step away from the stage of jindan, but this step was not so easily crossed.

If it wasn't for Wei Sheng teaching the principles of the sword, he wouldn't have dared to hope he could break through to jindan.

Zong Ru's core formation was enormously influential on the entire group. Xie Shan's core formation had been expected due to this many years of cultivation. Teacher Wei's core formation was to be expected due to his talent. Only Zong Ru's core formation was motivational to everyone. In the camp, Zong Ru was not the best in strength or the most talented. The fact that he could become jindan made it that core formation no longer seemed so out of reach in everyone else's eyes.

For Ma Fan, other than motivation, this was also a kind of pressure.

He suddenly raised his head, his expression was grave.

Such a powerful presence!

There was a situation!

He suddenly changed directions and accelerated to fly towards the energy ripple. There were no other people in this fiendish mist other than their group. As he flew, he muttered inside. Who had such misfortune to encounter a big guy?

Ma Fan's movement skill was not low, and after comprehending sword essence which was merged into his movement method, there were few in the camp that could rival him in speed. When he put focused on speed, he was like lightning. If one looked down from high up, they would see that Ma Fan was cutting through the mist like a sharp knife. Behind him, the two waves of air were like the lines of water when a ship travelled through and was extremely pretty.

That burst of shocking presence quickly became clearer and Ma Fan's expression became increasingly serious.

Boom boom boom!

Sounds of explosions continuously echoed from ahead. With each sound, Ma Fan's heart would jump.

At just this moment, his pupils suddenly shrank.

It was Lei Peng and Nian Lu!

The three were teammates from Sky Peak Platoon. Ma Fan was very familiar with the presences of these two, and instantly recognized them. The duo's appearances were messy and panicked which made it evident that the situation was very dangerous. Ma Fan snorted coldly, and his speed increased again!

When he flew closer and saw Lei Peng and Nian Lu's sorry state's, fury rose in his eyes.

With a long howl, his body suddenly shot up in the air. The sword essence vibrated from his body and continuously increased. When he reached his peak, his sword essence had accumulated to an extreme and was blinding!

The fiend soul beast raised its head and shot a fiendish mist bullet towards Ma Fan in the air.

Ma Fan could clearly sense the danger from the black red light. If this was any other situation, he would definitely dodge and wait for a chance to strike. But at this time, his ling power and sword essence were surging without being held back. He seemed to be inside a burning fire cauldron.

Every muscle felt as though it was being sliced by a thousand knives. He knew those were fine sword essences. His sword essence might have reached the stage of manifestation, but he still need a considerable amount of practice to control them at will.

He had seen Teacher Wei practice the sword. The sword essence was concentrated without a single thread going astray. That was the stage he dreamed about!

He tried to control the sword essence around his body and concentrated them inside his flying sword.

His blood vessels expanded and were on the verge of rupturing. The countless fine sword essences were like knives, but Ma Fan ignored all of this. All of his attention was focused on the merging of ling power and sword essence. Teacher Wei had said only when ling power and sword essences came together would they have the greatest power. With ling power and no sword essence, it only had the appearance. With sword essence but no ling power, there was blood but no flesh.

All the sword essence and ling power in his body furiously flew towards the sword.

The sword hummed lightly, and released a dazzling blue light. This layer of blinding light also covered Ma Fan.

The blue light was like a drop of ink that had splattered onto a white piece of paper. It spread outwards at astounding speeds. In the blink of an eye, the area ten zhang around Ma Fan was as blue as the sky.

The black red light finally reached him.

The sword energies that were as blue as the sky tore apart the fiendish mist. In a patch of red black fiendish mist, it was peerlessly dazzling.

Pew!

The sword energy sliced across the fiendish mist bullet without any resistance like a hot knife through butter and entered the forehead of the fiendish soul beast.

Pew!

Black liquid flew and turned to a ball of mist in the air before disappearing.

The fiend soul beast wailed in pain. For the first time, its icy cold eyes showed a ripple of emotion. It seemed unable to believe it had been injured! The ripples quickly turned to anger. The ant like prey in front of it had actually wounded it!

The fiendish mist in the surroundings seemed to have felt an invisible magnetism and furiously flooded towards it.

“This guy, he is this strong now?” Lei Peng was gaping as he stared.

“Handsome! Too handsome!” Nian Lu’s face was shocked.

They both recognized Ma Fan’s sword scripture. Fifth-grade [Clear Sky Sword Scripture], it had been a spoil of victory after Daren killed Clear Sky Old Forefather. There were many in Vermillion Bird Camp that cultivated this sword scripture, since it was a fifth-grade sword scripture and was very attractive.

However, Ma Fan was the first to cultivate [Clear Sky Sword Scripture] to this level!

He really was too strong!

With one move, Ma Fan was able to wound the fiend soul beast that they could do nothing to!

However, when they saw Ma Fan panting in the air, they realized that this move was at a great cost to Ma Fan.

“How are you?” Lei Peng turned to ask Nian Lu. Battle spirit roiled in his eyes.

“I won’t die!” Nian Lu looked at the sky and smiled with slight difficulty. “He is such a show-off, how can I let this guy take all the glory?”

The two rose into the sky and formed a triangle with Ma Fan. When Lei

Peng and Nian Lu stood at his flanks behind him, Ma Fan's confidence increased. Between the three, a sharp killing intent formed. The terror in their eyes decreased.

"This big guy definitely has something good on his body." Lei Peng's eyes flashed viciously.

"Kill it!" Nian Lu said maliciously.

"Troublesome" Ma Fan muttered.

The three figures charged towards the fiend soul beast!

Wei Sheng, Xie Shan, and Zong Ru flew through the fiendish mist at high speed. They had all detected the alarming presence in the distance and knew a situation had occurred. They had hurriedly acted.

Deep in thought, Zuo Mo was ignorant of everything else.

The fire yao art that had been spinning on the tip of his finger suddenly stopped on his palm and burned silently.

Zuo Mo's fingers slowly started to move.

As his finger movements changed, the ling power was like an undercurrent that silently wrapped around the wisp of fire.

The fire wisp shook and became extremely unstable as though it could extinguish at any moment. Pia pia pia, a string of light explosions sounded around the wisp of fire.

The finger movements gradually became faster.

The fire wisp shook more fiercely. Suddenly, it exploded.

In this instant, Zuo Mo's eyes suddenly lit up. He seemed thoughtful.

Fire yao art, consciousness, ling power, controlling fire

He seemed to see a thread that connected them.

Chapter 402: The Results From Ming Jue Zi's Investigation

Zuo Mo had received a letter from Ming Jue Zi. His expression was excited and filled with hope. It said that Ming Jue Zi had found some important clues.

There was nothing that could make Zuo Mo happier than this, nothing was more urgent. He didn't even stop to go look for Nan Yue and Cang Ze.

Ming Jue Zi quickly appeared. He recognized Zuo Mo at a glance. "Sir Xiao Mo Ge, I am Ming Jue Zi."

Zuo Mo felt this person was familiar but he could not remember where he had seen Ming Jue Zi before. He politely responded, "Sir Ming Jue Zi, good day."

Ming Jue Zi did not waste words and casted a recording yao art.

"In here is everything about the Battle of Sealed Extinction," Ming Jue Zi said. This battle is truly too ancient. There are very few records about it. I'm very sorry, this is all the information that I was able to find."

Zuo Mo quickly scanned the contents inside the recording yao art.

The general era in which the battle of Sealed Extinction occurred was not known, but it was approximately twenty five thousand years ago. It happened at that place that was called Constant Scarlet Jie. Supposedly, because the fiercest fighting had occurred near the jie river, the jie river entrance was destroyed in the fighting, and Constant Scarlet Jie became inaccessible, and disappeared from the jie maps from then on.

Zuo Mo look hard at the ancient jie map.

This jie map was extremely primitive. Zuo Mo's gaze landed on the several jie surrounding Constant Scarlet Jie. From these, he could generally judge the position of Constant Scarlet Jie.

Sky Fold Jie, Gentle Mountain Jie, and Dazzling Splendor Jie. These three bordered Constant Scarlet Jie.

“Do you know the general position of Constant Scarlet Jie based on the present jie maps?” Zuo Mo asked Ming Jue Zi.

“It is probably in the area of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie.” Ming Jue Zi had prepared well. “Constant Scarlet Jie disappeared a long time ago so it is hard to judge its position. But Sky Fold Jie and Dazzling Splendor Jie are presently part of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. Gentle Mountain Jie is the territory of xiuzhe and is a dangerous area. If we use these jie as references, Constant Scarlet Jie should be near the border of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. People have gone to explore this area before, but no one has found the existence of Constant Scarlet Jie.”

These questions strengthened Ming Jue Zi’s belief that Xiao Mo Ge was searching for treasure. Otherwise, why would he research the position of Constant Scarlet Jie?

Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie

Zuo Mo was stunned. Anyone with some common knowledge would know this place. Wasn’t that the place for the Yao Hunt? From all the news reports, he knew Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was where the heaviest fighting between xiuzhe and yaomo took place.

For Zuo Mo, this was not good news. Previously, he had decided to determine his present location, and then use transportation formations to leave the ghastly place.

But hearing that Constant Scarlet Jie was in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, his heart instantly cooled halfway. He had heard the general story of how Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie had formed. Places like these were unsuitable for using transportation formations because the interference caused by the formation was great. When the Yao Hunt had been most fashionable in the past, the xiuzhe attempts in putting down transportation formations inside Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie had never succeeded. All of the supplies had been transported in on treasure ships.

Zuo Mo had only a basic understanding of transportation formations. Because he couldn’t predict the interference, he didn’t dare to move rashly. Any small mistake in the transportation formation was terrifying.

The reason that they had been transported to that ghastly place was that someone had changed the transportation formation in Sky Water Jie.

This plan seemed to have failed. Zuo Mo quickly discarded this idea.

His attention was placed on another sentence “the bulk of the fighting was near the jie river.” This sentence caused Zuo Mo’s eyes to light up. After searching through the fiendish mist all this time, they had discovered some trends. The closer to the center of the battlefield they went, the heavier the black fiendish energy was, and the stronger the fiend soul beasts.

If it was like that

Zuo Mo quickly organized his thoughts and became more excited as he thought. This way, they could quickly find the past jie river of Constant Scarlet Jie. The report speculated the reason that Constant Scarlet Jie had disappeared was that the jie river from it towards other jie had broke. This had caused the appearance that Constant Scarlet Jie had disappeared.

If they could find the location of the previous jie river, and then open the jie river

This way, the chances they could leave would increase greatly!

Zuo Mo repeatedly looked over the information to imprint it deep into his mind. Ming Jue Zi did not hurry him and patiently waited for Zuo Mo to finish reading.

A while later, Zuo Mo raised his head in satisfaction. “This is your payment.”

Ming Jue Zi gathered his courage and said, “Sir Xiao Mo Ge, I hope to use the reward to exchange for a yao art.” He then added, “If you have it.”

Zuo Mo paused. Ming Jue Zi’s request was unexpected but he still asked, “What yao art?”

“[Water Wood Light Art]!” When Ming Jue Zi finished speaking, he looked closely at Zuo Mo. He was extremely nervous.

“[Water Wood Light Art]?” In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao paused

upon hearing the name of the yao art. He abruptly said to Zuo Mo, “Ask him if he knows Ming Duan.”

“Do you know Ming Duan?” Zuo Mo asked.

Ming Jue Zi suddenly became excited. “That is my ancestor! Does Daren know Ancestor?”

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao was silent, and Wei sighed.

“Pu, you know?” Actually, with Pu Yao’s reactions, Zuo Mo knew that Pu Yao definitely knew Ming Duan and their relationship wasn’t just a casual one. However, he was slightly puzzled. He thought of Nan Yue, Pu Yao’s attitude back then had also been like this.

“Tell him,” Pu Yao did not reply and said, “the yao art will be given, but he must follow you.”

As expected, the conditions were just the same as Nan Yue. Zuo Mo muttered inside, but he still repeated this to Ming Jue Zi.

Ming Jue Zi unhesitatingly bowed, “This subordinate is willing to follow Daren!”

Giving the [Water Wood Light Art] to Ming Jue Zi, he hurriedly got him to leave. He was filled with curiosity, and decided to get to the bottom of the situation. He straightforwardly asked Pu Yao, “Pu, did you know their ancestors? Why do you have their yao arts?”

After remaining silent for a while, Pu Yao finally spoke, “Their ancestors were once my subordinates.”

Zuo Mo stilled. He had thought that Pu Yao had a close connection to these clans but definitely had not thought it would be this kind of relationship.

“That year, in our final battle, we were trapped.” Pu Yao looked into the distance, his voice reminiscent. “Everyone knew we could not escape. In order to make sure our lines of succession were not broken, we exchanged our yao arts amongst ourselves, said swore that whoever managed to survive was to pass on these yao arts to their descendants.”

Zuo Mo was silent. A moment later, he asked, "Then why do you require them to follow me? Just give it to them."

"I had not thought that their clans would have declined so far." Pu Yao twisted his mouth. "Even if I give the yao arts to them, their clans might not be able to survive on their own. Getting them to follow you is for their benefit. Your other skills might be average, but your ability to survive is top notch. If they follow you, they can at least survive."

Zuo Mo's face instantly collapsed. "Why push your past debts onto me?"

"You are my student, who do I push them on to if not you?" Pu Yao's tone was righteous. He then smiled smugly, "It is fortunate that you are not inheriting from Wei. Tsk tsk, otherwise, you would really know what trouble is!"

Wei said with slight helplessness, "Don't draw me into your matters." Finishing, he couldn't help but argue, "All of the gravestone armors stand by their belief and oath, this is glory and strength."

Zuo Mo and Pu Yao rolled their eyes at the same time. They didn't like Wei's conduct at all.

Zuo Mo thought of another matter. He asked Pu Yao, "Then where did you get those xiuzhe spells?"

"Spoils of victory!" Pu Yao had a proud expression. "The xiuzhe that died on my hands aren't normal ones. These spells are my collection. Aren't they good?"

Zuo Mo's eyes lit up. "How many? Give them all to me!"

"Why give them to you?" Pu Yao rolled his eyes.

"I'm your student!" Zuo Mo's tone was righteous. Even his expression was the same as Pu Yao.

Pu Yao instantly choked. However, he reacted very quickly. "It's not that I can't give them to you."

"What conditions?" Zuo Mo was very bald.

"First, you are my student, but look at yourself. What you're best at is

cultivating the mo physique. That is unacceptable!" Pu Yao had been discontent about this for a long time. On the side, Wei's eyes flashed. He knew that Pu Yao had started his attack.

"No way about it. Who made it that the Great Day mo physique is powerful. We need to first preserve our lives first and then we can speak of other matters," Zuo Mo threw up his hands and said with helplessness on his face.

Pu Yao was not defeated by Zuo Mo's words. "Ha, when your yao arts advance to a level, I will give you that level's spells."

Zuo Mo wasn't a softy. Want to tempt ge? Not that easy! He turned his face and said to Wei, "Wei, teach me mo skills!"

Pu Yao's expression instantly became dark.

Wei did not want to provoke Pu Yao, but he didn't want to only watch as Zuo Mo truly gave up on his mo physique. He had inspected everyone in Guard Camp. No person's talent could compare to Zuo Mo. To be able to cultivate Great Day mo physique to this level, this was talent!

The inheritance of the gravestone armor was a matter of chance. If he gave up on this opportunity, he didn't know when he would encounter another one.

Also, Zuo Mo seemed casual and offhand usually, and was never on the right path, but in reality, he had his own set of rules. He was not someone that would waver.

He said with finesse, "I gave an oath to not actively pass mo skills on to you."

Pu Yao instantly thought that it was not good. He knew just how clever his student was.

As expected, Zuo Mo snickered after hearing that and said, "This is easy! I know, you are not able to break your oath. Oh, definitely won't go against your oath, there are many ways. Look, I stole and learned on my own, you didn't teach me."

Wei was moved. He might hold by his oath, but he was not a pedantic person. Otherwise, he would not have disguised himself as the female to fool Pu Yao.

Pu Yao's gaze instantly became extremely unfriendly, but he also had a great headache.

This boy was more and more bandit-like and was becoming harder to deal with!

Adding on that Wei was drooling after this boy, Pu Yao felt his mind was a mess.

Just as Pu Yao was feeling a headache, an icy voice interrupted the three people that were arguing.

“Xiao Mo Ge! You have been drafted! In ten days, report to the main base of the Heavy Earth Corps. If you do not arrive by the deadline, you will be punished by military law!”

Zuo Mo raised his head in shock. He found that at some time unknown to him, he was surrounded by four people with icy presences. The four people had faintly unfriendly expressions and tightly surrounded him.

Drafted?

Heavy Earth Corps?

Report in ten days?

Punishment by military law?

Zuo Mo's mind blanked. What was this?

Chapter 403: Collision!

“Do you think Xiao Mo Ge would accept the draft?” Yu Zi Zhou said with bemusement. His gaze was poisonous and hateful.

“Probably,” his best friend said without confidence, “at this time, refusing the draft is punishable by military law! No matter how powerful his is, he won’t dare to oppose a military corp.”

“Haha!” Yu Zi Zhou laughed smugly. “No matter if he accepts or not, it won’t be easy for him. Haha! This is an unwinnable situation! I will let him know how death is written!”

“Your move is too poisonous!”

“Haha! Your praise makes my heart bloom! Haha!”

“The Heavy Earth Corps sent a draft notice for Xiao Mo Ge?” Ji Li Yu was slightly astonished.

“En.” Ji Cheng nodded repeatedly. “Yu Zi Zhou did it. The commander of Heavy Earth Corps is his uncle. A lot of people know this.”

“Yu Zi Zhou is not a good person, as expected,” Ji Li Yu said with a cold smile. “But this move is vicious!”

“What do we do?” Ji Cheng was slightly excited. “Xiao Mo Ge’s good days have reached an end!”

“Us? What does this have to do with us?” Ji Li Yu’s eyes flashed. “Yu Zi Zhou has lost his reason to his hatred. Making moves like this at this time, what would the people above think?”

“You mean” Ji Cheng made a sound. He was not dumb and understood she meant.

“They will fight their battles, while we just sit and watch,” Ji Li Yu said decisively. “At such a sensitive time when we are losing at the front lines, there are no disadvantages to being passive.” She changed the topic, “I heard that Mu Xi has come back?”

“En, she’s been back for a while now.” Ji Cheng nodded. He then reacted and said with astonishment, “You think well of her?”

“Find a time for us to visit Mu Xi.” Ji Li Yu’s eyes flashed with a different kind of light. “I have a feeling that Palace Lake Wood Clan is going end up with her as the main leader.”

“That’s not possible.” Ji Cheng’s expression was disbelieving and he said unconcernedly. “She’s so young! Also, she didn’t have any great battle achievements on her trip this time.”

“Let’s wait and see.” Ji Li Yu giggled.

Mu Xi narrated her entire journey in detail without missing any detail. The old person in front of her was the person she respected the most, and was also the leader of Palace Lake Wood Clan. In her eyes, he was also the wisest person.

“You say that the xiuzhe are also investigating this matter?” the clan leader said in a deep voice.

“Yes,” Mu Xi respectfully replied. “We did not detect that they were hiding near us at all. If an accident had not occurred to them, their scheme might have worked.”

“Stars in Daytime” the clan leader murmured to himself, “which daren would it be?”

Mu Xi sat respectfully and did not disturb the clan leader from thinking. Truthfully, even now, she did not fully understand the significance of Stars in Daytime.

A while later, the clan leader shook his head and refocused.

Mu Xi really could not contain her curiosity any more. “Clan Leader, what is Stars in Daytime?”

The clan leader explained, “The so-called Stars in Daytime is when one uses the power of the stars to heal the wounds of the body. If it is during the day, stars would appear on the entire sky, this is Stars in Daytime.

Only the strongest of yaomo possess this kind of unnatural power.” He then grimaced and said, “This kind of skill only exists in the legends. I have not heard of anyone in the present that possesses it. Also, because the manifestation indicates he is injured, a daren would only cast such a secret technique in the most dangerous of times.”

Mu Xi finally understood. “No wonder!”

“Now you know why the Council of Elders is so panicked and reacted so urgently,” the clan leader said with a smile, “It shows great favor that the Elder Council gave such a mission to you, they are nurturing you. Now that the front lines are successively losing, it is a rare opportunity for you young people.”

Mi Xi calmly nodded, “Xi’er will definitely work hard.”

A flash of satisfaction flashed through the eyes of the clan leader. His expression then became stern as he said, “This man, Lin Qian, you speak of is probably a Kun Lun disciple, since he is able to pinpoint your origins immediately. The disciples of Kun Lun are always outstanding. If you fight against them in the future, you cannot take them lightly!”

“Yes!” Mu Xi obediently replied. That calm and handsome figure appeared in her mind’s eyes, and her fighting spirit rose. After returning, she had repeatedly thought back to the battle exchanges she had with Lin Qian. But even now, she could not find his weakness.

She had to admit that the other’s skills as a commander were higher than hers! She had the advantage of greater strength but still could not do anything to the other. If this was a mock battle in a battle general class, it would be judged as her defeat.

As expected from a Kun Lun disciple!

No matter if it was skill or conduct, it made others respect them.

She was not demotivated, but it was the opposite. The other’s appearance had caused her to understand how stupid and narrow it was for her compare herself with only those inside the yao art house. This was her starting point, she truly understood that a vast world had appeared in

front of her.

Noticing the fighting spirit that rose in Mu Xi's eyes, the experienced clan leader instantly understood what Mu Xi was thinking and couldn't help but smile slightly.

"This matter will not end like this. Gaining the aid of a daren that can cause the Stars in Daytime is worth any price. This, we understand, the daren of the Council of Elders understand, but the xiuzhe also understand." The clan elder was very clam. "Since all clues now point to Wu Kong Sword Sect, then we have a direction."

Mu Xi was slightly puzzled. In her view, they should not enter into the conflict over the matter.

Almost as though he saw Mu Xi's puzzlement, the clan leader said with a smile, "Our Palace Lake Wood Clan has some power, including influence in the territory of xiuzhe. However, the Council of Elders is probably also investigating in secret."

"Then aren't we wasting our efforts?" Mu Xi asked.

"Ha ha. It seems that we are wasting our efforts," the clan leader chuckled, and a sharp light flashed through his eyes, "but what if this daren is an elder that survived from the Thousand Year Battle?"

Mu Xi first froze and then she unhesitatingly shook her head. "That is impossible!"

"Why is it impossible?" The clan leader's eyes narrowed. "I feel this is the most likely possibility! Otherwise, why did this daren appear in the territory of xiuzhe? A daren that could cause Stars of Daytime, it wouldn't be strange for them to have some life-saving secret technique. Also, this relates to a secret that not many people know."

"What secret?" Mu Xi unconsciously asked. But when the words came out, she regretted it. It was almost not appropriate for her to ask this.

Just as she was feeling insecure, the clan leader did not conceal and said, "In that great war, everyone knows that we yaomo lost but there are only a few that know some elders were captured! They were imprisoned in the

Yao Subduing Tower. If I haven't guessed wrong, this unknown daren most likely escaped from the Yao Subduing Tower."

Mu Xi gaped and stared with wide eyes as she listened to the story.

Seeing Mu Xi's expression, the clan leader smiled warmly. "Don't find it strange. If this daren really escaped from the Yao Subduing Tower, then they are definitely worth our Palace Lake Wood Clan investing all our power."

He did not explain more. There were some things that Mu Xi would understand only when she reached a certain age.

"Heavy Earth Corps?" Zuo Mo felt puzzled. However, when he saw the attitudes of the surrounding four people, his face instantly darkened.

"The draft notice has already been delivered to Sir's follower, Nan Yue. Please report to the base of Heavy Earth Corps within ten days," one of the people stared at Zuo Mo and said in a deep voice. He did not know who he had offended, but for him, this order held no influence.

"I have not heard of any Heavy Earth Corps and don't have any interest!" Zuo Mo's expression was icy.

Even though he did not understand why the other had come to find him, but in his view, the other's attitude was enough to indicate a problem. Surrounded by four people, he was not afraid.

"You wish to resist a military order?" This person's expression darkened and his gaze became vicious.

The other three people also had vicious glares as their bodies moved forward. A murderous energy instantly locked onto Zuo Mo. Even though they had heard that Zuo Mo had reconstructed the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, but in the eyes of this military combat yao, that wasn't anything. Those genius that boasted so much were like bubbles that popped on impact, once they were placed on the battlefield.

The leading combat yao smirked. His gaze when he looked at Zuo Mo

was like he was looking at a lamb waiting for slaughter. He did not object to giving the other a lesson in the Ten Finger Prison. Which one of those proud young masters didn't obey under his hands?

Zuo Mo's eyes narrowed and a cold light flashed through them. His upper body waved lightly like that of a clock pendulum.

The pupils of the leading combat yao suddenly shrank. In his field of vision, the Zuo Mo seemed to disappear! What shocked him even more was the other's decisiveness. Attacking proactively without a word!

He was both shocked and angry. He bellowed, "You dare"

The movement of his hands were even faster than his angry shout. After long years of training, it was instinct to react once encountering danger. A ball of dirt yellow light lit up in his hand and a shell of dirt yellow light appeared around him.

This was one of the most widely used military intermediate yao arts of the Heavy Earth Corps—[Earth Defence Art]. Proven through combat, it had outstanding defensive capabilities.

Being able to enter the third prison, his power was not weak. As one of the top combat yao in the military corp, he had absolute confidence in his power. Even more, he also had three powerful fellows with him.

Four against one, it made him feel as though he was using a sword to kill a chicken.

Ping!

A clear shattering sound caused his bellow to suddenly stop. A golden fist rapidly grew larger in his eyes!

How was this possible!

His expression froze. The earth defense art that he had always relied on was so easily broken by the other?

A military intermediate yao art at his full power

Waswas smashed to bits by one punch

Time seemed to suddenly slow at this moment. The other's fist grew larger and large in his eyes. Everything was so clear. He was even able to see the complex patterns that densely covered the golden armor on the other's fist.

The terror was like a ferocious beast that escaped and rampaged in his body.

Chapter 404: Kill

Zuo Mo caught the terror in the eyes of this Heavy Earth Corps military official. His heart did not waver at all. He was completely ignorant of the strong mental blow his conduct had given this military official.

Attacking without any hesitation, so decisive and sharp it was shocking, a gaze that was indifferent-all of this screamed that, although this guy seemed young, he was definitely an experienced fighter!

This combat yao suddenly realized that this youth was completely different than what he had imagined.

At this time, he did not have the time to consider this. The fist that carried the aura of death had reached him. Even though he knew this was the Ten Finger Prison, where there wasn't true death, his heart still shuddered, uncontrollably shuddered!

His eyes were wide. As a professional combat yao, even if his heart was terror-stricken, his training caused his body to still react instinctively!

His body suddenly retreated, both of his hands crossing in front of his chest. A bellow that shook him to his core had vented all the terror inside!

[Earth Shield]!

A low level yao art that completely displayed this military official's combat instincts. A low level yao art, a yao art that he could cast the fastest was the only thing that could help him grasp the chance to survive in such a dangerous situation!

The full-powered [Earth Shield] had a surface as smooth as a mirror. The color was deep brown, and gave people the feeling of being as hard as metal.

Zuo Mo's fist opened and he lightly pressed his palm onto the Earth Shield. The force caused by momentum suddenly changing to nimbleness was such a conflicting feeling that this combat yao almost spat blood.

However, when he saw the golden script that lit up on Zuo Mo's palm, his expression changed.

Zzt!

Like poking through thin paper, the Earth Shield was like paper mache. That terrifying palm did not encounter any resistance, penetrating the Earth Shield and pressing against his body.

[Day Script Palm]!

Abundant power came from this palm. He opened his mouth, wanting to warn his fellows, but he could not make a sound!

He turned to a dash of white light and disappeared.

This exchange was so rapid that the remaining three only seemed to wake up when that combat yao turned to a ball of light. Their expressions changed.

But they could not find Zuo Mo's figure at all.

One person's expression suddenly changed as he shouted, "Careful!"

Pew!

A strangely shaped straight sword entered the back of a combat yao and exited through his chest.

Another white light!

The white light illuminated the shocked face of the third combat yao. In his eyes, a golden figure rapidly magnified.

An enormous pain came, and he turned to a streak of white light!

The last combat yao knew that he was definitely unable to escape. He suddenly howled. Strong yellow light flooded out of his body, and a fierce presence suddenly rose.

[Yellow Sky Heavy Earth]!

This was the trump card of the Heavy Earth Corps' intermediate yao arts because its power was closely comparable to high level yao arts! With a special method, it would gather all spiritual power one had in an instant and then explode. A suicide attack, Dying together with the enemy!

This move's spiritual power manipulation was not hard, but there were

few people who could use it. That was because the caster, other than knowing how to use it, had to have the determination to die.

The combat yao showed a vicious smile that was twisted under the thick yellow light.

He leapt towards Zuo Mo!

He was fast, his figure disappeared from his position.

Pew pew!

Zuo Mo did not move, and only stared coldly at the other.

In midair, the combat yao looked in shock at his broken legs. He stared until the white light drowned the image of Xiao Mo Ge in his vision, the figure that was icily staring at him.

How how was this possible?

At the same time he turned to a ball of white light, a blade of ice appeared with a crisp sound in the air that had been empty before and shattered into pieces.

Ice Blade Illusory Formation!

Zuo Mo had set up a simple Ice Blade Illusory Formation around this combat yao, back when he had summoned the Noon Blade. He only had to wait for the other to fall into his trap.

There weren't as many yao in the third prison as there were at the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, but there were still many yao that saw this fight. Every spectator had shocked expressions, and the sound of inhales came in waves. What happened before them surpassed their imaginations.

The result of the fight surpassed their imaginations, and the process of the fight had also surpassed their imaginations.

Four trained combat yao were killed by Xiao Mo Ge in one exchange each, and not one was able to threaten Xiao Mo Ge at all. The death of the last combat yao had left the strongest impression. The thick earthy yellow light, the shocking presence, everyone could tell that this was a powerful yao art that could rival high level yao arts. But the result was completely

unexpected. A low level Ice Blade Illusory Formation had caused this powerful yao art and figure to crumble.

This result seemed to ridiculous and could even be considered fantastical.

After watching the battle and the shock subsided, it caused many spectators to think. Those that could enter the third prison were not weak, and each had above-average combat experience. Their combat experience told them if what happened in front of them occurred outside the Ten Finger Prison, the result would likely have been the same.

A terrifying guy!

A thread of warmth gradually rose in Zuo Mo's icy eyes. He had exited his fighting mode. The exclamations and inhales of the spectators did not affect him at all. For him, this was just a fight, a fight that had nothing that was worthy of shock.

However, when he thought of the words the combat yao had said at the start, his brow couldn't help but furrow.

He could disregard the other's undisguised threat, but Nan Yue and the others might be affected.

This was slightly difficult!

Zuo Mo muttered inside.

When Zuo Mo got to the Wasteland Beast Chessboard, he quickly found Nan Yue because Nan Yue was waiting for him. Before encountering Zuo Mo, Nan Yue was a normal little yao. Right now, she was cultivating the high level yao art [South Sky Arrow Art], but her vision and knowledge had not changed at their core.

She was filled with worry when facing the power and authority of Heavy Earth Corps. As a true yao, she could understand the meaning of this draft notice better than Zuo Mo, especially at such a sensitive time with the yao's repeated defeats at the front line.

Seeing Zuo Mo, she was overjoyed. "Daren!"

For an unknown reason, when she saw Daren, his peaceful face, his indifferent yet confident eyes, her restless heart quickly settled. Daren would definitely have a way! This thought unconsciously flashed through her mind but quickly took over it.

"You received the Heavy Earth Corps draft notice?" Zuo Mo did not waste words and asked Nan Yue.

"Yes, Daren!" Nan Yue replied. At the same time, she cast a recording yao art with her hand. She had recorded the contents of the draft notice inside. Since Daren already knew, then he definitely had a solution! She thought inside.

Zuo Mo scanned it and understood. After thinking, he asked Nan Yue, "If I do not want to accept the draft notice, is there any way?"

"Daren, there is no solution." A voice came from behind him. It was Cang Lin that had coincidentally came as well. His expression was also filled with worry. Beside him was Cang Ze.

Seeing Zuo Mo's eyes turn to him, Cang Lin grimaced and said, "Daren, the Heavy Earth Corps has sent the draft notice. If you disobey, they have the power to execute you."

"Is there no way at all?" Zuo Mo's brow creased.

"Unless the military upper levels or the Council of Elder resolve this situation. Only the Council of Elders have the power to change this draft order." Cang Lin's voice was bitter. "The Heavy Earth Corps is a regular corps belonging directly to the military. The military high command has the right to interfere. The same can be said for the Council of Elders. They have the right to any affair."

"Which of you have a connection?" Zuo Mo asked.

The three shook their heads simultaneously. Zuo Mo saw this and understood. The Wisteria Clan of the South Sky and the Grey Clan had been in decline for too long. They were very far from the centers of power.

“Daren, maybe I have a solution!” Ming Jue Zi, who had rushed over to them had managed to hear this.

Zuo Mo had let him leave but he had not gone far. He had coincidentally heard some people passing by him discussing the conflict between Xiao Mo Ge and the Heavy Earth Corps. He had hurriedly ran over to search for Zuo Mo.

After Zuo Mo introduced Ming Jue Zi as his new follower, everyone instantly felt closer.

“Daren, this was definitely done by Yu Zi Zhou.” Ming Jue Zi only had to think to understand what had gone on.

“Yu Zi Zhou? Who is that?” Zuo Mo’s face was puzzled.

Seeing the puzzlement on Daren’s face, Ming Jue Zi couldn’t laugh or cry. He could only explain, “Daren, do you remember the battle when you defeated twenty six yao? Yu Zi Zhou was the second one.”

“Oh, him.” Zuo Mo had a small impression. However, the one that gave him the deepest impression was the masked expert from the Blue Flower Family.

“The military commander of Heavy Earth Corps is Yu Zi Zhou’s uncle.” Having spent a long time among experts, Ming Jue Zi was familiar with this kind of information. “Yu Zi Zhou has worked very hard to pursue Ji Li Yu. He probably was thinking of Ji Li Yu when he challenged Daren, but he lost great face when he was defeated by Daren. I heard that Yu Zi Zhou was a very small-hearted person. Didn’t think it was really so.”

Ming Jue Zi felt great disdain at Yu Zi Zhou’s conduct. “It really is despicable that Yu Zi Zhou is using such tricks, methods that should not be seen by the public, at such a sensitive time.”

Listening to Ming Jue Zi speak of the cause and effect, Zuo Mo and the others finally understood.

“What solution do you have?” Zuo Mo asked.

“It might not succeed,” Ming Jue Zi said in a heavy voice, “but it is worth

a try! We need to make a big fuss!"

"Big fuss?" Zuo Mo asked.

"Yes! Only when it is a big fuss will they not dare to do whatever they want," Ming Jue Zi said. "However, this will only make them cautious. In terms of law, they have the power to draft Daren!"

"And then?" Zuo Mo heard that Ming Jue Zi had following plans.

"They will definitely persist in the drafting you, and this would deepen the upper level's dislike of them. We only need to show slight weakness and capture the sympathy of the upper levels," Ming Jue Zi said calmly. "With the potential that Daren has shown, adding to our manufactured noise, there is a high possibility that we can get the upper levels to interfere."

Nan Yue and the others lit up. This was a very outstanding plan.

Even Zuo Mo couldn't help but nod inside. Ming Jue Zi's plan was very plausible.

But maybe

An even crazier plan gradually formed in his mind!

Chapter 405: Yu Heng

“The Heavy Earth Corps draft of Xiao Mo Ge is filled with the stench of scheming and trickery. As everyone knows, Yu Zi Zhou’s uncle Yu Heng is the military commander of Heavy Earth Corps. One does not need an outstanding imagination to easily smell the fishiness here”

“Xiao Mo Ge’s strength is undoubted. Even when surrounded by four combat yao, he could easily defeat the other. It is not hard to accept such an accomplished youth giving his aid for this great war. However, we are suspicious. What would such an accomplished youth face if he enters the Heavy Earth Corps? Becoming cannon fodder is the most likely result”

“The draft notice by the Heavy Earth Corps is completely without precedent. This is a very bad beginning. We do not need to say more of what has occurred between Xiao Mo Gen and Yu Ji Zhou. If a certain youth of great potential appears in the future, and is conscripted by the draft call, how is this different than being bandits? Or is it to say, if one does not have a background, with no protection from a yao art house, then they are unable to even protect their own freedom”

Yu Heng felt terrible inside and out. He looked darkly at his vice commander. The sharp gaze of the corps commander made the vice commander feel as though there was a blade at his back. Cold sweat poured down.

“Speak, what happened?” Yu Heng’s voice seemed to come between his teeth with dark coldness.

The vice commander knew that Daren was infuriated. He hadn’t expected that the matter would develop so poorly. He said weakly, “A few few days ago, Young Master said he needed a draft notice.”

“So you gave it to him?” Yu Heng’s facial skin shook as his eagle-like eyes stared at the vice commander.

The vice commander finally lost control of his terror. He knew that Daren was truly angry. His face suddenly became pale and he stammered, “This subordinate this subordinate”

“Trash!” Face black, Yu Heng’s right hand suddenly grabbed at the air.

Like an exploding watermelon, the vice commander was crushed and his limbs were sent flying!

A while later, his anger finally subsided slightly. His dark gaze stared at the floor covered in limbs and flesh. He sank into deep thought. He usually favored his nephew and had high hopes for him. He hadn’t expected his nephew to be so stupid. To do such a thing at such a sensitive time, and for someone to have gotten ahold of it and broadcasted it far and wide. The entire Heavy Earth Corps was now in an extremely reactive situation.

He was deeply disappointed in Yu Zi Zhou. He knew that Yu Zi Zhou had been pursuing Ji Li Yu. He had also supported it but he hadn’t thought that Yu Zi Zhou would be so small-minded. To do such a stupid thing for intangible gains!

Those yao channels were continuously discussing and repeating this matter these days.

Thinking about this, murderous intent rose. Those yao channels should all die! But the one who should die the most was that Xiao Mo Ge! Yu Heng was cunning. The situation was becoming fiercer over time, like oil being poured onto a fire. He could see with a glance that someone was stirring up trouble from the shadows.

But who was it? To make trouble for him at this time?

His gaze flashing, he calmed down. Several names came to mind. These people might not be the mastermind, but they would not refuse the chance to add stones when he was drowning.

Hmph, it is not so easy to see my humiliation!

Yu Heng recovered his calm. The harsh scent of blood in the room caused him to wrinkle his brow in discontent. He shouted towards outside the door, “Come!”

“Daren!” A guard came in. When he saw the ground meat on the ground, his expression couldn’t help but change.

Yu Heng said indifferent as though nothing had happened. "Clean this up."

"Yes!" Swept by the corps commander's gaze, the guard's scalp tingled and coldness shot up from his feet.

Yu Heng walked out of the room without turning looking back.

Yu Zi Zhou's limbs were cold. He had never expected the matter would transform into this. A person that was akin to an ant, no matter how outstanding his talent was, what was the use? In this era, if a person did not have a background or support, wasn't he a lamb that would be slaughtered?

The gazes that had once been admiring and respectful in the past had all changed. Instead they were gazes of disdain, scorn

No one was willing to come close to him. Even the teachers of the yao art house shook their heads when they saw him as though they were pitying him, and sighing.

Why was it like this!

He balled his hands into fists so tightly his fingers went white! He was with furious and seethed with hatred! That one Xiao Mo Ge! Just a Xiao Mo Ge! Just that one was enough to make him an outcast? Were these people all blind?

He suddenly saw his best friend walking towards his direction. He seemed to have found someone to talk to and instinctively walked towards his best friend! But his best friend's expression changed when he made eye contact. He pretended not to see Yu Zi Zhou and walked towards another direction.

Yu Zi Zhou's feet were nailed to the ground.

He looked dazedly at the disappearing figure of his best friend.

Yu Heng stood with a warm smile in front of the reporters.

“I had not expected that our drafting of Xiao Mo Ge would be of concern to the public. Truthfully, this was unexpected to me. I have also heard what everyone has speculated about this matter so today, I have come to make some clarifications.”

All the reporters opened their ears.

“Many people think that this matter was caused by my nephew, Zi Zhou, scheming in the shadows in order to take revenge on Xiao Mo Ge. Keke, Zi Zhou is my nephew, I have great affection for him, I do not refute any of this. There is one point about this matter that everyone has correctly guessed. I learned about Xiao Mo Ge from my nephew.”

Whoosh, the reporters all rumbled. They hadn't thought that Yu Heng would not refuse to admit it!

He really was too arrogant!

Many people showed furious expressions.

Yu Heng's hands made a motion to calm the press down. His presence as the military commander of a corps instinctively came out. The reporters that had become restless started to calm down.

“In contrast to everyone's malicious speculations, my nephew admires Xiao Mo Ge very much. Due to this, he had done his best to recommend Xiao Mo Ge to me, it definitely was not done out of maliciousness.”

The people below all had disbelieving looks. There were even those that laughed.

Yu Heng seemed to not have heard it. His expression became grave as he said, “Truthfully, as a soldier, no matter if it is me or our Heavy Earth Corps, we have prepared to sacrifice ourselves at such a dangerous time. I will say this now. I hope the Council of Elders will consider our Heavy Earth Corps first. We have already finished preparing to go to the front lines!”

All of the reporters were stunned by Corps Commander Yu Heng's request.

The losses at the front lines had greatly impacted morale. Some corps even started to fear combat. Now, Corps Commander Yu Heng was publicly requesting to go to war. The impassioned words instantly ignited everyone. The clapping was like thunder.

Yu Heng did not show joy and said in a heavy voice, "Life and death is not the most important in my eyes, but if defeat is caused due to the lack of strength, then we have to bear the blame! Everyone might feel we are domineering, that we have other intentions, but you do not know how desperate and desirous we are of talent! Why are we so desperate? Why so desirous? Because we know how heavy the responsibilities placed on our shoulders are! Because we know we cannot disappoint everyone's hopes!"

Clap clap clap! The reporters below were excited, their faces completely red.

A dignified expression came onto Corps Commander Yu Heng's face as he slowly said, "Mister Xiao Mo Ge! We will wait for you with the position of an officer! Please give your strength to help my Heavy Earth Corps!"

The entire room was silent. All the reports were shocked by these words.

"Such skill!" Ming Jue Zi's face was pale as he murmured. All of his scheming and moves turned to dust in front of Yu Heng's performance.

In front of Corps Commander Yu Heng's experience, Ming Jue Zi felt just how poor his performance had been.

What made him feel even more hopeless was that his plan had actually set the stage to help Corps Commander Yu Heng.

Nan Yue and the others also had white faces.

In one night, public opinion had turned against them. Everyone praised Corps Commander Yu Heng and started to support this drafting of Xiao Mo Ge. There were people that continuously came out to call Xiao Mo Ge in hopes he would accept the draft notice.

He was offered an officer position, suggesting how sincere Corps

Commander Yu Heng was Those people that assumed that Corps Commander Yu Heng was planning on making Xiao Mo Ge cannon fodder, but open your eyes and look!

The position of officer's lowest requirement was to be a silver battle general. It was definitely an important position in the corps.

If Xiao Mo Ge still refused the draft call in this situation, that would be unacceptable.

Zuo Mo was also full of admiration. It had to be said that Yu Heng's move was beautiful! Ming Jue Zi had not expected it, he had not expected it, and the cunning Pu Yao had also not expected it.

Looking at the pale Ming Jue Zi and others, he smiled.

He knew what Nan Yue and the others were worried about. The present situation for Xiao Mo Ge was akin to riding a tiger and being unable to get off. If he still refused the draft notice, Xiao Mo Ge's popularity would plummet and his reputation would be stained.

But that was for Xiao Mo Ge. To Zuo Mo who was only able to appear in the Ten Finger Prison, was there a real consequence?

His reputation in the yao world? What was that?

Previously, he had been worried about the safety of Nan Yue and the others. Now, this had been solved. With the matter the subject of so much attention, the Heavy Earth Corps would not dare to seek revenge against Nan Yue and the others. Regardless of whether Zuo Mo accepted the draft notice or not, they had no reason to make trouble for Nan Yue and the others. This also caused the crazy plan that Zuo Mo had originally prepared to not have a place to be used.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's face was dark. His narrow bloody pupil was like a blade flashing with an alarming light. He said coldly, "Good move! Such a good move! Tsk tsk, there is someone this interesting!"

The usually warm and humble Wei also showed dislike. "We cannot let him off so easily!"

Putting down his worries about Nan Yue and the others, Zuo Mo's gaze turned towards the impassioned Yu Heng in the yao channel. He felt like he had swallowed a fly.

"Of course we can't let this guy go." Zuo Mo narrowed his eyes that flashed viciously.

The three miraculously had a consensus of opinion!

"Let's get him!"

Chapter 406: Let's Have A Fight!

"Yu Heng is really an old fox," Ji Li Yu praised.

"Yes! I didn't think that this guy was so cunning!" Ji Cheng still didn't believe it, and it was hard to blame him. Before this, he wouldn't even look at the corps commander of a regular corps. In the eyes of these large clans, the subordinate corps of the Council of Elders were the true elite. The regular corps were stronger than local corps, but their prestige and reputation was low.

But this time, he had been convinced that the regular corps also had powerful people.

"Do not underestimate others." Ji Li Yu rolled her eyes. "Yu Heng is a golden battle general in the end, so how could he be weak? But comparing the actors of this scene, Yu Zi Zhou is really lacking. There isn't anyone good in this generation of the Jade Family."

"Tsk tsk, it seems that Yu Zi Zhou is completely out of the game! This kind of trash, Old Sis will definitely look down on," Ji Cheng said as he shook his head.

Ji Li Yu said unconcernedly, "I didn't have much interest in him to start with. If it wasn't for fact he is from the Jade Family, I wouldn't have even bothered with him."

"I don't know who will become my brother-in-law," Ji Cheng muttered. Then he seemed to think of something. "But seeing Xiao Mo Ge losing, Old Sis probably feels very good!"

"Hee, slightly good!" Ji Li Yu's brows relaxed, but then quickly creased again as she said, "However, I feel that Xiao Mo Ge wouldn't lie down so easily."

"In front of Yu Heng the old fox, he definitely has no chance of making a comeback," Ji Cheng said confidently.

"That is not so certain" Ji Li Yu unconsciously wanted to say this; but when the words reached her mouth, she finally reacted and swallowed

them back down.

That figure floated in her mind. She had a strong feeling this guy wouldn't give up here!

Fleeing without fighting definitely was not this guy's style!

"What? You aren't going to help that little guy who you were interested in?" the fire-faced person said curiously. "This guy's situation isn't good right now!"

"I'm not so idle as to make time for such things," Tian Liu said disgruntledly.

"Hm, weren't you very interested in him all this time? Didn't you praise him for his outstanding talent and limitless potential," the fire faced person asked with shock.

"You who dislikes salt does not need to worry about those of us who like salted carrots." Qian Liu was so lazy he didn't even open his eyes.

The fire faced person was enraged. "I hate eating carrots!" His tone suddenly changed. "You really aren't worried?"

Facing the fire faced person's nagging, Qian Liu was helpless. He could only raised his face. "In any case, it is just losing some popularity. So what? He won't lose his life."

"Oh, that's right." The fire faced person reacted.

"Also, that boy isn't one take an attack like that lying down."

"So, you are actually interested in the boy"

Yu Heng's move caused both he and the Heavy Earth Corps to become famous.

No matter if it was the normal citizens that were truly fooled by him, or his opponents that knew him, they were filled with praise. Morale at the Heavy Earth Corps increased. Everyone raised their heads and puffed their

chests. They were mentally satisfied and full of reverence when they looked at the corps commander.

Yu Heng was very proud. The effect that the plan, he had twisted his mind for, had had far surpassed his expectations. He had not been criticized for this matter. It was the opposite. Instead the military command had given him rewards for this. It had to be said that the geniuses of the yao art houses did not like to take positions in the military unless it was the corps that were directly subordinate to the Council of Elders, these were the positions that were attractive to them. The military command had always felt great pain about this but never had a solution.

The draft call of the Heavy Metal Corps caused their eyes to light up. Even more importantly, Yu Heng had made this matter beautiful! It hadn't caused trouble for them, but made the military seem more upright. Even more, at this time when they were losing on the front lines, the words of the Corps Commander Yu Heng said had caused the low morale of the soldiers to greatly increase.

Yu Heng's days became even better. As to whether or not Xiao Mo Ge would come, he was not concerned. After the storm this time, his reputation had shot up. Some citizens had put his name forward for the position of [The First Corps Commander of the Regular Corps]. No matter if Xiao Mo Ge came or not, he had benefited. As for actually being sent to the front lines, he was not afraid. His position as corps commander had been earned by rising up through the ranks.

It really was profit without any costs!

He smugly watched the yao channels. In the past, he did not like these things that were full of wasted words, but he liked them very much now. Listening to the reporters repeatedly praising him, that made him feel better than anything else.

Yu Heng recognized the report in the yao channel. Yesterday, it had been him that had praised Yu Heng greatly, "The Tiger of the Regular Corps commanders," "a true warrior," "the bravest of the generation." Yu Heng almost felt embarrassed from hearing the praises.

How would this guy compliment him today?

Yu Heng relaxed his body and laid halfway down as he thought and ate fruit.

“In this period of time, the matter of the drafts has really been turbulent and caused a great and unprecedented discussion. Every side has been continuously speaking of their position. The words of Corps Commander Yu Heng have showed us the sincerity of the Heavy Earth Corps. However, from beginning to end, we have missed the voice of one of the most important participants, Xiao Mo Ge! From the start, Xiao Mo Ge has not showed himself, and has not ever given his opinion on this matter. What we are able to see is only Xiao Mo Ge one on four battle and him defeating four Heavy Earth Corps combat yao in the recording yao arts. But today, Xiao Mo Ge has finally made a statement.”

Yu Heng was unconcerned. No matter if it was emotionally or rationally, he had the advantage. No matter what Xiao Mo Ge said, he could not win.

In the yao channel, Xiao Mo Ge's expression was cold. It was the first time Yu Heng saw Xiao Mo Ge's appearance. He paused slightly, so young, and then relaxed. His eyes were filled with amusement. What tricks would the other play?

“I still refuse the draft call of the Heavy Earth Corps.”

The reporter hurriedly asked, “Why? Do you not want to give your aid for this great war?”

“No.” Xiao Mo Ge shook his head.

“Then why?” the reporter pressed.

Xiao Mo Ge showed an expression of struggle.

Seeing the direction the interview was going, the reporter had a sense of urgency inside. On the outside, he had to act as a friendly guide. “If you have any difficulties, please tell everyone. I believe everyone will understand!”

Xiao Mo Ge still shook his head.

“Is it because of cultivation? You are at an important time in your cultivation?” The reporter used his imagination.

“No.” Xiao Mo Ge shook his head.

“Is it because of some predicament that cannot be altered?” the reporter gritted his teeth and asked.

“No.” Xiao Mo Ge shook his head.

“Then why?” The report was going to go crazy.

Hesitating once again, Xiao Mo Ge asked uncertainly, “Do I really have to say it?”

“I’m begging you, please say it!” The reporter wanted to cry.

“But saying it, I feel it wouldn’t be good,” Xiao Mo Ge slowly said.

The reporter had tears on his face. At this time, every yao that was watching was crying. Yu Heng snorted and smirked. This guy was good at pretending to be mysterious but his moves really sucked!

“No matter the reason, please say it!” the reporter said with the last of his energy.

“Then I’ll say it!” Xiao Mo Ge looked innocently at the reporter.

“Please say please say” the reporter panted and nodded.

Xiao Mo Ge suddenly paused. He retracted his playful expression and became grave. All the yao that were watching this unconsciously held their breath. Every yao had the same feeling that Xiao Mo Ge’s following words were definitely very important!

“Because...” Xiao Mo Ge who had closed his eyes suddenly opened them with a sharp gaze, “because they are too weak!”

“Too weak?” Intimidated by Xiao Mo Ge’s presence, the reporter instinctively asked.

“It was four against one a fight with an inexperienced youth like me, who has never stepped on the battlefield, yet they were defeated in one round. Is this the strength of our regular corps?” There was indifference in

his tone, reaccounting the event without emotion, yet he was able to convey his deep disappointment. "I am very disappointed! This is our Heavy Earth Corps? This is the Heavy Earth Corps that we have hoped would be able to protect us? This is the Heavy Earth Corps that we are hoping can win this great war?"

The reporter was completely stunned! Yu Heng was stunned! All the yao that were watching the yao channel were stunned!

In their ears, there was only Xiao Mo Ge's icy voice echoing.

"So I refuse! I have never thought that a regular corps would be this weak. Four against one, but where was your teamwork? Where was the basic strategy that combat yao should have? Where was it? I believe that there are many who have seen the recording yao art. Can you find even the slightest trace of these things from there? And this is our regular corps?"

Xiao Mo Ge shook his head, his expression serious, as he seemed to talk to himself.

"A corps that is in such decline saying they want to draft me, should I feel proud? No! I feel embarrassed! This is an embarrassment! Even though I have never joined the army before, in my mind, the army was powerful, so powerful it required our reverence. A qualified combat yao may not match an expert in a one on one battle, but when it is four on one, such a poor performance cannot be forgiven!"

Among the silence, Zuo Mo's voice was clear.

"My personal experiences fill me with bewilderment. The so-called corps commander of this kind of corps, is he really a qualified battle general?"

In front of the yao channel, Yu Heng was so angry his face was white. His breath was stuck at his chest, unable to go up or down.

"Maybe a four on one battle cannot reveal the problem. Then..."

In the yao channel, Xiao Mo Ge that had thrown out such shocking words suddenly raised his head. He raised his right arm, his finger pointing straight as though Yu Heng was right in front of him.

“Let’s have a fight! Gold General Corps Commander Yu Heng!”

The clear voice and the domineering presence were imprinted in the minds of countless people alongside the figure of the youth giving a battle challenge with his arm.

Chapter 407: Acceptance of Battle Invitation

“He dares! He dares!”

“Trash! Trash”

“Kill you! Kill you!”

The guard heard the shouts of the corps commander inside the room, and what followed immediately after was the sound of something crashing against the ground. His head shrank back. Thinking about the flesh and gore scattered around the room last time, his heart tightened.

Daren was really frightening when angry!

He was also slightly puzzled. Who had caused Daren to be so furious?

These days, all of the Heavy Earth Corps had been immersed in joy. Who wasn't speaking positively of the Heavy Earth Corps? Everyone felt there was a shine to their faces. Supposedly, the military high command would visit the corps in a few days.

Which unperceptive person was seeking death?

The guard cursed inside but before he could think it through, a figure came out of the room. It was Daren! He jumped, and hurriedly bowed. However, Daren's face was dark and did not raise his head.

Whoa, something major probably happened

“This guy,” Ji Cheng's expression was frozen. A moment later, his soul came back and he stammered, “is he crazy? Too too domineering! Too arrogant”

Ji Li Yu did not seem to hear it. She looked dazedly at the youth inside the yao channel that was pointing at her. The youth on the yao channel had a gaze like a sword that did not retreat. That straight finger was the declaration of war!

“Too crazy!” Ji Cheng shook his head and murmured as though he wanted to make himself believe it. He did not even know what he was saying. “Too exhilarating!”

A long while later, the soulless Ji Cheng and the dazedly Ji Li Yu resumed normality. But the two sank into silence. They did not know what to say, and did not know what language to use to describe their mood at the moment.

A youth that was not yet twenty had publicly challenged the commander of a corps!

Such an insane even had never happened before in history, but it really happened in front of them. They had seen the entire process with their own eyes.

“Old Sis, do you think Yu Heng will accept?” Ji Cheng suddenly asked Ji Li Yu.

Ji li Yu unconsciously bit her lips. “Definitely.”

“Yes!” Ji Cheng’s tone was very complex. “Yu Heng will definitely accept! Xiao Mo Ge definitely would have predicted that Yu Heng will accept. It really is crazy!”

He repeatedly said “crazy” as though this would be able to truly express his present emotions.

“We all underestimated him.” Ji Li Yu’s gaze became clear again. Her usual intelligence also returned. She was very calm. “Xiao Mo Ge dares to give this sort of challenge means that he has something he can rely on.”

Ji Cheng nodded repeatedly. If he had some underestimation and scorn for Xiao Mo Ge before, then he was an admirer of Xiao Mo Ge now. Such a domineering and arrogant challenge, it was so exciting just thinking about it. He wouldn’t even dare to think about it, much less do it!

No matter if Xiao Mo Ge won or lost, Ji Cheng was completely subdued by the other’s bravery and domineering.

Without realizing it, Xiao Mo Ge had become Ji Cheng’s idol. Even Ji

Cheng did not realize this. He asked urgently, “Is Xiao Mo Ge able to defeat Yu Heng?”

“No matter how powerful Xiao Mo Ge is, if it is a duel, he definitely is not Yu Heng’s match. However,” Ji Li Yu’s eyes flashed, “they probably will compete in war chess. What Xiao Mo Ge disparaged was Yu Heng’s skill as a battle general. If Yu Heng wants to wash this shame away, he must respond in this area. The only thing that can realize the two of them fighting is naturally war chess.”

“Is Xiao Mo Ge also a powerful battle general?” Ji Cheng’s mouth was wide, his face disbelieving.

“Most likely!” Ji Li Yu said to herself, “Since he dares to make the challenge, then he definitely would have some chance of victory. Yu Heng is a gold battle general. To have a chance of victory, he can only be”

“A gold battle general!” Ji Cheng exclaimed. He felt his brain wasn’t enough to use

Killing twenty six in a row, reconstructing a prison, all of this showed Xiao Mo Ge’s powerful individual strength. With Xiao Mo Ge’s age, it was enough to shock Ji Cheng. Now his Old Sis was telling him that Xiao Mo Ge was also a golden battle general!

It was too crazy too crazy

“Impossible! Impossible!” Ji Cheng unconsciously murmured. He felt his brain was short-circuiting. How was it possible? It was absurd! A guy of the same age as him that not only possessed great individual power, but was also a golden battle general. Was the world crazy? Had golden battle generals become lettuce selling on the market?

His mind was ringing. But Old Sis’ tone was so confident that he believed it. Every time Old Sis used this tone to give a arrive at a conclusion, then the result of this matter basically would not change too much. From young until now, it had always been so!

How was it possible

Ji Cheng suddenly felt a deep blow. His heart felt bitter. Compared to

Xiao Mo Ge, he felt he was like a pig. The difference between them was so great that he could not gather the courage to compare the two of them.

Ji Li Yu noticed her younger brother's expression. She paused slightly and then understood. She lightly said, "I feel that many people were wrong from the start."

"Wrong about what?" Ji Cheng's face was puzzled.

"Xiao Mo Ge's identity is still a riddle. Many people assume that he is from a poor background and has no foundation." Ji Li Yu shook her head and said, "Looking at it now, this speculation is absurdly incorrect. Xiao Mo Ge isn't from a poor background and his origins are definitely not simple. He may even have a very important background!"

"Why?" Ji Cheng had not refused from his shock.

"It is possible to be from a poor background and still have powerful yao arts, but if he is a powerful battle general, how can he of humble birth? Xiao Mo Ge either is from a prestigious family background, or he has a famed teacher!" Ji Li Yu explained.

"Right." Ji Cheng realized.

"The other's birth might be even higher than our Ji Family, and have a deeper history!" Ji Li Yu said.

Ji Cheng's grey face finally recovered some blood. Thinking about it this way, he felt much better.

"I really anticipate this!"

"How was it? Was my performance not bad?" Zuo Mo smugly asked Wei.

Wei smiled slightly. "Very good!"

Zuo Mo wouldn't be fooled by Wei's humble and gentle appearance any more. In front of the cunning and sly Pu Yao, Wei was definitely playing Mister Good. Wei was one that was persistence in his beliefs. However, Zuo Mo discovered through this matter that of the three of them, this guy

had the highest skill at fooling people.

Full of righteousness, a good appearance

Even if he was making a great lie, Wei's eyes would still be filled with sincerity. Zuo Mo was suspicious that this guy was practiced in doing things in the shadows, while showing a pious face.

This guy was a charlatan!

But it had to be said that after Wei's teachings, Zuo Mo's performance could be said to be perfect.

"What should we do now?" Zuo Mo asked Pu Yao curiously. "Do I really have to fight him?"

"No need, no need." Pu Yao showed a very proud smile, and then smiled mysteriously. "You will know soon!"

The matter of Xiao Mo Ge publicly challenging Yu Heng became an even hotter topic.

The recording yao art of his one against four battle was spread far. After seeing the entire battle, many people couldn't help but agree with Xiao Mo Ge's words. It was true. From the recording yao art, the performances of the four combat yao were not worthy of praise.

Yu Heng's impassioned performance changed meaning in front of this recording yao art.

The rumours about the Heavy Earth Corps in the cities became even more rampant: the Heavy Earth Corps were rotten from the core, there were secrets about the identity of Commander Yu Heng's gold battle general status.

Yu Heng deeply experienced what it felt like to fall from the heavens into the pits of hell.

The military command that had been praising him previously changed their attitudes and their tone became stern. This time, they had come out and scolded him. They were all straightforward and old generals. These

old general did not care about showing off. However, the level of the military decreasing and the loss of combat capabilities were subjects of their deep hatred.

Even more, the front lines had just experienced losses. Some people even speculated the reason that Fierce Fire Corps and Ice Frost Corpse were exterminated were because they were like the Heavy Earth Corps, rotten, in decline, and unable to stand up in a fight.

The pressure on Yu Heng shot up.

His face was dark every day. He threw his nephew Yu Zi Zhou far away. The mood in Heavy Earth Corps was very low. The experienced Yu Heng knew that if the other dared to challenge him like this then they had tricks to follow up with. He could see it clearly. No matter if he won or lost, there was no benefit to him.

If he won, the opponent was a youth and the victory was not honourable, it was expected and nothing to boast about.

But if he lost

He didn't dare think of this result!

Such poisonous schemes!

Yu Heng's face was black.

A while later, he raised his head. His eyes were murderous. He squeezed the words through his teeth, "Accept the battle!"

The second day, an enormous war chess was being set up on the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

All of the topography of this war chess was personally designed by famed war chess master He Yong. To set up this match, the famed Water Caltrop Yao Art House, had sent large numbers of teachers that spent three whole days constructing it.

This was a war chess match that was unprecedented.

Gongsun Cha swallowed a fiend soul beast bead and channelled his core scripture. He continuously absorbed soul base source from the fiend soul beast bead.

By now, his core scripture was in its beginning form and its power had started to show, especially when he was giving commands. He didn't need to rely on even one talisman to be able to pass his orders to every soldier.

His core scripture flowed. His mind was able to maintain clarity from beginning to end. For a battle general, that was more important than anything.

His sudden increase in skill did not cause any joy to appear on his face. Thinking about his defeat last time, there seemed to be a fire burning inside.

He planned on challenge that old guy today!

This time, he had to defeat the other!

Entering war chess like usual, he sent a challenge to the other without fear. Previously, whenever he sent out the challenge, the other would unhesitatingly start a match.

But the chess match did not start today. Gongsun Cha frowned. The Lil' Miss in times of battle was a completely different person than usual. At this moment, a dark voice sounded next to his ear, "There's a new match, do you dare to come?"

New chess match? Who cares if it is a new chess match opponent or an old one! I will defeat all of them!

Full of motivation, Gongsun Cha was ignited by these light words.

"Come!"

Chapter 408: The Choices of a Beginner?

“Gongsun Shidi?” Zuo Mo had an expression of realization. So it was not Pu Yao that was going to battle. Then he felt puzzled. “What trick did you use to pull Gongsun Shidi in?”

“Hee hee.” Pu Yao was very proud. “It took a lot of effort. But luckily, his consciousness is stronger than yours, so there are ways.”

Zuo Mo became slightly embarrassed and was shocked at the revelation. “Gongsun Shidi’s consciousness is stronger than mine?”

“Hmph! Now you know the difference. You learn everything, know a little of everything, but have mastered none.” Pu Yao had been unsatisfied with Zuo Mo for this for a long time. He naturally would not let go of the chance to attack him.

“This way is good as long as I can survive. If I can survive and can earn jingshi!” Zuo Mo’s expression was unconcerned and this infuriated Pu Yao, causing him to roll his eyes. Wei, on the other hand, sat in a dignified manner on the side, with the trademark righteous and dignified smirk on his face.

Zuo Mo found they were looking down on the battlefield from a very strange angle. It was clear Gongsun Shidi had not noticed their presence. Zuo Mo looked around and was very curious. He asked, “Will Yu Heng be able to see Gongsun Shidi?”

Pu Yao ignored him. Wei explained, “They can’t see him. Other than the three of us, no one can see him.”

“So it’s like that!” Zuo Mo had an expression of comprehension. He then rubbed his hands eagerly. “Gongsun Shidi will definitely make that stupid jade cry and crawl away. Pu, you’re vicious!”

“The other is not that weak.” Pu shook his head, his expression serious. “Yu Heng is a gold battle general. His strength cannot be underestimated!”

“Gold battle general?” Zuo Mo stilled and said disbelievingly. “No way. That guy looks like he’s a con man, he’s a gold battle general?”

Pu Yao snorted and said, "You look down at him? He's a true gold battle general! For people like you, he can just reach out with his fingertip and destroy your whole lot."

Zuo Mo's face was thick and immune to attacks of this degree. He said cheerfully, "Destroy me? He must first defeat Gongsun Shidi! Right, what is Gongsun Shidi's skill level now? He probably won't have any problems defeating this old guy, right?"

"Hard to say." The smile on Pu Yao's face disappeared. His expression was stern. "I've never fought against Yu Heng before, and do not know what his skills are like."

"In any case, I believe in Gongsun Shidi!" Zuo Mo had a confident expression.

Pu Yao was slightly astonished. "You are this confident in him?"

"Shidi is a genius!" Zuo Mo said without hesitation.

The usual Gongsun Cha was shy and bashful. Even when speaking, his tone and presence were soft. But when he fought, he seemed to become a whole other person. It might have been due to the influence of Pu Yao, or that his innate personality possessed this kind of insanity, but the Gongsun Cha during battle was daring and heated, vicious and merciless, striking without hesitation.

But there were few that knew under this layer of insanity was a glacier like iciness.

With one sweep, he detected the difference of the environment compared to usual. The complex environment, flora he had never seen before, and strange energy flows that seemed real

Such an enormous chess board!

Gongsun Cha stood on the top of a mountain peak and looked down at the vast and borderless stretches of land. The wind blew across his handsome face. The mountain wind was very strong and the hairs in front

of his forehead swung in the wind and danced in his vision. They quickly became ruffled and tangled. He did not seem to detect it. There was a trace of a smile on the corner of his mouth. His gaze looked into the distance. In the eyes that swept around occasionally, a dot of fire grew, igniting when it met the wind and began to burn!

The scale of this chessboard far surpassed any he had fought on before.

He closed his eyes and spread his arms.

In the darkness, Yu Heng opened his eyes which flashed.

A moment later, he showed a satisfied expression. This period of quiet meditation these past few days had not been wasted. He could feel that his mental state had been attuned to its peak. The franticness and the fury of the past days had all disappeared. At this moment, he was like a wolf in the darkness, filled with desire to battle, but also possessing an icy and clear mind.

Xiao Mo Ge's challenge had forced him into a situation of life and death. He only had one choice, to fight.

He had never before been made to look like such a fool and forced into a reactive position. The initial fury had come mostly from this.

Xiao Mo Ge's move truly surpassed his expectation.

But Yu Heng had experienced countless schemes and plans during his rise to be able to become the commander of a corps. There were many situations that had been more dangerous than this. Experienced, he quickly calmed down and found the possibility of survival that remained.

This war chess match, he didn't just have to win, but had to win beautifully!

Only by doing so could he preserve his glory in the public's eyes. Having realized this, he threw away all hesitation and started to prepare his mental state. From this, it was possible to see his experience and decisiveness. His reputation was not insubstantial.

It was crucial for a battle general to have the ability to adjust their mentality and required to become a mature battle general.

Yu Heng unhesitatingly walked into the Wasteland Beast Chessboard.

“Yu Heng has come,” Ji Heng said. His gaze did not move away for a moment.

Ji Li Yu did not make a sound. Her gaze was tightly locked on the yao channel’s broadcast in front of her.

This battle had caused a ruckus in every yao jie. All the yao channels, regardless of their size, were only broadcasting this battle today. It was the same in every yao jie, every city, tens of thousands of yao in the air watching the broadcast. No one would miss this battle. Compared to Xiao Mo Ge’s previous battles, today’s battle was on a completely different level.

His opponent was a gold battle general and the over-scaled, high difficulty war chess caused this battle to become hugely popular. The result of this battle would directly affect both the future of Heavy Earth Corps and the gold battle general Yu Heng.

In the history of yao, there had never been an event where the fate of a corps was entirely determined by the power of a single person.

Other than attracting the public’s attention, this event also attracted the gaze of the upper levels. It was not just the military high command, even the Council of Elders had noticed it. Compared to this fight, the conflict against the Genius Alliance was like playing house.

Yu Heng had been the commander of Heavy Earth Corps for ten whole years, and had a great reputation. His reputation as a gold battle general was even longer than that.

It had to be said that in all of the yao jie, there were one hundred and seventy thousand silver battle generals, but the number of gold battle generals did not surpass eight hundred. Receiving the title of a gold battle general meant that they had squeezed into the ranks of the top battle

generals.

Ji Li Yu stared at the war chess field on the yao channel even though the battle had not started, the entire landscape was empty. Xiao Mo Ge and Yu Heng had both entered the field and everyone became alert.

The spectators could not see the two, but the entire chess field had lit up. This meant that both participants had arrived.

The same thought flashed through every yao's mind.

It was starting!

This battle also attracted the attention of many battle generals. Among battle generals, gold battle generals were undoubtedly experts. A gold battle general that received the position of corps commander was also an expert among experts. There were few chances to watch top experts directly fighting.

"Daren, who do you favor?" a young battle general asked respectfully.

Everyone surrounded a female like the stars surrounded the moon. A full head of golden long hair cascaded off her shoulders like a waterfall, pure snowy white skin, and a face without an imperfection. She was extraordinarily beautiful, especially that pair of light blue eyes that were as vast as the sea and able to see through everything. No yao in the surroundings dared to look straight at them.

The yao around her were also handsome or beautiful. She silently stood among them without a word, but no one could cover her light.

She was Ming Yue Ye, the bright moon in the night, the present leader of the Genius Alliance.

Ming Yue Ye smiled slightly and her lips parted, "Who do you favor?"

The voice was airy, and the yao that were close by had varying degrees of intoxicated expressions on their faces. A thread of adoration imperceptibly flashed across the young battle general's face. He quickly gathered his thoughts and said cautiously, "We do not know Xiao Mo Ge's

skill level. However, Corps Commander Yu Heng's style is experienced, and he is a hard bone to bite."

At this time, a beautiful female yao in the surroundings said prettily, "Even the hardest bone is nothing in front of A Nan." He Mei was one of Ming Yue Ye's closest confidants. She wasn't just beautiful and alluring, her conduct was extremely fiery and she was a rose with thorns.

Sang Nan hurriedly said humbly, "Sister He is joking. Compared to Commander Yu Heng, I'm very lacking."

"Who does A Nan think will win?" He Mei couldn't help but ask curiously. The yao around were also curious about this question. Many of them looked at Sang Nan. The Genius Alliance was full of geniuses. Other than the geniuses that had limitless futures in cultivation and yao arts, there were also many who were battle generals.

The Genius Alliance had sixteen gold battle generals, and Sang Nan was one of them. He was also the first seat battle general of the Genius Alliance. His strength had already attracted the attention of the Council of Elders, but such a skilled genius faithfully followed Ming Yue Ye. If he did not follow Ming Yue Ye, then it was very possible that he would have become the youngest corps commander of all of the yao world.

After thinking, Sang Nan said, "Both sides have a chance, especially since there are too many unknown factors. But I feel Yu Heng has a slight advantage. Yu Heng six, Xiao Mo Ge four."

"So A Nan favors Yu Heng." He Mei realized.

Ming Yue Ye was thoughtful. That pair of light blue eyes were as deep as the sea.

Sang Nan still wanted to ask. At this time, the two sides started to pick their troops. In war chess, this step was crucial. The strategies that each person was skilled in were different, so their pick of troops would be completely different. The scale of war chess this time was very large, and there was a complete set of soldier types to pick from. Experienced battle generals were able to judge the style and tactics of others from the composition of the troops.

He suddenly exclaimed lightly, “Hm!”

“A Nan, what is it?” He Mei asked curiously.

Sang Nan stared tightly at the yao channel with a strange expression.
“As expected, this Xiao Mo Ge is an extremely arrogant person!”

“Why do you say so?” He Mei did not understand.

Sang Nan had a serious expression and his gaze did not leave the yao channel. He explained, “What he picked is all offensive troops! No support troops! No defensive troops!”

There was something that Sang Nan did not say:

—Usually only beginners would choose such a combination.

*

[i] Gigantic oopsie on Fang Xiang’s part. 夜明月 (Ye Ming Yue) is the name used here, but this is also the same person that has been mentioned before as (Ming Yue Ye). He probably forgot the order. I’m going with Ming Yue Ye as this is the name used more frequently in the story and the one that was used first.

夜明月: Night Bright Moon vs明月夜: Bright Moon Night

Chapter 409: The Flame Boring Yao

The soldier type that Gongsun Cha had chosen caused all yao that had some knowledge of battle generals to be greatly astonished. Many battle generals shook their heads and said that Xiao Mo Ge was definitely not a professional.

It had to be known that, no matter if it was in true combat or in war chess, the survival rate of an army of a single kind of soldier was very low. They could not deal with the complex and ever-changing battlefield.

Compared to Gongsun Cha, Yu Heng's choices caused the spectators' eyes to light up. Five-tenths attacking soldier types, two-tenths defensive soldier types, three-tenths support soldier types. There were all kinds of yao arts which caused there to be a wide variety of support soldier types. Many battle generals started to speculate Yu Heng's possible tactics based on the soldier type composition he had chosen.

A few moments later, many battle generals shook their head on the inside and showed admiring expressions. Yu Heng's troop composition was not just very rational, but could form many kinds of tactics. The more they thought, the more there was to admire.

The display of the two sides showed such a great difference in strength causing many spectators that had anticipated a great battle to be greatly disappointed.

Gongsun Cha was almost dazzled by the variety of soldier types. It was the first time he had seen a great majority of soldier types in the list. The war chess that Pu Yao was familiar with was the war chess of three thousand years ago. After three thousand years of development, war chess had completely changed.

Patiently flipping through the soldier type list, Gongsun Cha couldn't help but frown. It was impossible to express the power of an unfamiliar soldier type. No battle general was willing to direct a troop that they were unfamiliar with, no matter how powerful they might be.

However, he quickly threw away his stray thoughts. He did not think it was unfair. From when he had first touched the profession of a battle general in Little Mountain Jie, he had never had the luxury to make a troop according to his desired tactics. It was the opposite. He could only choose appropriate tactics based on the conditions of reality, such as a Vermillion Bird Camp that was almost completely sword xiu.

In true battle, there were many places that would not be as desired. If battle generals could only fight when they were satisfied with the conditions, that was a joke.

In his view, battle generals were the ones that would think of obtaining victory under any conditions!

Other than victory, everything else was the enemy.

His tangled hair brushed past Gongsun Cha's calm yet crazy face. He narrowed his eyes and flipped through the soldier type list without any pause.

Suddenly, a familiar soldier type entered his vision.

Fire Boring Yao!

When Pu Yao saw the soldier type listing that was also out of his expectations, his expression changed slightly. He had missed a crucial factor.

He was an exceptional battle general, no, exceptional was not enough to describe him. Pu Yao's career as a battle general was dazzling. Other than the final battle in which all of his troops died, he was a top-notch battle general. He had only had one loss in his entire life. He had a great understanding of tactics.

He knew very well that there was no all-purpose tactic in this world. Even the strongest tactic would become familiar after being studied for three thousand years, and a way to defeat it would be found. The development of battle tactics would continuously advance. Old battle tactics would always be replaced with even better battle tactics.

Pu Yao's expression was abnormally bad. The variety of soldier types in front of him was like a disdainful slap in the face.

When he saw Gongsun Cha expectedly choose the Flame Boring yao, his expression became grave.

The battle had not begun, and Gongsun Cha had landed in a definite disadvantage.

"Flame Boring yao tsk tsk!"

Many people were shaking their heads. There were those that were laughing, and those that were scornful. Flame Boring yao was a very common soldier type. However, it was a type popular three thousand years ago. Of all the yao arts, fire yao arts had always been a type of yao art that had relatively greater power. Flame Boring yao was a very obscure species among fire yao. They were born from the lava of earth fire.

They seemed to be born for fire yao arts. Any fire yao art would have unexpected power on their hands. Due to this, the attacking power of Flame Boring yao in war chess was very high. However, Flame Boring yao had weaknesses in other areas. Their intelligence was mostly low, and could only follow orders. Compared to their powerful offensive strength, their defenses could be described as fragile. This was directly connected with the fact that fire yao arts were not suited for defense. This was also reflected in the settings of war chess.

Due to this, they were greatly loved by novices and it was not hard to understand. Beginners always preferred those soldier types that were easy to control and had great offensive power. For them, the exhilaration of charging was more pleasurable than winning.

But for experts, any weakness could be fatal, much less a weakness that everyone knew. Flame Boring yao must be used in combination with other soldier types to protect the weak Flame Boring yao.

Choosing an army completely composed of Flame Boring yao, wasn't that tantamount to suicide?

If Yu Heng knew this, he probably would laugh into the sky, but right now, he did not know the state of the opponent. He was extremely cautious as he did not want to lose his reputation.

The board in front of him was much larger in scale than he had imaged but this did not cause any problems to him. He was practiced as he skillfully set up his formations. With his many years of military service, his understanding of battle was even deeper than normal golden battle generals. This kind of profound understanding would show up in his adjustment. He almost did not need to think and a string of orders were sent out in a stream.

Sending out scouts, organizing the troops

Compared to Xiao Mo Ge's terrible display, Yu Heng's display was pleasing to the eye and worthy of respect.

When the scouts came back with the information that they had gathered, Yu Heng's troops had finished their organization. Looking down from a great height, his troops were like a crab. The thick middle group was the body of the crab. The nimbly moving two flanks were like two sharp claws.

Completely composed of Flame Boring yao?

He almost thought a problem had occurred with the scout. But when successive scouts came back with the same information, Yu Heng quickly calmed down.

His first thought was that the other had soldier types skilled in illusory yao arts. There were twenty eight types that could cast illusory yao arts. He flipped through them mentally. He was considering which soldier type could be used together with Flame Boring yao.

He quickly concluded six soldier types that were able to use illusory yao arts and could work together with Flame Boring yao.

Yu Heng quickly furrowed his brow.

In opposition to everyone, who did not believe that Xiao Mo Ge had abilities as a battle general, Yu Heng was almost certain that Xiao Mo Ge had extremely outstanding talent as a battle general. Before accepting the challenge, he had studied Xiao Mo Ge's history. He had found that, although Xiao Mo Ge was arrogant and rash, he would do as he said. He could always fulfill the seemingly absurd boasts he made.

Due to this, while everyone was doubting Xiao Mo Ge's skill, he was considering what Xiao Mo Ge intended strategically to do such a thing?

So he frowned, because he did not understand.

Usually, using illusory yao arts were with the intention to feign battle tactics. But to disguise all of the troops as Flame Boring yao was not clever. Because any battle general with some experience could tell this was a disguise!

So from this point, the intention to disguise had lost effect!

Was Xiao Mo Ge's skill just so?

Yu Heng did not believe it.

Deceptive battle tactics were based on both truth and lies, half-truth and half-lie. Successful deceptive tactics were used with the intention of misguiding the enemy.

From this angle, according to normal reasoning, the most plausible was that Xiao Mo Ge's Flame Boring yao were truly Flame Boring yao!

All of them were truly Flame Boring yao?

Yu Heng shook his head. Of all the guesses, this was the most unlikely. Any battle general familiar with war chess would not be unfamiliar with Flame Boring yao. Of the thousands of tactics that Yu Heng knew, there was none where the starting troops were all Flame Boring yao.

This was decided by the Flame Boring yao's unique weakness.

Xiao Mo Ge was a beginner?

He would be stupid to believe it.

But what were Xiao Mo Ge's intentions?

Yu Heng suddenly found that while the two had not even come into contact, Xiao Mo Ge had successfully made him unable to judge his actions.

As strong as expected!

Normal battle generals might not be able to detect Yu Heng's hesitation, but strong battle generals such as Sang Nan instantly caught it.

"Yu Heng's hesitating," Sang Nan said lightly. He then smiled lightly. "But if it was anyone else who encountered this, they probably would be jumping in fright too."

"Is this the stronger you are, the less brave you become?" He Mei looked over.

"Yes." Sang Nan grimaced. "No way around it. Xiao Mo Ge's move is really too unexpected."

At the same time, many battle generals gave knowing smiles, especially those that already were certain that Xiao Mo Ge was a beginner. In their eyes, this scene was especially comedic.

More and more people started to feel that Xiao Mo Ge was a beginner.

Because up until now, Xiao Mo Ge still hadn't finished organizing his troops. Yu Heng, on the other hand, had found an extremely good piece of land to set up his main base, he had also started to plant all kinds of yao trees. As time increased, Yu Heng's advantage would become even more evident.

Some people wanted to laugh at Yu Heng's caution, but everyone could understand. The importance of this battle to Yu Heng could not be doubted, and in such a crucial battle, maintaining wariness was the sign of maturity.

Before discovering the other's intentions, maintaining one's development was an intelligent decision.

Experienced and cautious, not giving the other even one weakness to attack, as expected of the commander of an entire corps.

On the other hand, Xiao Mo Ge was still working to organize his troops. The mess of Flame Boring yao were in groups of three to five, and increasingly showed Xiao Mo Ge's helplessness and clumsiness.

The sound of discussion increased and scornful laughs increased.

But in this loud and busy background, Sang Nan and the other golden battle generals lowered their voices.

The disdain, underestimation, laughter in their eyes were like snow under sunlight that quickly disappeared. Their eyes slowly grew bright and sharp.

They all looked at that troop that was being organized with difficulty!

Chapter 410: Snowflake Flood.

Zuo Mo asked Pu Yao curiously, "What is Gongsun Shidi doing?"

"He is organizing his troops." A look flashed through Pu Yao's eyes. He suddenly laughed lightly. "Now there's something good to watch."

"Something good to watch?" Zuo Mo did not understand.

Pu Yao did not reply. His previous expression of gravity had disappeared, and a cold smile had formed at the corner of his mouth.

In other people's eyes, Gongsun Cha's organization of the troops seemed quite difficult, but Gongsun Cha himself was immersed in the organization of his experiment.

The attributes of the flame boring yao were very similar to the sword xiu of Vermillion Bird Camp. They had strong offensive abilities and were weak defensively.

However, Gongsun Cha did not organize them like he did Vermillion Bird Camp. He was trying a new kind of organization. Six flame boring yao to a team, six teams to a troop. It was the first time that Gongsun Cha was organizing his troops this way. It wasn't going too smoothly in the beginning. Even the spectators were able to feel that he was slightly hesitant.

But as the organization continued, the light in Gongsun Cha's eyes grew clear. His movements became crisper, and the organization became smooth. A kind of presence called confidence slowly spread.

This new organization of troops wasn't done on just an impulse.

The problem of how he was to increase the combat capabilities of Vermillion Bird Camp was a problem that he had thought about for a long while. This completely new formation was one of the products of his efforts.

The three section wave killing charge was unrivaled in its sharpness, but

if they were bogged down in a battle of endurance, they would face the problem of not having any lasting power. Vermillion Bird Camp might have looked undefeatable in Little Mountain Jie, but Gongsun Cha knew very well that in the whole world, Vermillion Bird Camp was far from being elite. Once they fought against even stronger enemies, and the first three attacks were ineffective, then Vermillion Bird Camp would be in danger.

Recently, his skill as a battle general had increased greatly, and his vision was much broader than before. Possessing rich and new battle experience, he had thought of several novel battle tactics.

If it was any other battle general, they would have not dared to randomly create tactics. In their eyes, creating new battle tactics was a very unreliable thing. They understood hundreds of battle tactics. These battle tactics, used hundreds of times in the past, were enough for them to deal with the great majority of situations.

Never having undergone systematic education, Gongsun Cha did not have their shackles. The number of battle tactics that he understood wasn't even as many as the silver battle generals of the yao world. Pu Yao never taught him concrete battle tactics. He could only discover and experience them through the process of fighting against Pu Yao.

All battle trends had to be concluded by himself.

He only pursued victory. Only more rational and effective tactics could help him achieve victory!

The messy troops slowly formed as if an invisible hand was shaping them into snowflakes, from ugliness into beauty.

As the gazes started to become serious, the sounds of discussion decreased.

Looking down from the sky, Gongsun Cha's troops were like hundreds of snowflakes that fell upon the ground. But these snowflakes were deep-red, because flame boring yao possessed deep-red coloured hair.

In the midst of the beautiful deep-red snowflakes, killing intent rose.

“So pretty!” He Mei couldn’t help but say with bright eyes.

“They aren’t just pretty.” Sang Nan’s gaze had not moved a bit as he reflexively answered. Around him, many people also had similar expressions of seriousness. They all saw the killing intent contained in these beautiful snowflakes.

Ming Yue Ye did not speak. Her face was calm, but in her blue eyes that were like the vast sky, shock flashed imperceptibly.

“He’s moving!” He Mei’s eyes became even brighter. “Whoa, so pretty to look at!”

No one spoke, but in their eyes, astonishment flashed.

It really was good to look at!

The troops did not advance quickly. As they moved, the yao spectators found the army was divided into six enormous circles. The six circles slowly spun as they moved forward. What was even more amazing was that the snowflakes in each circle was also slowly spinning.

Thousands of deep-red snowflakes moving in synchrony was really pleasing to see.

But when it entered the eyes of Sang Nan and the others, their expressions changed!

Even the battle generals that had been so disdainful unconsciously stood up straight. Their bodies reflexively became tense. Shock flew through their eyes and took over.

Such a powerful consciousness!

Pu Yao snickered with smugness, “Xiuzhe, yao, and mo all have battle generals, but there are differences among the three. The battle generals of xiuzhe are most skilled in divination and prediction. The Great Development Calculating Method and such all do this. Mo battle generals emphasize bravery and spirit. A powerful mo battle general can gather the

presences of the entire troop into one body. That really can destroy mountains. And yao battle generals? Their most powerful skill is the consciousness!”

“Consciousness?” Zuo Mo did not understand. After he found the strange fact that Gongsun Shidi had talent as a battle general, he hadn’t spent any more effort in that field.

“Battle generals with powerful consciousness can detect great details. All of the battlefield is in their mind. Even more, the consciousness is a network. He is able to send an order to every combat yao. The entire army is like his body and can be directed at will.”

Zuo Mo finally understood. “Gongsun Shidi is this strong?”

“His talent is good.” Pu Yao was slightly proud, and then he added, “His luck isn’t bad either.”

“I just knew that Gongsun Shidi is the strongest!” Zuo Mo was overjoyed. Thinking about being able to deal a fatal strike to that old codger, Yu Heng, he felt good inside.

“Don’t you feel your blood heating and boiling?” Pu Yao glanced at Zuo Mo.

“Boiling! I want to go up and fight!” Zuo Mo’s eyes were bright.

“Yes! What’s the meaning in two people fighting? This kind of large scale battle is true pleasure!” Pu Yao seduced. “How about it? Come learn to be a battle general, it is very fun!”

“No!” Zuo Mo shook his head like a rattle drum.

“Why?” Pu Yao asked, unwilling to give up.

“Shidi can learn to be a battle general.” Zuo Mo said righteously. “Making jingshi is the truest path. Can I make jingshi by learning to be a battle genera?”

Pu Yao was speechless.

In the corner, Wei sat silently.

Gongsun Cha looked with satisfaction at his army that he had finished organizing. Different tactics required different organization of troops. However, he did not direct the troops to speed up, but maintained the slow speed.

He had thought for a long time about this new battle tactic, but this was the first time he was using it. There naturally were many problems. Tripping and stumbling, Gongsun Cha was not in a rush. He slowly experimented. He didn't seem to realize this was an important battle.

If it was said that people thought lightly of him before, then right now, any battle general with some knowledge was staring fixedly at the snowflake shaped troops.

Looking on as this strange troop went from the rawness of the start to smoothness.

"This Xiao Mo Ge's consciousness is really strong." Sang Nan was full of admiration. "Able to control this many battle yao so precisely. Powerful!"

"What's the use of a strong consciousness? Just trying to appear pretty, who uses this kind of formation shape?" another battle general couldn't help say. His expression was not good.

Someone else instantly agreed. "Right, does he think this is a performance? It's acceptable if it is beautiful? Ha, making a snowflake shape. Never heard of this before. Even if he wants to be novel, he shouldn't do it this way."

"He's a famous person. With such a good chance, of course he needs to perform! If he doesn't make it pretty, how can he fool the amateurs?" another battle general said scornfully.

Many battle generals shook their heads. They all had great discontent on their faces. In their view, Xiao Mo Ge was purposefully acting this way. Was he using this pretty performance to fool those citizens that did not understand the profession? Was this something a battle general should even consider doing?

Sang Nan did not make a sound and grimaced inside.

He could understand the thoughts of his fellows. In the eyes of many battle generals, battle was a stern and sacred matter. If Xiao Mo Ge did not understand how to be a battle general, then they would just smile and let it go. But right now, the powerful consciousness and precise control that Xiao Mo Ge displayed showed that he was a true battle general.

A battle general that treated battle like it was a child's game and only wanted to satisfy the audience. Such a figure instantly provoked hatred from them.

As the match started, almost all the battle generals were on Yu Heng's side. They hoped sincerely that Corps Commander Yu Heng would give this clown a stern lesson.

Some battle generals gave Xiao Mo Ge the title of "The Embarrassment of Battle Generals."

Listening to the scorn of his fellows, Sang Nan shook his head inside. He did not feel that Xiao Mo Ge had created this strange snowflake formation to purposefully be shocking, even though he did not understand why Xiao Mo Ge had formed it in the first place.

There was a feeling of danger that hung over his mind.

He looked at Ming Yue Ye Daren. Ming Yue Ye was focused on the strange army.

Sang Nan's mind moved. "Daren, do you feel"

Ming Yue Ye did not move her gaze. She raised her hand. "Look."

Following Daren's finger, he hurriedly turned his face.

He saw Xiao Mo Ge's troops suddenly accelerate. They were like an avalanche, one that was composed of many spinning snowflakes.

The scornful conversation of his fellows suddenly stopped. Sang Nan perceived their silence. His attention was locked onto the rapidly advancing troop. For some reason, the feeling of danger he had felt earlier increased.

He wasn't the only one that felt the danger!

In the rolling avalanche, every snowflake was furiously spinning like deep-red snowflake shaped blades, densely packed together and moving in layers.

Sharp killing intent was displayed without any pretense!

In front of this rapidly spinning wave of blades, almost everyone had unconsciously stopped breathing.

Low against the ground, the deep-red, sharp snowflake flood drifted forward at astounding speeds. Just the presence of the troops was enough to stun everyone.

Wait!

Sang Nan who was staring hard at the deep-red flood of blades suddenly felt his eyelid jump. He suddenly raised his head and he had an expression of disbelief!

The direction of this flood

Was pointing directly at Yu Heng's main base!

Chapter 411: Juxtaposition

How had he found the position of Yu Heng's main base?

It wasn't just Sang Nan that was surprised. Many battle generals quickly detected this. Every person who did notice, couldn't help but show a startled look. Xiao Mo Ge's soldiers were all Flame Boring yao, a soldier type that functioned poorly as a scout.

But beyond this, Xiao Mo Ge hadn't performed any scouting but had found the other's location.

"This guy," a battle general said emotionally, "has great luck!"

The other battle generals nodded. Randomly marching in a direction, and it was the correct direction. His luck was astoundingly good!

Listening to the discussion around him, Sang Nan did not speak. He was uncertain inside. He could not tell if Xiao Mo Ge really was just lucky. To not need scouts and still be able to grasp the geography of the board, it only required that your consciousness was strong enough. But this kind of perception was not limitless. The bigger the battlefield, the larger the consciousness had to be to accomplish this. In large scale battles, the information obtained by a battle general's consciousness was like a drop in the ocean. A large number of scouts were needed to get a sufficient amount of information.

For any battle general, information on the battlefield was what they based their commands on.

Sang Nan had never seen a battle general that did not need to send out any scouts, and the strangest thing was that the other actually determined the correct direction! At this moment, even he believed that this person had great luck.

But why did he still have a foreboding sense of danger

Gongsun Cha's consciousness was spread out like a net. Everything within fifty li was within his grasp. He quickly found the remaining traces

of presence in the air. This was a presence he was unfamiliar with, and different than any combat yao he had encountered before. It should be a soldier type he had not seen before.

He narrowed his eyes. Amongst the burning desire for battle, the light of calm flashed.

His consciousness silently rippled. Without pausing, the snowflake avalanche made a smooth and sharp turn, advancing in a wave like spilled mercury, they silently and rapidly advanced.

A seemingly simple maneuver caused a wave of exclamations. Even Pu Yao's eyes flashed with a thread of shock.

Directing troops to turn at high speed was a basic skill of a battle general. The more people there were, the harder it was. The faster the maneuver was, the harder it was. This was a move that every battle general could do, and one of the moves that strained and tested the fundamental skills of a battle general.

Silver battle generals needed to easily control about one thousand combat yao to complete a turn at high speed.

Five thousand was the requirement of a golden battle general!

Was was this guy already at the skill level of a golden battle general?

"Gongsun Shidi's consciousness is really nimble!" Zuo Mo couldn't help but praise. Even though he did not understand the intricacies of being a battle general, he could see the wonders of it with a glance.

To give orders to five thousand people at once didn't just require a strong consciousness, it required a sensitive one. There was no wonder why Zuo Mo was shocked. Fine manipulations like this were something he had been the most skilled at. No matter if it was ling power or consciousness, he could not be considered strong, but he was always abnormally sensitive.

"Is it the fiend soul beast beads?" Pu Yao said to himself.

The consciousness control that Gongsun Cha displayed far surpassed his skill in the last match. He had progressed this quickly in such a short amount of time? The first thing that Pu Yao thought of was the fiend soul beast beads because he knew that Gongsun Cha had been furiously consuming fiend soul beast beads in this past while.

Could fiend soul beast beads cause the consciousness to become more sensitive?

Pu Yao's guess was not incorrect. Gongsun Cha's consciousness had changed due to these fiend soul beast beads. Gongsun Cha's talent in cultivation was very average, and greatly limited his development as a battle general. He had spent great thought to create his own battle general core scripture, but being of average talent, the rate of improvement could not satisfy him.

Lil' Miss started his crazy cultivation plan when he had joyfully discovered that processing fiend soul beast beads were of benefit to his consciousness! He spent almost all of his time on processing the fiend soul beast beads, and around this time, the hunting missions had also begun. A continuous hunting made so he did not need to worry about the supply of fiend soul beast beads.

When it came to a problem regarding being a battle general, the shy and bashful Lil' Miss would accidentally display his insanity!

This time was not an exception!

Before he even understood the fiend soul beast beads, he had unhesitatingly gambled with himself. Because he knew that if he wanted to progress, he had to solve the problem of his weak consciousness. He desired victory! For victory, he was willing to take greater risks!

He had gambled correctly. His consciousness had grown three times and was now much more sensitive than before.

"Fiend soul beast beads?" Zuo Mo also showed a thoughtful expression. He suddenly thought about the golden souls he possessed. He had been busy this while. Other than the ones used by Gongsun Shidi, Pu Yao, and Wei, he had not used the other golden souls.

He had really been too busy and forgotten such an important thing.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but mock himself.

On the board, Gongsun Cha's speed was extremely fast. Following the minuscule remnants of presence, the enormous Flame Boring yao army was like a red flow of snow that snaked its way towards the opponent's base.

It wasn't luck! Sang Nan's heart beat wildly.

The other battle generals also saw the strangeness. "Hm, that's weird. This boy can't be lucky with every decision. How can he be right every time?"

"Yes! So strange!"

"Does this guy have a dog's nose?"

"Even a dog can't do this!"

The sounds of discussions rose. He Mei's face was puzzled. She wasn't a battle general and she was confused listening to the discussion. She asked Sang Nan curiously, "What are they speaking about?"

Sang Nan patiently explained, "They are speaking about how Xiao Mo Ge knew the position of Yu Heng's main base without using scouts."

"Right!" He Mei realized. "No wonder I felt something was weird. I didn't see Xiao Mo Ge's scouts." She then asked confusedly, "How can Xiao Mo Ge know the position of Yu Heng's main camp without using scouts?"

Sang Nan said in a quiet voice, "Flame Boring yao are not suited to being scouts. Their speed isn't slow, but it isn't fast. Even more important is that they cannot conceal themselves. Xiao Mo Ge probably has a secret technique that can find the presence that the other's scouts have left behind."

The surrounding conversation stopped. Everyone listened keenly. Sang Nan was greatly talented, and had once received the title of "Best Young Battle General" three years in a row. The amount of trophies and titles he

had won was incomparable to most of his peers. Of the young generation of battle generals, he would definitely rank in the top five. Many of the elders in the military thought highly of him.

He had unexpectedly become Ming Yue Ye's follower and had given up the chance to become a commander of a corps, which had caused his reputation to fall greatly. These past few years, he had rarely appeared in public, but stayed low-key by Ming Yue Ye's side. But no one would doubt the title of the first battle general of the Genius Alliance.

"Look closely. The advancing path of Xiao Mo Ge is the route one of Yu Heng's scouts had just taken while retreating."

Everyone finally showed expressions of realization. No wonder he could make such accurate decisions; Xiao Mo Ge had such a powerful secret technique.

At this time, this red snowflake flood encountered some of Yu Heng's scouts. Yu Heng had found Xiao Mo Ge's position long ago. In order to obtain more information, he had sent more scouts in this direction.

When these scouts saw the troops, they couldn't help but be shocked and then instantly started to retreat. Some scouts attempted to plant messenger trees and pass the news back to the camp. But Gongsun Cha would not give them the chance. With a wave of his hand, his troops instantly overwhelmed their scouts.

These scouts did not have the time to send back their reports before they died.

Seeing this, the other scouts ran even quicker.

Gongsun Cha did not hesitate. He directed his troops to closely follow behind these scouts. He maintained an appropriate distance and did not give them the chance to plant messenger trees.

In the yao world, information was sent mostly using messenger trees. Scouts would carry the seeds of messenger trees on them. They only needed to plant the seeds, and the messenger tree would sprout and grow in a very brief period of time to fruit and produce seed. The fruit of the

messenger tree would shatter into a multi-colored mist that would turn the information into pictures and sound to transport it back.

It was possible to exchange information using the seeds of one messenger tree. It was very convenient but there was a flaw, it required time. It took about fifteen minutes for the seed to grow and bear fruit. Normally, fifteen minutes wasn't anything, but in times of urgency and danger, this fifteen minutes became a fatal flaw.

The scouts right now lacked the required fifteen minutes.

Gongsun Cha's troop suddenly divided up. The troops that had been like a flood suddenly divided into six large snowflakes. Each large snowflake was made from about eight hundred Flame Boring yao. They were like six high-speed blades. The troops on the right and left wings began flanking the enemy forming an arc that tightly followed the scouts and forced them together.

One group running and one group chasing, after one hour of this chase, Gongsun Cha's troops reached the outskirts of Yu Heng's main base.

All the yao gaped at this scene.

What what strategy was this?

In war chess that was larger in scale, the struggle between the two sides would usually take forty to sixty hours, or even longer. The vast geography was enough space allowed for deeper strategies and to outflank each other. The two sides usually needed to experience multiple rounds of spying, probing, skirmishes, and to pressure and squeeze each other's territory before the final battle.

For this war chess match that was of a much grander scale, many battle generals had prepared to watch for three days and nights.

But Xiao Mo Ge that never acted within the expected norms and this time was not an exception. He didn't construct a base, didn't plant yao trees, upon starting, he took all his troops and charged straight at the other's main camp. What strategy was this?

"Such, such a hooligan!"

A battle general unconsciously murmured, but this caused all the battle generals that felt suffocated to suddenly breathe properly!

Right! Hooligan! This was a hooligan!

Only those hooligans that did not care about technique and fought on the street would be like this, taking all their people and charging straight at the front gates... ..

Sang Nan felt he had swallowed a fly, his entire body felt uncomfortable. Xiao Mo Ge's snowflake shaped formation moved like it was a bolt of lightning that tore the clouds apart, and this stunned him. The secret technique he used was also unfathomable. All the signs lead him to be filled with anticipation about the following battle.

But that kind of anticipation definitely was not for this unreasonable charge on the front gates!

Right, it was unreasonable! He seemed to be watching a skilled sword warrior who, after a string of dazzling sword moves, suddenly threw away his treasured sword, and take up the pig-butcher cleaver and howling as he savagely charged.

Where was the strategy? Tactics? Technique?

The strong juxtaposition was so uncomfortable Sang Nan almost spat blood.

At this time, Gongsun Cha did not pause and directly started his attack. In Sang Nan's eyes, the beauty of the snowflakes and everything else disappeared! He seemed to see a snarling butcher smile as he hacked, with the pig-butcher cleaver, at the other's head like he was killing a pig!

Chapter 412: Collide

Unlike Sang Nan and the others who wanted to spit blood, Zuo Mo's eyes lit up as he watched, his blood was boiling. He wanted to charge straight at the other's main base with them. How exhilarating it would be! It would be so pleasurable!

Those dazzling tactics were nice to look at, but this kind of straightforward charge suited Zuo Mo's temper.

Gongsun Cha did not think so much. These strange actions and choices in other people's eyes were actually made out of his helplessness. He didn't understand anything about strategic things like yao trees.

If it was any other person, they definitely would not accept this unfair match. But Gongsun Cha never thought about fairness. When had battle ever been fair?

The seemingly crazy Gongsun Cha was icy cold inside. He knew the longer the battle took, the more disadvantageous it was for him. So when he had finished organizing his troops, he charged towards the other's camp without a moment's pause.

Right now was the moment the difference between the two forces was the smallest. As time went on, the gap in strength between the two forces would grow.

He also knew that against the mysterious person, charging like this definitely wouldn't end well. But with no other choice, he could only harden himself and charge.

Gongsun Cha had almost frightened Yu Heng. He actually didn't manage to react.

What strategy was this?

His face was bewildered.

Having served many years in the military, Yu Heng was skilled in all

kinds of tactics, and had fought against many experts. Naturally, he had fought against those who were unconventional. But even those abnormally acting experts had just used unconventional gambits. It was possible to determine the intentions behind their maneuvers. War chess had developed over so many years, and the large amounts of tactics had all been studied.

Which opening moves to use in a match was an issue that had been studied the most. There were all kinds of strategies. Many of them were popular for a time, but as time went on and these strategies were fully studied, their weaknesses were exposed, each became less useful. Then they were gradually replaced by new strategies.

Yu Heng's opening method was a variation on the classic Three Division Opening Method. It put a third of his forces into development, one third into defense, and one third to act as needed.

The three division setup was equalized, had outstanding defense, and great developmental potential over time. It was a very popular and classic opening method. Yu Heng's three divisions had a few changes focused on the combinations of soldier types, combinations that had made people's eyes light up in awe. The troops he used to defend and those he reserved to act freely could freely interact and support each other. This unique adjustment caused the Yu Style's Three Division Opening Method to become even stronger. All the spectators changed expressions upon seeing this, and it was possible to see how skilled Yu Heng was.

But Yu Heng who was skilled in all kinds of strategies never thought the other would charge straight to his door like a brute.

Was he suicidal?

Pausing, Yu Heng instantly reacted.

The offensive power of the Three Division Opening Method was not extremely strong, but the defensive power was not weak. So Yu Heng felt disbelief but he did not panic. His main base had been finished, and the defensive capabilities had been increased. Even if the other's entire army came to attack, he had enough confidence that he could hold against the

other.

However, he still was cautious. Using just the power the other had, it was an impossible mission to attack a completed main camp. Yu Heng believed that Xiao Mo Ge also understood this. Even more, he kept on feeling that Xiao Mo Ge's purely Flame Boring yao army was a scheme.

Xiao Mo Ge definitely had something else planned, and that would be the true killing move!

He believed his judgment. He did not believe that Xiao Mo Ge had only picked Flame Boring yao. Yu Heng was careful as he directed the troops to advance as he prepared to counter against any move that would appear.

On the other side, Gongsun Cha's mind was unprecedentedly focused.

Other people only saw him pursuing Yu Heng's scouts. They did not know that inside the seemingly smooth flow of troops, Gongsun Cha was continuously familiarizing himself with this new troop formation. Every bit of familiarity he gained could add a small chance of success.

Fortunately, he had pondered the snowflake formation for a long time and was not completely unfamiliar with it. As he raced all this way, it became easier to move everything according to his will. This pursuit was like warmup. When he reached Yu Heng's main base, just having finished his warmup, Gongsun Cha's presence and attention was at its peak!

The snowflake flood that just reached the outskirts of the main base suddenly accelerated!

They were like a bundle of saw blades that suddenly tore at the main base.

At the same time, Gongsun Cha's eyes suddenly lit up. His spread out consciousness shook. This vibration seemed to create ripples and rapidly transferred to every corner of the consciousness web.

Woosh!

The red snowflake's center suddenly lit up and gave off a blinding red

light. The red light spread at astounding speed. It seemed to be like flowing metal liquid that flowed along the pathways of the snowflake originating from its center, and quickly reached the tip of each snowflake branch.

When more than eight hundred Flame Boring yao cast fire yao arts at the same time, the heat produced twisted the air. This caused the shape of the snowflake to look somewhat warped.

What was even more stunning was that each Flame Boring yao was situated among the high-speed spinning snowflake!

Each was like a burning hot blade that was furiously humming!

Everyone was shocked at the presence given off by the Flame Boring yao. Everyone had used Flame Boring yao before, but they had never seen such an intimidating presence.

Yu Heng's expression changed dramatically as his troops were struck. The presence suddenly exuded by the enemy surpassed his imagination.

Why was it like this?

He had always assumed that the enemy's first wave of attack was definitely a feint. The true threat to him was the ambush that was to come later, so he had only sent a small portion of his army to face the enemy. The majority of his troops were waiting for the hidden enemy.

The suddenly fierce attack was like a storm that came without warning!

Six large snowflakes with burning and sharp howls furiously charged his base.

The moment the two sides collided, countless blinding lights shot up! Like six burning red saws, in the midst of ear-piercing shrieking, sparks shot out like a rain!

The sky seemed to be illuminated by the rising fire yao arts.

Not good!

Yu Heng's heart skipped a beat. His body wavered. In his wide pupils, a thread of disbelief flashed.

The other really was using only Flame Boring yao! The other truly was attacking with all of his forces!

All of his predictions, all of the judgments, they were all wrong!

Two successive basic assumptions had been incorrect. From any angle, these were likely fatal!

In order to reserve more to face the later attacks of the enemy, he had preserved the majority of his power. This meant that the number of combat yao on the front lines that were facing the Flame Boring yao was too few. The difference in power was too large. Famed for its attacking power, the Flame Boring yao pressed their advantage to their limit.

The six troops were like six snowflake shaped heated saws that penetrated his troops like butter, cutting through them without any effort!

Forced to the precipice, Yu Heng displayed his outstanding tactical training. Facing this situation with his troops on the verge of collapse, he rapidly calmed down. Even though he had not expected that the other would use all his power on the first wave of attack, but he also did not hesitate to engage with all of his forces.

His expression resumed normality as he quickly adjusted the troops.

The troops under his command seemed to explode. They turned to several hundred little troops that quickly spread out into every corner of the base.

Relying on the defensive capabilities of the base, these little teams were very nimble. Like packs of wolves, they continuously harassed the enemy troops.

The situation quickly stabilized. The snowflake formation that encountered resistance had slowed down its advance.

“Powerful!”

Sang Nan couldn't help but clap and praise. Xiao Mo Ge's intimidating attack had almost got him to stop breathing. Yu Heng's following reaction was based on the principle of using softness to subdue hardness. To be able to stabilize the situation in such a chaotic state, Yu Heng really lived up to his reputation!

This collision was short, but extremely fierce!

After the short exchange, Yu Heng only had two thousand and six hundred combat yao remaining. His losses could be called immense. Xiao Mo Ge had four thousand combat yao left. He seemed to have the advantage of numbers, but their speed had been halted by Yu Heng. Adding on that they were deep in enemy territory, they now had to face the defensive weapons of the enemy camp. Flame Boring yao were very weak defensively, and it was undoubtedly very dangerous to be caught in such a situation.

Looking at it that way, the two sides had once again reached a certain equilibrium

All the battle generals were staring unblinkingly. Such a fierce collision usually only happened in the final stages of a match. Many of them even forgot to breathe. None of them had expected that seemingly pretty but useless snowflake formation would be so sharp!

All of the battle generals were stunned!

No one doubted Xiao Mo Ge's battle general skills any longer. Such an extreme break through, if it appeared on the battlefield, was the nightmare of the enemy!

However, battle generals with some skill could see the danger that Xiao Mo Ge was now facing.

Yu Heng had relied on his experience as a commander to transform his main base into a quagmire. Even the sharpest saw was bogged down while facing this swamp.

What would Xiao Mo Ge do?

This question appeared in the observer's minds at the same time.

But no one knew that Gongsun Cha who appeared to be in a dangerous situation did not feel he was in danger. Once the two sides had engaged, Gongsun Cha perceptively realized that his opponent was not the mystery expert he usually faced.

The two's styles were too far apart!

Most importantly, Gongsun Cha could not feel the overbearing pressure that was usually present, did not feel like there was a rope constantly strangling his neck!

Being used to Pu Yao's suffocating pressure, Gongsun Cha felt he was a fish in the water when he faced Yu Heng and was able to breathe freely.

Everyone thought that Yu Heng had stabilized the situation, and Xiao Mo Ge had landed in danger.

What they did not understand was that for a battle general like Gongsun Cha that struggled constantly under Pu Yao's abuse, what would it mean when there wasn't enough pressure put on him?

It meant that Gongsun Cha's hands were unbound!

Having such freedom, how terrifying could Gongsun Cha be?

Before today, no one knew!

Lacking this pressure, Gongsun Cha felt it was very unfamiliar. This unfamiliar feeling deeply stimulated Gongsun Cha. His eyes became brighter. As his messy hair brushed across his face, a light bashful smile came to the corner of his mouth.

An imperceptible vibration passed to every Flame Boring yao along the invisible consciousness web.

The strangulation had started!

Chapter 413: Snowflake Strangulation Kill

Snowflake Strangulation Kill!

This was the name Gongsun Cha gave to this new battle tactic. Today was the first day he showed off its edges. Just as everyone was sighing over the powerful charge it had made, none of them knew that the reason Lil' Miss had created the Snowflake Strangulation Kill was to compensate for the fact that the three section wave killing charge lacked lasting power.

In other words, the charges and defensive line break throughs that everyone exclaimed over was not the best attribute of this battle tactic.

Its best quality was—Strangulation Kill!

The six large snowflakes suddenly crumbled and turned to many smaller snowflakes. They did not move in a defined formation anymore. These tiny snowflakes were like a flood that streamed into every pore and crack.

Their rate of advance was not quick, but gave people the feeling their advance was unavoidable.

The small snowflakes composed of six Flame Boring yao furiously spun. Fire yao arts were prepared on their hands. Once they encountered an enemy, they would attack. Their attacking method was very unique. As they spun quickly, the six Flame Boring yao would move and while rotating positions to release the fire yao art in their hands

It became a ruler straight stream of fire!

This was a stream of fire composed of fire yao arts. When the last Flame Boring yao finished releasing the fire yao art, the first Flame Boring yao had finished casting a new fire yao art, it was the a continuous cycle of fire yao arts.

The stream of fire was endless.

In front of this endless line of fire, the defensive yao arts of the defensive troops were fragile as paper. They were not even able to delay the advance along enough to buy time for their comrades before dying. The combat soldier types that lacked protection died even quicker.

Even more frightening was that each small snowflake would not fight by themselves. They would always have two to three little teams beside them. The middle team of the trio would fall back, and form a reverse triangle. They would half-surround the enemy and engulf them in their web of fire.

The fire web made from the fire streams of the three teams increased their killing power. If six or seven fire snowflake's fire streams shot out together, the fire web that formed robbed the enemy of all hope.

The advancement of the Flame Boring yao was not fast. They were moving slowly like molten lava. Everywhere they passed, everything turned to ash, and nothing was able to stop them!

The fire streams criss-crossed like an enormous web!

The enemies within the large web furiously casted yao arts, but they were like insects caught on the spider's web. Any struggling was useless.

Yu Heng's face was pale. The criss-crossing fire streams were like threads of death in his eyes! The number of troops under his command decreased at an astounding speed.

He could see that the Flame Boring yao were also continuously falling to his defence as well, but

Yu Heng's mouth was filled with bitterness. The rate that the other's numbers were lessening was far slower than his. Basically, three of his combat yao would be traded for one of the other's combat yao. He almost couldn't believe it, how was this the fragile Flame Boring yao?

The other's consciousness was truly too strong!

The speed that the Flame Boring yao at the very front perished was very fast, but when one in front perished, another Flame Boring yao from behind quickly took its place. The other's entire army was flowing smoothly like liquid! Other than that, every small snowflake still maintained its high speed spinning. At the beginning, there had been five thousand combat yao, in more than eight hundred small snowflakes!

Even with the losses they maintained the completeness of their troop formation, this meant that their abilities were only marginally reduced and lead to the staggeringly one sided ratio of damage each force was taking.

But how strong of a consciousness was needed to do this?

Yu Heng's face was ashen, his eyes began to dim.

He knew he had been defeated, handily defeated. As the number of combat yao under his commanded lessened, the effectiveness of the base's defensive weapons had decreased. The other's Flame Boring yao were even able to pluck them out one structure at a time.

He accepted his defeat.

Even though Xiao Mo Ge's move was completely different than what was in style now, but the person who could create such a battle tactic was undoubtedly a tactical genius!

He understood that his two incorrect judgments had caused him to land in a defensive position. But what truly caused him to lose was this new battle tactic, was the other's powerful and un-yao-like consciousness! Even if he was prepared to meet this burst of red snowflakes, he did not know how to defeat it.

Yu Heng liked playing politics, but he had received a traditional battle general's education. His pride as a battle general was etched deeply into his bones. At this moment, he did not think about the result of losing his reputation. His heart was filled with the frustration of defeat, and his heart was truly akin to being dead!

Because this was a defeat where there was no excuse.

"Yu Heng is finished." Sang Nan sighed lightly, and his tone was slightly sorrowful. Personally seeing the fall of a golden battle general, faint sorrow came into his mind. His intuition was far more sensitive than the average battle general. Without seeing Yu Heng's face, he was still able to capture Yu Heng's loss of spirit and dead presence from some near

imperceptible details on the battlefield.

Each golden battle general had experienced countless tests, fights, and struggles. Maybe they had different backgrounds, and skill levels but each of them were truly the best.

Once the heart of a battle general was dead, that meant they had fallen.

Feeling that Yu Heng was probably dead at heart, sighs sounded out in many places, not just from Sang Nan. Many of them had anticipated this battle, but no one had expected this battle would directly cause the fall of a golden battle general.

For the great majority of people, this spectacular and dramatic battle satisfied their desires. The cause of this battle had long been forgotten. What people discussed the most was, of course, Xiao Mo Ge. In their view, Xiao Mo Ge had to be a gold battle general to have defeated Yu Heng.

The prison-breaking battle and killing twenty six yao had given him the title of genius. Now they found this guy was actually a gold battle general! Xiao Mo Ge who stepped on the corpse of another battle general, this “gold battle general” was very substantial.

It was no wonder that many yao exclaimed, was this guy still yao?

Such a freak of a yao, how many years would it take for one to appear?

Freak! Too freaky!

If everyone’s discussion was limited to low-level yao, then he was a hot topic, his name truly spread to every corner of the yao world. In wartime, everyone knew very well what a gold battle general meant. Even more, he was also so young! Adding on that his own strength was very outstanding, he had great potential, and even the possibility of achieving the position of a Sky yao.

Such a youth, could you demand him to be even more freakishly talented?

Even the Genius Alliance that was said to have countless geniuses only

had a handful of comparable geniuses.

But the discussion of this battle had just begun. The amateurs watched the spectacle, the insiders discussed the technique. In the eyes of the battle generals, this battle had risen to the level of a classic. Xiao Mo Ge's use of the Flame Boring yao broke the norm. Before this, no one had ever thought that Flame Boring yao could be used like this.

The meaning of this battle was not just on the Flame Boring yao. To these combat yao, Xiao Mo Ge's creativity had opened a new window for them. The power of an unrelenting attack had attracted the attention of all battle generals. How to maintain the firepower of a troop became the hot topic of study for battle generals.

When the battle generals came back to study, they found that the requirements of the consciousness in order to complete Xiao Mo Ge's snowflake tactic were very high. They suddenly realized just how terrifying Xiao Mo Ge's consciousness was!

As the battle generals were studying, and the normal people were discussing interestedly, a piece of news struck like lightning. Yu Heng, whose heart had collapsed, had handed in his resignation and quit as the Commander of the Heavy Earth Corps.

Many of Yu Heng's good friends came to visit in hopes of comforting him. But when they saw Yu Heng, all of them paled! Yu Heng had shut himself into a small room, his expression dazed and he did not react to anyone that spoke to him.

Yu Heng was finished! The Jade Family was finished!

This news added a thick sense of tragedy to this battle!

But soon no one paid attention to Yu Heng's news. Everyone's eyes would forever be on the victor.

But Xiao Mo Ge seemed to have disappeared.

This battle made Zuo Mo marvel, but more importantly, it allowed him

to feel satisfaction. But only just that. It was just a war chess match. What was there to be excited about?

Lil' Miss was completely unaffected. Because he knew the opponent was not the usual mysterious person. Even though he had won, he didn't feel any joy. It would probably take defeating Pu Yao to made him feel true joy.

This battle had also caused him to think more on his newly created snowflake tactic. Once the battle ended, he burrowed into the camp, all his thoughts on the new tactic.

As to Pu Yao and Wei, this small victory held no value in their eyes.

The victory that caused great waves in the yao world didn't create a single ripple on Zuo Mo's side.

This matter was perfectly resolved, and Zuo Mo could finally put his complete attention on how to leave this ghastly place. Form the information he got from Ming Jue Zi, they needed to find the center of the battlefield. If they found the center, they could be able to find the damaged jie river. That way, they could be able to leave the ancient battlefield.

So Zuo Mo instantly sent out the mobilization order. The entire group departed for the deepest part of the fiendish mist.

Everyone's morale rose. They had set up camp at this place for a long time. They had put the majority of their attention on their cultivation, but they couldn't help but feel desperate inside. They were like hungry beasts that had been trapped for a long time and all of them howled!

So when the order came down, everyone became excited.

They had become increasingly familiar with the surrounding environment after hunting fiend soul beasts in the recent while. The feeling of terror that they had when they first entered this ancient battlefield had disappeared long ago. These people that were daring to start with were eager and wanted to charge at the very front.

But Zuo Mo and the others that knew all of the information were not so optimistic.

In an ancient battlefield that was tens of thousands years old, were the vicious beasts it created only at this skill level?

Chapter 414: Fiend Corpse

Reality proved at the worries Zuo Mo and the others had were well founded. The first two days of the journey went smoothly, but they encountered trouble on the third day.

The vicious being they encountered had a human-shaped figure. It looked like a zombie. It had a human-shaped primate facing them had a vicious pair of eyes that glimmered with red light. Its entire body, including its face, was covered in fur. What was strangest was that the color of its fur was not uniform. Instead the multicolored fur created a complex and exquisite pattern that was like an unknown formation.

There was a skull hanging from its waist. It seemed to be made of jade or porcelain. There seemed to be a ball of black mist that floated in the empty eye sockets.

“Careful, this is a fiend corpse!”

From the tone of Pu Yao’s warning, Zuo Mo instantly understood this thing called a fiend corpse was posed an extraordinary danger.

He had just watched as at least three flying swords chopped at the fiend corpse’s body. Other than causing a few sparks, the attacks didn’t leave behind any mark and the rebound had almost caused the attackers harm instead. Everyone, including Zuo Mo, leapt forward. Wei Sheng, Xie Shan, and the others hurried forward to help.

The fiend corpse instantly retreated as his initial attack had not succeeded. Its right hand was pressed against the skull on its waist. Its eyes flashed with red light and its gaze was tightly locked onto Wei Sheng. It seemed to understand that Wei Sheng was the greatest threat to it. When its gaze landed on the broken sword in Wei Sheng hands, the red light grew, and the fiendish mist roiled.

The fiend corpse’s presence shocked Zuo Mo. He hurriedly asked Pu Yao. “What is a fiend corpse?”

“Corpses left in areas of dense fiendish energy do not easily rot. The

fiendish energy enters the corpse and forms a fiend corpse. You have to be careful, this fiendish corpse isn't simple." Pu Yao's tone was grave. "Along the way here, there were no traces of corpses. Over time even the bones had turned to dust. The formation of black fiendish energy takes time, at least hundreds of years. Meaning corpse was able to stay preserved for hundreds of years. Either it has the help of a treasure, or the corpse itself is strange."

Treasure?

Zuo Mo's gaze floated instantly to the skull on the fiend corpse's waist. Was this skull a treasure? When he looked at the fur on the fiend corpse's body that was like a formation, he felt Pu Yao's other speculation was also possible.

Facing the fiend corpse, Wei Sheng's expression was serious. The pressure he sensed from the fiend corpse was beyond anything he had previously experienced. Ever since he had stepped into the stage of jindan, his power had multiplied. This increase wasn't just in cultivation, it included growth in sword essence and his mentality. He had to spend large amounts of time to stabilize his cultivation. This increase in power had caused the fiend soul beasts to become less pressuring to him.

But the fiend corpse in front of him

Wei Sheng could not feel even a thread of its presence. If he wasn't staring at it with his eyes, it would seem there was nothing where the fiend corpse was standing. This shocked him. The only thing that he knew that could do this were fifth-grade ling beasts. Fifth-grade ling beasts could form void covers and hide their presences.

This fiend corpse wasn't a ling beast, not even a yao beast, but definitely was above fifth-grade!

Vicious beings above fifth-grade could only be faced by xiuzhe in jindan or above. Zuo Mo had killed a Bloody Horned Great Serpent before but that one had been forced to form. It only just touched the boundary of fifth-grade.

The fiend corpse in front of them was definitely not a normal fifth-grade

vicious being. It could possibly be sixth-grade. In the world, other than xiuzhe, yao, and mo there were all kinds of beings. For these living beings, grades were used to categorize their power.

The space shield of fifth-grade, the space boundary of sixth-grade, the space source of seventh-grade, and the scape spirit of eighth-grade. The ninth and tenth-grades were existences that almost were undefeatable and immortal.

Each grade had upper, intermediate, and lower divisions. With fifth-grade as an example, the lower level could just form the space shield, the space shield that formed was also very unstable. Intermediate fifth-grade had a basic and complete space shield, and started to form new transformations. When it came to upper fifth-grade, the space shield was almost perfect, and many transformation could be comprehended.

“Intermediate fifth-grade” Yi Zheng exclaimed. His face instantly became pale white. Being from a great sect, Yi Zheng’s knowledge was much broader than a country bumpkin like Zuo Mo. He instantly recognize the power of the fiend corpse.

When he spoke, he frightened everyone. It had to be said that in all the major xiuzhe jie, the danger any ling beasts or vicious being posed was clear. Fourth-grade vicious beings were very rare, much less intermediate fifth-grade vicious beings. Even Yi Zheng, who was from Great Buddha Temple, was frightened. Large sects like Great Buddha Temple naturally did not lack ling beasts. Not just fifth-grade, the temple even raised a few sixth-grade ling beasts. But the fifth and sixth-grade ling beasts raised in the temple were harmless babies when compared to this fiend corpse that had formed over tens of thousands of years.

With one look at the fiend corpse, a bone-aching coldness jumped into Yi Zheng’s heart.

Wei Sheng’s expression did not change. He did not blink, and the broken sword in his hand did not waver even a sliver.

The fiend corpse stared at Wei Sheng, baring his teeth and displaying a vicious expression. Its right hand was still pressed against the skull on its

waist.

The xiuzhe around Wei rapidly retreated backwards. Xie Shan, Zong Ru, Su Long, and the others came forward, and loosely surrounded the fiend corpse.

The mood became increasingly more tense.

Zuo Mo's heart suddenly jumped, and his eyes lit up. He urgently shouted, "Xie Shan, Zong Ru, Shu Long, guard the other directions. Be wary of other vicious beings!"

The trio's hearts shook. They rapidly retreated but were still late.

"Careful! Enemy attack!"

Chaotic shouts came from the rear and flanks. At this moment everyone's expression changed, including Zuo Mo! Diverting attention to the front to attack the back! This fiend corpse understood misdirection!

At this moment, the eyes of the fiend corpse facing off with Wei Sheng flashed with red light, and its figure suddenly disappeared.

Clang!

A crisp sound of a metallic collision rang out so the whole camp could hear!

Wei Sheng had raised the broken sword and as he firmly parried the other's claw! At some unknown time, the fiend souls' ten fingers had grown into sharp white bone claws!

Clang clang clang!

The collisions were as rapid as raindrops. Some xiuzhe who had not been prepared felt their ears ring. The fiend corpse and Wei Sheng turned to two balls of shadow that chased about in the air. Everyone was unable to track their shadows.

The fiend corpse's bone claws and Wei Sheng's broken sword crossed and matched!

At this time, Zuo Mo's expression changed slightly. Damn it!

There wasn't just one vicious being that was attacking them from behind! Looking at Wei Sheng who was in fierce combat against the fiend corpse, Zuo Mo gritted his teeth, turned and charged towards the back.

He believed that with Eldest Shixiong's power, even if he could not defeat the fiend corpse, he could slow down the other! If the vicious being that was ambushing from the back was fifth-grade as well, then it was a calamity for the others. Other than the few that had their core formations, everyone else was ningmai. Ningmai xiuzhe in front of fifth-grade yao beasts were as weak as lettuce.

This wasn't something that numbers could change. The difference in power was too great!

If one fifth-grade yao beast charged in, blood would flow in rivers. Thinking about it, Zuo Mo's eyes instantly became red. In name, everyone in this group were his subordinates, but in his heart, they were fellows he could give his life too.

One, two ... five ... six!

Damn it! There were six!

The damned group!

Halfway in the air, Zuo Mo suddenly bellowed. The furious howl was like thunder that suddenly spread!

The golden yellow and fiery red flame seal armor quickly wrapped around Zuo Mo at a rate visible to the naked eye. The half-transparent and gossamer thin golden wings formed silently behind him like they were drawn by an invisible pen.

Hiss!

Zuo Mo's figure disappeared from the air.

An enormous shadow covered A Wen. Within the fiendish mist, there seemed to be a small mountain moving towards him. The ground was rumbling, and pebbles were furiously bouncing.

A Wen tightly gripped his black spear. His young face was expressionless like the most practiced hunter. Having survived the dueling stadium, A Wen might be young, but he had gone through hundreds of fights, and was one that truly climbed out of piles of corpses.

But this unknown monster had pressured him to the point he almost couldn't breathe!

Even though the other had not attacked yet, A Wen was clear this feeling would occur when the enemy's strength was far greater than his. However, he did not retreat because this big guy had wounded several of his brothers.

Shu Long was not present, and he was the strongest one present out of Guard Camp. If he ran now, the other people would directly face this big guy. Then only death awaited them.

What should he do?

His mind moved quickly. Use his speed to slow down this big guy?

At this time, the enormous shadow within the fiendish mist revealed its true face. A Wen's pupils suddenly shrank!

An ugly sand puppet with the body of a small mountain that was at least twenty zhang. In front of it, A Wen was like an ant. It seemed to move very slowly, but it was able to move over a large distance with each step. Many small flows of sand surrounded it like mist.

So ugly!

A Wei twisted his mouth. He knew his plan of using speed to slow down the other was no longer viable.

However

A cold light suddenly flashed through A Wen's eyes. He suddenly raised the black spear in his hand.

"Hardship Guard!"

A Wen's angry shout jolted the confused and disorganized Guard Camp and quickly calmed them down. They were well trained. After the initial

confusion, they quickly organized themselves. When they saw the youngest among them, A Wen, standing at the front, these men felt their blood rise up, their necks turned red, and tendons bulging.

Without any orders, just like normal, they quickly formed the Crow Fiend Mo Killing Formation!

The spear that A Wen had raised was now tilted downwards towards his side. With both his hands grasping the spear, he pointed the tip of the spear straight at the enormous sand puppet that was approaching .

All of the hardship guards understood A Wen's meaning instantly!

These men that had felt shame at their panic furiously channeled into the formation.

Immediately, the fiendish mist was like water that furiously flooded the formation. The fiendish mist that was absorbed into the Crow Fiend Mo Killing Formation only left behind small threads of black mist.

The slender black mist swam and gathered in one direction

—towards the very front of the formation, the individual standing with his spear, A Wen.

*

Translator Ramblings: Fang Xiang's foreshadowing at the end of last chapter was very clumsy.

About Gongsun Cha winning over Yu Heng ... there are two major factors in my mind: 1) he is a talented person and he had a very good teacher. If you look at chess, there are some who become grandmasters at a very young age and some who might play for years but never reach the highest level. 2) This was a "virtual" match. Essentially, both Yu Heng and Gongsun Cha started out with approximately the same amount of strength. That doesn't happen in real battles where the strength of the battalion, the battlefield and other factors come into play. This is like the different between building a nation in Civilization and actually founding a nation in real life. So Gongsun Cha won in a "fair" game which his own skill was all that mattered. But if Heavy Earth Corps met Vermillion Bird

Camp in real life, that would be a whole other matter.

Chapter 415: Crowd of Monsters

This was the first time A Wen was leading the formation. This position had previously been Shu Long's.

The inky black mist was moving towards him like slender snakes. They gathered from all corners of the formation onto A Wen's body. In an instant, A Wen was covered in the snake-like mist. His body was shrouded in mist, and his figure became indistinct.

It was the first time that A Wen had felt as though his body was going to explode. The power was restlessly stirring inside his body, and was trying to escape! The surge of pure killing essence was like waves that battered at his mind.

Along with the cold and dark killing essence came a darkness, the world within his view had become dark. A strong feeling of murderousness rose. He had the impulse to destroy everything!

But that lasted for just an instant and A Wen recovered clarity.

In that one instant, the world became a blur in his eyes. A Wen couldn't help but feel afraid. The situation just now had been extremely dangerous. In their daily cultivation, Shu Long had repeatedly warned them not to lose themselves in killing essence. Once they were lost in killing essence, they would become monsters that only knew to kill.

Having climbed out of the dueling stadium, A Wen's talents were not just outstanding, he was also mentally stronger than the great majority of people. He had never encountered such a dangerous loss of control in his daily cultivation. This was one reason that his progression was far faster than his fellows.

But the killing essence that had flooded in had been too great and almost drowned him.

Feeling afraid from this experience, A Wen became even more careful. However, he had never lead the formation before today so he could only think back to how Shu Long usually acted.

He quickly found that mimicking Shu Long was not as simple as he had imagined. It required special methods to control such a vast amount of killing essence.

Damn it!

“When will the three of them regain consciousness?” a member of the Sky Peak Platoon sighed. “These three are battlemaniacs; they will definitely regret missing out on such a spectacular battle.”

“They’re seriously wounded, it’s good that they are even alive! If it wasn’t for Teacher Wei and the others arriving in time, they might not even be alive,” a member beside him followed up.

“It’s useless even if they are awake,” another member inserted. “Why are we just watching right now? We still can’t join in? Damn it! Seems we need to try hard to get to jindan. Us Sky Peak Platoon can only stand aside and stare as the others battle. This is embarrassing!”

The other members felt great empathy with his words. In the past, the Sky Peak Platoon had been the elite of Vermillion Bird Camp. Comprised of sword xiu that comprehended sword essence, peerless in offensive power. But as more members comprehended sword essence, their advantage was not as evident as it was in the past. In reality, their improvement was not minor. This could be seen from their cultivation. All of them had reached the third stratum of ningmai.

They looked to be one step away from jindan, but it was not so easy to cross that step.

While third stratum xiuzhe were stronger than second stratum, the difference was not so definite. This placed them in an extremely awkward position.

“Isn’t it so! When we were glorious, those brats were still drinking milk!”

“Don’t mention the past, nothing to see there! If I say so, the way things are going, Sky Peak Platoon is going to be dissolved sooner or later!”

“My ass! You crow mouth!”

“It’s the truth. Look at the Shield Guard Platoon. Zong Ru is jindan. Our platoon doesn’t have even one jindan.”

“No way. We need to think of something!”

“Think of what? Jindan isn’t lettuce, buying some when we want them! It’s not that everyone isn’t working hard, no one is slacking off, but our improvement is too slow!”

Now everyone was speechless.

That was right. If jindan was that easy to reach, it wouldn’t be so valuable. These members hadn’t forgotten, they were all wringing their minds thinking of ways to reach jindan a little faster. But in the past who among them had even dared to think they could become jindan?

“Alright, stay alert! Guard your position! Anything can wait until we are safe!”

Due to having three wounded members in Sky Peak Platoon, so Gongsun Cha had positioned them as the last line of defense to protect the Golden Crow Camp that had little to no combat ability.

This made them feel very terrible.

Gongsun Cha’s expression was very ugly, and filled with self-blame. He had been immersed in thoughts about that war chess match these days which caused his response today to be slightly slow.

If Zuo Mo had not reacted quickly, they would have fallen for the diversionary tactic of these monsters.

If the yao beasts had successfully ambushed them, then

Without needing to think, Gongsun Cha knew that the result definitely would have been terrible. He would be unpardonable! This serious mistake deeply stimulated the usually proud and victory-desiring Lil’ miss. At the same time, fury erupted from his heart!

Hunting, what the yao beasts were using was a classic method used for hunting!

They were being hunted by a group of yao beasts!

Lil' Miss' handsome face was furious.

There were six monsters in total.

Other than the fiend corpse facing off against Wei Sheng and the sand puppet that was heading for A Wen, the other people had also landed in hard battles. Fighting against Shu Long was an iron rhino, Xie Shan was facing a monster that had six bone spikes that jutted out of its back. Zong Ru was facing a black ball of mist.

And Zuo Mo's target was a person!

Using person to describe it was not accurate, because there was no vitality in half of his body. This person's clothing was torn, and his body seemed to be divided in two. The right half had a five colored pattern that looked as though poisonous insects were climbing all over him, and was startling to see!

There was no light in the grey white eyes that stared indifferently as Zuo Mo neared.

Zuo Mo's speed was very quick. Under the full force of the Light Void Wings, he was like lightning!

The strange person reached out with a finger.

Zuo Mo felt his vision light up and fill with rainbow coloured light. A strong feeling of danger made every inch of his body uncontrollably shake!

Pia!

The beast service card on Zuo Mo's waist flashed with light. A black butterfly appeared, out of thin air, in front of Zuo Mo.

Black Butterfly!

Ever since it had entered the fourth-grade, Zuo Mo felt the name of the

Rainbow Mark Butterfly was not suited for it, and changed its name to Black Butterfly. The Black Butterfly had always stayed in the beast service card. This was the first time it had proactively came out of the beast service card.

The Black Butterfly lightly flapped its wings.

Hiss!

The rainbow energy was drawn in by an enormous suctioning force, gathering together and headed towards the Black Butterfly.

The rainbow energy continuously entered the Black Butterfly. Zuo Mo was astounded. The tiny body of the Black Butterfly seemed to be a bottomless hole. All of the rainbow energy was sucked in. What made him feel this was even more fantastical was the clear joy the Black Butterfly was communicating to him.

Was this light a poison?

When Zuo Mo's thought formed, the Black Butterfly in front of him danced as though it was agreeing with his speculation.

"Why are there so many fiend corpses?" In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao frowned.

Wei said lightly, "This is the Battle of Sealed Extinction."

Pu Yao instantly stopped speaking. Right! This was the Sealed Extinction battlefield. It was not strange for such a rare occurrence to appear here.

Zuo Mo did not think too much. Letting your mind be distracted by stray thoughts in battle was the same as seeking death. Judging that the strange person was using poison, Zuo Mo's heart calmed down. The Black Butterfly was a fourth-grade poison butterfly. For it, poisons were like nutrients.

Facing the strange person, no, maybe it was more appropriate to call it a strange corpse. It had the strongest power of this crowd of monsters, and

should be upper fifth-level. If the Black Butterfly was not here, Zuo Mo would be in trouble today. The poison released by the fourth-grade Black Butterfly could already corrode ling power. The poison that this strange corpse released should be even more powerful!

Zzt-zzt-zzt!

The beautiful five colored energy spread from the feet of the strange corpse. The hard ground was quickly rotted, and a noxious smell spread.

Zuo Mo accidentally breathed in a thread. He instantly felt dizzy and was shocked inside.

The Black Butterfly seemed to smell something delicious and furiously flapped its wings!

The five colored energy spreading on the ground floated up from the ground and continuously absorbed into the Black Butterfly.

There wasn't any emotion in the strange corpse's grey eyes. It silently stared at the Black Butterfly as though it did not see that the Black Butterfly was continuously absorbing the poison it released.

A thread of grey silently mixed into the rainbow energy. Along with the rainbow energy, it entered the body of the Black Butterfly.

The Black Butterfly suddenly froze!

A dot of grey suddenly appeared on its wings.

A rotten presence of death spread out from the Black Butterfly.

The flood waves killing essence continuously battered A Wen's mind. Even more terrifying was that this power was still increasing.

A Wen had a strong sense of danger. If this kept going, before the sand puppet had arrived, he would have lost control and exploded.

Able to survive hundreds of battles, A Wen definitely was not a person without intelligence. It was the opposite. He had astounding battle intuition. Since he could not use Shu Long's method, then he would use

his own!

He carefully controlled the rushing killing essence, but the effect was minuscule. This burst of killing essence was truly too large. It was like a rushing river, and in front of it, he was tiny.

This made him realize just how small his own strength was.

If he wanted to get this strong killing essence to move as he wanted, then he could only use the power it already had. This idea illuminated him.

Gritting his teeth, he opened his mind.

Boom!

Endless killing essence howled and wailed as it swallowed him. His mind became blank for a short instant, but the last remaining thread of clarity allowed him to do one thing—raise the black spear in his hands!

The vast killing essence seemed to find a vent, and furiously rushed towards the black spear in his hand.

In other people's eyes, they only saw the black snakes wrapped around A Wen's body furiously head towards the black spear as though there was something there attracting them.

The black mist on A Wen's body quickly lessened and revealed his armor. The black mist all gathered quickly on A Wen's black spear without leaving a drop behind.

Pew!

The black mist shrouding the black spear seemed to be ignited. In a blink, the black mist on the entire spear started to burn.

A Wen's face twisted. He felt as though he was not holding the black spear, but a ball of fire!

Almost unconsciously, he used all the power in his body and threw the burning black spear at the sand puppet!

Chapter 416: Strange Corpse

When the grey mark on the Black Butterfly exuded a strong rotten smell, Zuo Mo knew the situation was not well!

Without hesitating, the Midday Blade in his hand sliced towards the strange corpse!

The golden flame that shrouded the blade burst out along with this blow. It turned to a blinding crescent that leapt towards the strange corpse!

Midday Blade Strike!

Zuo Mo knew that the opponent was immeasurably powerful, so he did not hold any power back with this blow.

The golden flame blade energy was peerlessly domineering. The air howled around the explosive presence!

A different look flashed through the strange corpse's eyes. The raised finger was not lowered, but pointed lightly at the Midday Blade Strike.

Boom!

The domineering and powerful Midday Blade Strike exploded, as it was released, right in front of Zuo Mo!

Zuo Mo's vision became white. He was unable to see anything. He was extremely shocked. The other was so terrifyingly powerful! At this time, a feeling of danger rose. Without thinking, the Light Void Wings on his back moved, and his body suddenly disappeared from his spot.

On the spot he had just been standing at, a grey light flashed by!

Zuo Mo's heart suddenly contracted!

When the light disappeared, everything in his vision became clear again. The strange corpse was still standing at his original spot, as though he had never moved. Even the raised finger had returned to its original place. It was like a statue, one that had no life.

There was nothing between him and Zuo Mo. The Black Butterfly had

disappeared.

The strange corpse looked unaffectedly at Zuo Mo. There was no emotion in its empty and grey eyes. It still did not show any signs of life. Even in such a fierce battle, it did not show any vitality!

Coldness sprouted from Zuo Mo's heart!

What monster was this guy?

"Pu, do you recognize it?" Zuo Mo stared at the other as he remained motionless and asked Pu Yao.

"No." Pu Yao shook his head. He gave a rare warning. "Be careful. I cannot see its power!"

Zuo Mo's heart suddenly sank. A level of power that even Pu Yao could not measure, then

Wei suddenly spoke, "Try to talk to him, he may have cognition."

Have cognition? Zuo Mo's mind shifted and he said, "Sir, who are you?"

The statue like strange corpse's neck cracked as it moved. The grey pupils stared at Zuo Mo, and its throat sent out dry sounds, "Hiss hiss"

The strange hisses caused Zuo Mo's hairs to stand up.

"Hiss hiss person"

The strange corpse's voice was very indistinct as though it had been a long time since it had spoken.

But Zuo Mo heard that "person." As Wei had suspected, it had cognition! For them, this was both good and bad. If the strange corpse was intelligent, then that meant there was the possibility of communicating with them. That was good. But the this also meant that if the communication failed, then they were faced with an even more dangerous enemy. Intelligent enemies were undoubtedly harder to fight.

"Do you understand my words?" Zuo Mo probed.

"Hiss hiss crawk crawk" Blurry sounds like those from a wild

beast's throat came. The strange corpse's expression finally changed slightly. He seemed to be trying to remember something. But the change in expression on his already ugly face made it even more terrible.

Zuo Mo jumped in fright. If they enraged the strange corpse, then it really wasn't a joke. Power that even Pu Yao could not measure, they definitely were not a match!

"Hiss hiss, human you are human"

The strange corpse's eyes held strong emotion but his voice was still cracking.

But Zuo Mo understood. He hurriedly nodded as his hands moved, "Right right right. I'm human, I'm human."

The subordinates behind Zuo Mo were stunned by the scene in front of them. Their mouths were gaping as their faces were still. Some of the braver ones couldn't help but laugh lightly. This kind of communication was really weird, especially Daren's reply, it was too funny to hear.

Listening to the light laughter behind him, Zuo Mo instantly knew what those people were thinking. But in order not to provoke the strange corpse, he filled his face with a friendly and harmless smile.

He thought inside, just wait for me to sort you fools out later!

The strange corpse's twisted expression calmed, and his words became smoother. "You how did you get in?"

Zuo Mo's hairs rose at being the focus of the strange corpse's grey eyes. He said, "Our transportation formation was altered by someone so we were transported here."

"Transportation formation?" The strange corpse perceptively caught the crux of the information.

"Yes, transportation formation." Zuo Mo nodded.

"What is this transportation formation?" The strange corpse asked.

"Uh, this is complicated to explain" Zuo Mo motioned.

“No matter. What is least lacking here is time.” The strange corpse smiled at him but Zuo Mo’s bones shivered at that smile. When he finished speaking, the strange corpse suddenly flicked out a bolt of light. After a while, the five other monsters appeared next to him. Of the five, only the sand puppet looked slightly disheveled, it had a black spear thrust into its body. But compared to its enormous shape, the black spear was like a toothpick. The sand where the black spear was abruptly caved inward, and then swallowed the black spear.

Zuo Mo inhaled sharply.

At the same time, several figures appeared like lightning beside Zuo Mo. Each person did not have a good expression. The other’s powers were too fantastical. The strange corpse looked at the black sword in Wei Sheng’s hands and nodded his head, “Didn’t think that this sword would end up in your possession.”

Wei Sheng’s eyebrow raised.

Zuo Mo reacted the quickest and hurriedly asked, “Elder, what is the origin of this sword?”

“Haa, haa, he will know when the time comes.” The strange corpse’s speech became increasingly smooth and his expressions more varied. But this caused him to look even weirder. The strange corpse turned his face to ask Zuo Mo, “Speak about the transformation formation.”

“The transformation formation is a formation method to move from one place to another”

“Formation method?”

Didn’t even know what a formation method was? Were these guys really survivors of the Battle of Sealed Extinction? His heart couldn’t help but beat wildly.

The strange corpse seemed to know what Zuo Mo was thinking inside. The grey pupils were amused.

Zuo Mo focused and carved out a transportation formation on the ground. “This is a transportation formation. We use it to travel.”

The strange corpse swept a look and understood. "This method is clever, but there are many limitations."

"Yes. We don't know the general location of this place. One minor difference in the transportation formation, and it creates thousands of li of error." Thinking about it, Zuo Mo could only shake his head.

But the strange corpse looked at Zuo Mo. "I know you have another way of leaving."

Not waiting for Zuo Mo to argue, he said faintly, "I have followed you for many days. You want to reach the center of the battlefield."

The expressions of those beside Zuo Mo were ugly. Someone had followed behind them for so many days yet none of them had detected it. Zuo Mo wasn't too shocked. The other's strength was much greater than theirs. He had a guess. This strange corpse might possibly be an old monster that survived the Battle of Sealed Extinction.

In comparison, the strongest of his group was just jindan. The other could destroy them with a flick of the finger.

"With your strength, you cannot go into the center of the battlefield," the strange corpse said faintly. "Those that died here are the strongest of the world. Their lingering presences are not something you can resist against even after so many years."

Having it baldly stated that their power wasn't enough left everyone with black faces. But the other's immeasurable power made them not dare to rebuke the statement.

Zuo Mo reacted the quickest, or rather, of everyone, he had the best understanding of the strange corpse and his group's power. Since he understood their present situation the best, his mentality was the most appropriate.

"Please, Elder, teach us!" Zuo Mo said with a bow.

The strange corpse showed a satisfied expression, even though the half multicolored face caused him to look horrifying. He did not drag it out. "I can take you in, but I will leave with you."

Zuo Mo released a breath and said, "It is our honor!"

No one had an opinion for the addition of the strange corpse's group.

Reality quickly proved that this decision was correct. The addition of the strange corpse caused all the other monsters along the road to disappear. Their speed increased greatly. The strange corpse was not silent, but talkative. He was very interested in talking with Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo might not have proven his speculations on the identity of the strange corpse, but he received a great deal of information. For example, out of the group of six only the strange corpse had intelligence. The other five were vicious beings that were born in this patch of fiendish ground.

Whenever he conversed with the strange corpse, Pu Yao and Wei would remain silent. They were very wary of the strange corpse.

Just how perceptive of expression was Zuo Mo? Seeing the strange corpse held no ill will towards them, he took out the totem fragments they had obtained and asked for guidance from the strange corpse.

"Ha, you guys want even this?" The strange corpse laughed, his tone disinterested. "These are too fragmented, there is nothing very useful."

"Elder recognizes this?" Zuo Mo hurriedly asked.

"Very normal stuff. Every tribe will have them, used for sacrificial offerings."

"How to use them?"

"The totem itself has shen power."

"Shen power?"

"Belief creates shen power, shen power nurtures the totem, so the totem can form."

Zuo Mo did not understand. As expected, the stuff of ancient times and the present were two different things! He could only change his question. "Elder, how can this thread of intelligence in the fragment be forged?"

"What is the use of this bit of intelligence?" The strange corpse did not think much of the fragment.

Zuo Mo didn't know what to say. If this fragment was on the outside world, there would be countless people that would want this.

"Filled men do not know the hunger of hungry men!" Zuo Mo muttered. Now that they were familiar, Zuo Mo had generally gotten a grasp on the strange corpse's temper. He knew the other would not get angry over this.

The strange corpse glanced at him. "Don't worry. There are many things better than this along the way. I will help you get some."

Zuo Mo was overjoyed. "Many thanks, Elder!"

"Don't thank me. Without you, I cannot leave." The strange corpse taught, "Your methods are too gentle. If you want to forge the intelligence of this fragment, you have to use force."

"Force?" Zuo Mo was dumbstruck. It was the first time he heard of doing that.

"Submit or die," the strange corpse said faintly.

Seeing the shock on Zuo Mo's face, the strange corpse said, "Totems are born to protect the tribe, their intelligence is not high, about the same as wild beasts. As long as they know they will die if they do not submit, they will naturally be tamed."

Before Zuo Mo could react, the strange corpse raised his head and looked into the distance.

"Careful. We are going to enter the core area now."

Zuo Mo felt as though he walked out of the fiendish mist. Everything was open in front of him!

Chapter 417: Sea of Golden Crystal Sand

The dunes in their sight were endless.

The glittering gold sand was like a golden sea, and these rising dunes were like the waves of this golden sea.

This scene was spectacular!

The Golden Crow Camp at the back of their procession suddenly became restless.

“It’s Golden Crystal sand! Heavens, all of this is Golden Crystal sand!”

“Oh, Heavens! It really is Golden Crystal sand!”

“Heavens! What place is this? How can there be this much Golden Crystal sand?”

The restlessness from the rear rippled forward, and Zuo Mo couldn’t help but be stunned. He bent down and grabbed a handful of sand. When the gold sand entered his hand, his first thought was ‘heavy’! When he examined it, the golden sand was actually half transparent. Each speck was a cube. At the center of the cube was a hair thin golden thread. The reason that the sand was such a strong golden color was due to this extremely thin golden hair!

It really was Golden Crystal sand!

Fifth-grade Golden Crystal sand!

Zuo Mo dazedly looked at the golden sea in front of him, his mind blank as he allowed the Golden Crystal sand to slip through his fingers.

“This is the area where the totem of the Sun Tribe fell, so it is the Land of the Sunset. The Sun Tribe had the sun as its totem, and had many powerful tribal warriors. It was one of the strongest tribes in all of the jie.”

The strange corpse’s voice was calm and emotionless, without any rise, as though he was describing a normal matter.

Zuo Mo recovered from his daze. He furiously scooped Golden Crystal sand into his ring!

Heavens, this was Golden Crystal sand! Fifth-grade Golden Crystal sand! On the outside, it was sold by the grain! If he let this opportunity go, he would be struck by lightning!

Zuo Mo had never felt he was so rich before!

It wasn't just him. All the xiuzhe of the Golden Crow Camp were furiously packing in the Golden Crystal sand. Everyone's eyes were red. Seeing this made their hearts beat faster and their blood flow more rapidly. In front of such a patch of Golden Crystal sand sea, everyone was crazy!

The strange corpse tilted his head. "This and is useful to you?"

"This is Golden Crystal sand!" Zuo Mo didn't raise his head as he furiously packed Golden Crystal sand into his ring and said rapidly, "A fifth-grade material! I can't even find a place to buy this on the outside! Do you know, this is worth a lot! Right! We've struck it rich this time!"

"There is so much here, how are you going take it all?" The strange corpse pointed at the endless sea of sand.

Zuo Mo's movements paused. The endless sea of sand in front of him seemed to be reminding him that the Golden Crystal sand he was packing away was just a drop in the ocean. The bursting joy turned to grief. Zuo Mo's tears flowed down his face.

The Golden Crystal sand sea was in front of him, but he could not take all of it, the greatest pain in life was this!

Looking at the vast sea of sand, Zuo Mo was still for a while. After a long while, he refocused and gritted out a few words, "Set up camp!"

The troop quickly set up camp. Everyone was in a sort of frenzy and their movements unusually brisk.

"Forge, forge all of this. Flying swords, ling armors, forge it all with Golden Crystal sand!"

Zuo Mo's bellows rang out over the entire camp. Everyone was upbeat. All of Golden Crow Camp members had eyes filled with blood. As

production xiuzhe, they had no resistance towards high level materials. Vermillion Bird Camp was also excited. They learned from the Golden Crow Camp members that Golden Crystal sand was great material for forging flying swords. The flying swords forged from it were unable to be damaged, so sharp they could cut through everything. Even more importantly, it was at least fifth-grade!

A fifth-grade flying sword, that was enough for a sword xiu to risk it all!

This land of sunset was filled with the presence of the sun. The power of the Golden Crow Fire had greatly increased. The xiuzhe of Golden Crow Camp started on their difficulty task of forging with Golden Crystal sand. Yes, it was very difficult. They were mostly from grassroots. They had pitifully few encounters with fourth-grade materials, let alone fifth-grade materials.

Golden Crow Fire was also a fourth-grade flame. Even though its power had greatly increased, but it was not easy to forge Golden Crystal sand. The great majority of people could only forge one grain at a time.

The strange corpse looked with interest at this group of people.

Calming down, Zuo Mo suddenly realized this was a rare and wonderful opportunity. So much Golden Crystal sand. Other than the value of the Golden Crystal sand itself, it could also provide everyone with a great chance to practice.

Using Golden Crystal sand to practice, for a forging xiuzhe, was there anything more extravagant and sumptuous than this?

Zuo Mo's mood suddenly became light. Using fifth-grade materials to practice. The experience he would get was much greater than with normal materials. Even Zuo Mo started to pick up the forging crafts he had decided to throw away a long time ago, and started to process Golden Crystal sand.

The strange corpse did not hurry them. He looked curiously as Zuo Mo forged. All of this was very unfamiliar to him.

"Your flame is better than theirs." The strange corpse might not

understand forging but he still had his eyes.

“Yes, I’m their head.” Zuo Mo was slightly smug, but his hands didn’t stop for an instant.

“Head?” The strange corpse repeated and chewed this word. He raised his head and asked, “Does it mean leader?”

“Elder’s comprehension is really good.” Zuo Mo flattered. He then asked curiously. “Elder, how did you forge talismans in your time?”

“Talismans? What are talismans?” The strange corpse asked in puzzlement.

“Oh, the flying swords they use are one type of talisman. Really, it is stuff that is made using all kinds of materials in order to increase our strength,” Zuo Mo explained.

The strange corpse was slightly dazed. “Your sword, oh, flying sword, it is a clever trick. But the quality is lacking, and the power it adds is too little. It is also too fine, there are many places that it does not need to be so fine. As long as the materials have enough cognition, they will merge together, and have greater power.”

Zuo Mo choked. He could only ask in response, “Elder, did you have many materials with cognition during your time?”

“Everywhere.” The strange corpse had a matter-of-fact expression. He pointed at the ground. “Stuff like this, no one would want this.”

Zuo Mo almost spat blood. So the Golden Crystal sand that was a treasure in their eyes was stuff that no one else wanted. However, Zuo Mo understood upon thinking about it. The number of cultivators in ancient times could not compare to now. After so many years of development and production, after generations of harvesting and division, there naturally won’t be much left of even the greatest amount of materials.

Thinking about it that way, Zuo Mo found it fair. “Times are different. If this was taken out now, it would be considered good. Materials that have cognition are rare and too precious.”

The strange corpse was a very intelligent person. He nodded in understanding and said, "No wonder you have developed such clever methods."

His next words caused Zuo Mo's flame to shake. The Golden Crystal sand in the middle of the flame that was going to melt instantly turned back to normal.

"There is something better inside this patch of sand."

"What good thing?" Zuo Mo asked urgently. Something better than Golden Crystal sand, wouldn't that at least be sixth-grade?

Sixth-grade material

In this moment, Zuo Mo actually felt a thread of terror. Fifth-grade materials might be rare but he still had obtained a few items. But sixth-grade materials, he hadn't ever dared to even think about it. Even the tiniest bit of sixth-grade material was enough to bring calamities.

However, this thread of terror quickly disappeared. Since ancient times, the daring died from overeating, while the cowardly died from hunger! He also had so many fellows, and the future wasn't something a person could entirely shape to their will.

Zuo Mo's gaze quickly became heated.

The strange corpse tilted his head and swept a gaze across the sand. His gaze locked on a certain dune and then it pointed over.

Bang!

An enormous sound, and a faraway sand dune suddenly exploded!

Zuo Mo gaped with wide eyes. This sand dune was at least one hundred zhang high. It looked like a small mountain. But the strange corpse just pointed and the resulting explosion turned it all to dust! A sand dune made up from Golden Crystal sand was at least millions of catties heavy, and under this gesture, had it become dust.

Zuo Mo felt a hint of fear. It was lucky that he hadn't tried to battle to death against this freak.

The strange corpse calmly made a grabbing motion with his hand. A golden shadow penetrated the sand swirling in the sky and flew into his hand.

An orange ball of fire!

The burning heat rushed at him. Zuo Mo couldn't help but take a few steps back.

Enduring wave after wave of heat, he felt that his eyebrows were burning. He looked in shock at the fire ball in the strange corpse's hand! Such high temperature! Such a powerful flame!

The orange-red flame burned like a miniature sun. This flame's temperature was so high it surpassed any flame that Zuo Mo knew of. Within the orange-red fireball, it was possible to discern a faint sphere.

"This is called a Sun Crystal Seed, in the past it was the seed of the Sun Tribe's totem. However, the Sun Tribe has probably died out by now, and it can no longer be used for the Sun Totem." The strange corpse looked at Zuo Mo. "Do you want it?"

Treasure! Definitely an ultimate treasure! Not ordinary!

Zuo Mo was an experienced hand at studying reassures. He could see with a glance that the fireball's value definitely surpassed everything on his body added together. Staring at the fireball, he felt a hint of trepidation but he gritted his teeth and said without hesitating. "Want!"

Want! He'll want it even if he died!

"Its temperature is too high, you cannot tolerate it. I will help you seal it. When your strength reaches a certain level, you can unlock the seal."

When the strange corpse finished speaking, without seeing him move, the orange-red flames quickly became dim and revealed the true face of the sphere inside. It was a sphere that looked just the same as normal crystal spheres that did not have any light.

Zuo Mo took over the crystal ball. His hand suddenly sank down, and his pupils dilated!

It was so heavy!

With the Great Day mo physique, Zuo Mo was so strong that no one was a match for him in the camp. But he was almost unable to hold this little crystal ball!

Zuo Mo guessed that this crystal ball was tens of thousands of catties heavy.

He struggled to put the crystal ball into his ring. He released a breath. The strange corpse had solved a great problem for him. After being sealed, the crystal ball was unattractive and unassuming. As long as no one reached to take it, no one would think that this non-descript crystal ball was at least a top sixth-grade material.

After the strange corpse threw the crystal ball to Zuo Mo, he did not show any more intentions of acting. He did not hurry them and started to examine people who were forging.

All of the members of the Golden Crow Camp were furiously processing. This chance to practice with fifth-grade materials would likely never appear in front of them again.

Suddenly, the strange corpse appeared next to Zuo Mo and said, "A sandstorm is coming."

"Sandstorm?" Zuo Mo first paused and then his expression changed dramatically. Golden Crystal sand was a good material, yes! But if it was sandstorm that was formed from Golden Crystal sand, the power from it...

...

Chapter 418: Sandstorm

A black line could be seen on the horizon and it was rushing towards them at astonishing speed.

In a short period of time, the black line had multiplied in size. The Golden Crystal sand was picked up by the wind and the resulting sandstorm blocked the sun. The sky instantly darkened. The storm front looked like an ancient beast that was howling.

Zuo Mo paled. He howled at the top of his lungs, "Into the boat! Into the boat!"

Without needing Zuo Mo's management, everyone started to systematically move. The xiuzhe of Golden Crow Camp threw away the Golden Crystal sand in their hands without a second word and moved like a legion of ants towards the slave transporting boat. The Golden Crow lit up with faint light, and the other boats also started to light up. This meant that the defensive formations on the boats had been activated.

Every slave transporting boat had been redesigned and renovated, they had engraved the boats with all kinds of defensive formations. But to save ling power, these formations were usually not activated.

Everyone was trained and quickly entered the slave transporting boats. There were only Zuo Mo, Wei Sheng, and the few that were the strongest left outside.

Zuo Mo called to the strange corpse to go into the boat together. The strange corpse shook his head, "This bit of a sandstorm isn't anything."

Thinking about the strange corpse's enormous power, Zuo Mo did not force him. He was preparing to call the others into the boat when the strange corpse suddenly said, "I suggest that you all do not go in."

"Why?" Zuo Mo asked curiously.

"You are all more powerful than the rest," the strange corpse said, "but your cultivations do not seem to be stable. You must have broken through not long ago. This kind of sandstorm is a chance for you, a chance to

strengthen yourselves.”

The people were thoughtful.

The strange corpse said faintly, “Do not give up any opportunity to strengthen yourself. This is very beneficial for you.”

Wei Sheng, Xie Shan, and the others were very moved. These normal words embodied with the obsession to cultivate.

The cultivation maniac Wei Sheng spoke first, “Yes! I will not go inside.”

Xie Shan tightly followed, “I won’t go inside either.”

Shu Long did not say anything, but the determination in his eyes displayed his decision. Zong Ru’s hands were together as he stood with closed eyes, but the decisiveness showed on his face.

Zuo Mo stared with wide eyes at this group, and wanted to swear!

You idiots, you’re so stupid. One sentence from that person and you were all fooled!

But he only dared to swear inside. The strange corpse’s gaze did not land on him, but he still felt a blade pointed at his back. Looking at Wei Sheng and the others remaining still, Zuo Mo gritted through his teeth as though he was possessed by a ghost and said, “Alright, then everyone can go together!”

When he finished speaking, he regretted it. Wasn’t he just asking for abuse? Why did he go and accompany them in their craziness? It really was crazy! All of them were crazy!

The other people looked at each other and then laughed out loud. Zuo Mo forced himself to squeeze a smile onto his face but it was uglier than crying.

The sandstorm arrived very quickly, faster than they had imagined. A moment ago it was on the horizon then and in a flash, it was in front of him.

The sound was shocking. Zuo Mo’s face was white, and unconfident inside.

Pia pia pia!

The first wave of the sandstorm hit the shining light covers of the slave transporting boats and caused sparks to fly everywhere. The Golden Crystal sand was extremely dense, and each seemingly tiny grain was very heavy. The wind was very fast, and each grain of Golden Crystal sand it carried was astoundingly powerful.

Zuo Mo and the others quickly experienced the power of the sandstorm!

The power of the wind was tolerable. All of them were exceptionally skilled, and could stabilize themselves in the wild wind. But the ever-present Golden Crystal sand was truly hard to deal with!

Even Zuo Mo who had the protection of the Great Day mo physique felt pain from the barrage of sand. The pain the others felt could be imagined. Everyone was furiously channeling ling power to protect their body. Shu Long, who was covered in armor, was drowning in sparks.

Only the strange corpse had a calm face. The space within one zhang of him was undisturbed, the area was filled with warm winds and radiating light.

Zuo Mo was quickly overwhelmed and could no longer look around. The sandstorm had increased in power. It became even difficult for him to stabilize his body. He had to hunch over to try to reduce the resistance against the terrifying sandstorm. The Golden Crystal sand rained down on his body. Under the Flame Seal Armor, it was unusually painful.

This wind wasn't right!

The wind that had just started was producing a different sound than just a moment ago. There was a feeling of tearing in the howling as though there were hundreds of sharp knives rubbing together.

Hard wind!

This was hard wind!

Hard wind was like a blade. Its most famous quality was being able to tear apart the ling power that protected one's body. But in reality, the hard

wind didn't just tear through ling power, it could also tear apart mo physiques!

Zuo Mo could not open his eyes. His ears were filled with wails and cries. He bit down hard and did not dare to relax. The hard wind was growing stronger!

The howl of the hard wind seemed to have an unusual power and could stun one's soul. Zuo Mo did not have the spare energy to think about analyzing the experience. In this degree of hard wind, if he slacked off in the slightest, he would instantly be torn apart and turned to powder! The hard wind that carried Golden Crystal sand was like an enormous grinder that could reduce everything into a powder!

The strange corpse glanced at the slave transporting boats that were wavering against the hard wind. He suddenly reached out to point at the trembling slave transporting boats. The ling shields on each slave transporting boat suddenly became brighter and the boats instantly stabilized.

The states of Zuo Mo and the others were not good.

Xie Shan had long ago summoned his flying sword. Circles of multicolored light spun around his body like rainbows. An enormous shadow appeared behind Zong Ru. He summoned the Attainment Golden Body. Shu Long had also summoned his black ji, and his body seemed to be nailed to the ground.

After a while, Wei Sheng who had been motionless all this time finally raised the black sword in his hand. A vigorous sword essence erupted and tightly wrapped around Wei Sheng.

Zuo Mo's Great Day mo physique was being channeled to the maximum. Flames rampaged across the Flame Seal Armor and hardily burning in the hard wind.

The sandstorm covered the sky. In the middle of the storm, Zuo Mo and the others were unable to see anything in the darkness.

Zuo Mo only felt that every muscle was burning. When every grain of

the Golden Crystal sand hit his body with the hard wind, he felt a heart-boring pain. In the dark sandstorm, sparks flew like rain and tightly surrounded Zuo Mo. They came from all directions and pushed Zuo Mo to the point he was unable to move.

The impenetrable Flame Seal Armor started to warp from the furious blows of the sandstorm.

Blows that made him unable to breathe!

It was the first time Zuo Mo had encountered such a suffocating attack. Other than bearing through it, he could not think of any other solution. Even when he had been facing Clear Sky Old Forefather, he had not been as disheveled as now.

Today, he learned just how immeasurable the power of the world was!

Zuo Mo's body rattled like dice, and his energy quickly flowed. Every breath was so long. This sandstorm seemed endless and made one feel hopeless. Sparks continuously flew. The Flame Seal Armor continuously changed shape. Pia pia pia, several Golden Crystal sand grains penetrated the Flame Seal Armor and hit Zuo Mo's body. Zuo Mo's figure swayed and he almost fell.

No he almost couldn't persist any more

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and bore it out, stabilizing his figure. He knew if he lost control of his body, then there was no possibility of survival. The ever-present Golden Crystal sand and the hard wind that could enter any opening would take his life.

Pew pew pew!

Several bursts of blood suddenly sprayed and was ground into a bloody mist by the sandstorm as it left his body. The powerful Great Day mo physique seemed to become fragile in front of this sandstorm.

Ever since he had begun cultivating the Great Day mo physique, especially as he had become familiarized with the six transformations, Zuo Mo had never been wounded. But today, he was forcibly beaten down and covered in wounds.

With a string of screeching cracks, the Flame Seal Armor suddenly crumbled!

The hard wind carried the Golden Crystal sand from all directions as it burrowed into Zuo Mo's body. Pew, dozens of tiny blood arrows shot out!

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly unfocused and his body froze!

Even more Golden Crystal sand leapt at him as though they were sharks that smelt blood!

A bellow like that of a wounded wild beast!

Zuo Mo's eyes were completely red, his hair standing on end. A tendril of blood came from his mouth. The successive wounds had enraged him.

He was wounded wounded wounded

Deep inside his body, something seemed to break. A warm wave erupted. Zuo Mo's entire body became boiling, the blood in his vessels was like lava.

Every nerve was shaking! Every muscle was shaking! His entire body was shaking!

His body was completely red like burning metal.

In the sea of consciousness, Wei's expression changed greatly. "Is his Great Day mo physique going through its second breakthrough?"

Pu Yao found it strange. "Breakthrough is good."

Wei's expression was serious as he shook his head and said, "He is reaching the destination too fast to. His Great Day mo physique has just gone through the first breakthrough, or the first maturation that you know of it as. But if he successively has two breakthroughs in such a short period of time, then there is a possibility that he will not be able to reach the third breakthrough before he levels up."

"That is also good." Pu Yao was slightly confused. He might understand how to cultivate as mo but on the details, he was far lacking compared to Wei.

“It is not good.” Wei shook his head. “His mo physique cultivation talent is astounding. I hadn’t thought that he would reach his second breakthrough this quickly. But with the growth of a mo physique faster is not better. It is like the growth of a person. Too rapid of growth will leave behind hidden weaknesses. What he needs right now is to make a good foundation. He has just had a break through, his body has not reached the limits of maturation in this stage. A breakthrough with a body that is not mature would lower the limits of what his body can tolerate.”

Pu Yao instantly understood what Wei meant. His expression also became grave. He was of outstanding knowledge, and once seen many geniuses that had pursued speed in cultivation and had not set a good foundation when they were young. Their ability to maintain their cultivating speed had been lacking.

The two sank into silence and stared nervously at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo did not know that he was at a very crucial time. He only felt that his entire body was immersed in lava. His entire body was filled with endless power as though nothing could stop him.

Brutality, craziness, and the most primitive impulses controlled his mind.

He wanted to bellow, he wanted to shout, he wanted to destroy everything!

There seemed to be an invisible wall around his body. The hard wind and Golden Crystal sand that had seemed invincible before were forcibly stopped on the outside.

The strange corpse’s eyes saw through the sand and stared at Zuo Mo. His gaze landed on Zuo Mo’s chest.

A cool slender flow silently flowed past Zuo Mo’s heart.

At the same time on the slave transporting boat, A Gui seemed to detect something and stood up, her eyes lighting up with a serene purple energy.

Chapter 419: Forced to the Precipice

Zuo Mo's mind suddenly cleared. It was the five element glass bead inside his body!

Faint water element power flowed along his channels and nurtured his dry and bright red channels. But pitted against the Great Day Banded Flame, this portion of water element power was like a cup of water, and consumed by the strong flame instantly.

But this weak water element power had allowed Zuo Mo, who had entered an unusual state, a very brief moment of clarity. It was this brief clarity that pulled Zuo Mo from the edge of the cliff.

He instantly detected danger, great danger!

He did not know where the danger was. In fact, the expanding power inside his body was intoxicating. Yet at this time, he displayed shocking calmness, because he smelt that the great danger lingered under the great power!

But he quickly found he did not know how to get out this unusual state.

He wanted to ask for help from Pu Yao, but no matter how he shouted inside, he could not feel the existence of Pu Yao. There seemed to be a power that separated him and Pu Yao.

This was going to be fatal

He didn't have to time to groan before he was swallowed once again by the bursting flame.

At this moment, a faint blue light once again came from the five element glass bead in his body. As it slowly spun, faint water element power erupted again.

The water element power this time was thicker than previously.

The Great Day Banded Flame was rampaging in Zuo Mo's body. It was created from the Great Day mo physique, and the sixth-grade Great Day Banded Flame was filled with destructiveness. It hadn't been tamed by

Zuo Mo to start with. Stimulated by the outside environment, it started to resist.

It was like a furious wild beast, power in angry waves!

The Great Day mo physique that had just finished the first maturation was fragile in front of this terrifying power as though it would be consumed at any moment. The golden Great Day Banded Flame permeated every fiber of muscle, every bone. The Great Mo Physique of the Great Day Mo physique that had completed the first maturation was unable to withstand the tyrannical Great Day Banded Flame.

Flesh and blood that had not matured perfectly instantly burned to dust. Even the strong flesh and blood that had completed the maturation perfectly were slowly melting under the heat of the Great Day Banded Flame.

The process seemed akin to tempering. If it could be completed, Zuo Mo's body would reach terrifying new heights in power!

The water element power that had just been released by the five element glass bead was instantly surrounded by the Great Day Banded Flame, and a strong collision occurred!

Hiss hiss hiss!

The light blue stream and the golden flame crossed, but the water element power quickly was defeated. The ferocious Great Day Banded Flame was like a savage beast that easily burnt the water element power until there wasn't a drop left. It seemed to be still unsatisfied and immediately leap at the five element glass bead!

This conflict that appeared to have no meaning once again allowed Zuo Mo to receive a brief moment of clarity.

As though he had been scooped out of lava, Zuo Mo's vision was still completely red. If it was said that last time he had just smelt the scent of danger, then this time, he truly realized just how dangerous his situation was!

He panted heavily as every nerve burned in pain.

Savagery and insanity furiously attack his nervous. He suppressed the demonic impulse to destroy everything.

No! He could not keep going like this!

Zuo Mo wring his brains and tried to think. Zuo Mo was locked inside a cauldron. He didn't know what was going on with Pu Yao, did not what was happening to the others. He didn't have the time or the energy to spare thinking about others.

Forced to the precipice, there was only one thought in his mind. Stop the Great Day Banded Flame!

Uncontrolled tempering that would not submit to control!

The five element glass bead was obviously the loser of the battle with the Great Day Banded Flame. The grade difference between the two was too great. The Great Day Banded Flame had completely surrounded the five element glass bead and was furiously pressing in!

The five element glass bead was starting to spin slower and slower.

What what to do?

The Great Day Banded Flame did not listen to Zuo Mo's orders at all. It was like a bloodthirsty monster that rampaged in his body. All the techniques used in cultivating the Great Day mo physique were useless. The Great Day Banded Flame that had been coincidentally formed far surpassed the limits of what his Great Day mo physique could control.

This great leap of progress finally caused Zuo Mo trouble for the first time.

Damn it! What to do?

Almost forced into insanity, Zuo Mo used all the powers that he could use!

Ling power, spiritual power

These were not strong powers but he channeled them as though he was completely crazy. It was the first time that he used ling power, spiritual power, and the mo physique simultaneously without holding anything

back!

Just to resist the sixth-grade Great Day Banded Flame!

They were completely different but these unconnected powers were fighting together. They started a fierce conflict around the five element glass bead.

Zuo Mo's ling power was sent into the five element glass bead, and the sealed five element glass bead detected danger. It greedily absorbed Zuo Mo's ling power. The five element glass bead that almost stopped spinning started to gradually spin faster. The dim light lit up again and the water element power released was multiple times greater than what it had been before.

And Zuo Mo's consciousness was furiously releasing water yao arts. Inside Zuo Mo's body, the manipulation of his consciousness was even easier. The rate that these water yao arts were released was so fast it was frightening.

Facing the five element glass bead's water element power and the water yao arts, the Great Day Banded Flame was still dominating. The enormous difference in grade was not something that could be filled just by numbers. If the water element power tried to push forward, it would be forced back by the Great Day Banded Flame. When those astounding numbers of water yao arts flew into the Great Day Banded Flame, it was like they were being thrown into a bottomless pit. There was no response.

Zuo Mo controlled the mo physique and tried to vent the power of the Great Day Banded Flame to the outside. It was also ineffective. The Great Day Banded Flame inside his body was like a beast that lost control. All the methods to control it in the past had completely lost effectiveness now.

The situation was still slowly and persistently developing in a dangerous direction.

The only thing worth celebrating was that while the Great Day Banded Flame raged it also blocked the hard wind and the Golden Crystal sand.

Zuo Mo's terrible situation caused Pu Yao and Wei to wear grave expressions and show the utmost concern. The power of the Great Day Banded Flame had completely cut off their connection to Zuo Mo. They could only stare and were unable to do anything. Due to the fact the Great Day Banded Flame was born from the Great Day mo physique and was strongly yang, it was extremely fatal to existences like Pu Yao and Wei.

Pu Yao and Wei's power had been too greatly expended. Even if they had received reinforcement from the Golden Souls and recovered slightly, but facing a natural enemy like the Great Day Banded Flame, they still couldn't do a thing!

"That guy still isn't acting?" Pu Yao's bloody pupil flashed with a cold light.

"He's really composed," Wei said emotionally. His expression was also terrible. This event originally had been a chance for him. If Zuo Mo was willing to take up his succession, he could have easily resolved the complications. But he had not expected that the Great Day Banded Flame was so domineering that it had forcibly blocked the connection between Zuo Mo and themselves.

Right now, they couldn't even help, much less pass anything on.

Their only hope was the strange corpse. On the way here, the strange corpse had not showed any enmity towards Zuo Mo, and was instead very friendly. With the strange corpse's power, it would only take a flick of the finger to solve Zuo Mo's trouble.

Yet, even though the situation was now so dangerous, the strange corpse still showed no signs of moving.

For Pu Yao and Wei, Zuo Mo's situation was directly connected to their future. If the Great Day Banded Flame's power was completely released inside Zuo Mo's body, Zuo Mo would be directly burned to dust, and they could not avoid the same fate.

The duo's gazes as they stared at the strange corpse were very

unfriendly.

Zuo Mo understood his dangerous situation. He forcibly fought off the influence of the Great Day Banded Flame even though the power was so seductive.

Who was strong and weak could be seen with a glance. Zuo Mo understood that if he could not immediately figure out an effective method, his outcome would definitely be very terrible!

If he had the time to think, he would have definitely regretted cultivating the Great Day mo physique!

But he didn't have the time to think. All of his attention was focused on the battle inside his body. After the brief pause was a one way advance. It caused him to have a deep understanding of the deep abyss between grades.

He realized that normal methods were basically useless!

The strong feeling of burning and exhilaration attacked his mind like the tide. But at this time, Zuo Mo completely calmed down.

He had put in all the power that he could use from his body, but he still was not a match for the Great Day Banded Flame

Zuo Mo's mind moved quickly.

How could he get his power to become stronger?

A bolt of lightning suddenly flashed through Zuo Mo's mind. A daring yet matter-of-fact idea floated up in his mind.

His three types of powers were fighting for themselves, and were not a match for the Great Day Banded Flame. What about merging them together?

Would it become more powerful?

It was like the gate had opened. Inspiration bursted out!

Zuo Mo thought about how he had tried to use fire yao arts to forge

because he could not use the Great Day Banded Flame. Even though he had not succeeded, but he had found a discernable path that could connected fire yao arts, consciousness, ling power, and fire control!

This idea was just a vague and general one. He had prepared to settle down before studying it.

But at this time while he was slowly drowning against the waves of power, Zuo Mo seemed to find a lifesaving piece of driftwood. Without care to anything else he grabbed on, and he started to experiment.

He did not have the time to hesitate!

He withdrew hiis ling power from the five element glass bead. At this time, there was only half of his ling power remaining. His consciousness quickly wrapped around the ling power. Zuo Mo could feel every detail of the ling power.

The connection between ling power and consciousness was very tricky. The ling power inside a xiuzhe's body was what the xiuzhe obtained after absorbing it from the outside and then processing it into even purer ling power. Yao arts, that was the consciousness controlling all kinds of primary energies of the outside world. Yao arts were like using a lever to move all kinds of ling power in the natural world.

When Zuo Mo's consciousness wrapped onto the ling power, a wondrous feeling occurred.

Among the xiuzhe, Zuo Mo's consciousness was pretty big, and among the yao, Zuo Mo's ling power was also very powerful.

When the two entwined together, a strange change occurred.

The consciousness was able to control the ling power roaming in the outside world, and his ling power was even purer and abundant than the ling power on the outside!

But

The strange feeling stimulated Zuo Mo but he couldn't help but furrow his brow. He seemed to feel that something was lacking.

Mo physique!

That was right, mo physique!

He understood that he finally found the key to the crucial problem! He forcibly suppressed the joy and excitement inside. An idea he never had before rapidly took shape in his mind!

Chapter 420: Very Normal

Once this crazy idea was formed, it securely took over Zuo Mo's entire mind.

All stray thoughts were thrown to the side. Truthfully, at such a dangerous moment, finding a plausible idea was enough for him to gamble everything. There was just no other choice!

The five element glass bead was in great danger and could be swallowed by the Great Day Banded Flame at any moment. The five element glass bead was his last defense. If it was swallowed by the Great Day Banded Flame, the crazy Great Day Banded Flame would instantly consume him.

Zuo Mo's eyes suddenly turned entirely red.

He gathered all the remaining power he had in his body and used all of the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique at the same time!

The Great Day Banded Flame was freed from its restraints and exploded to cover his entire body. The golden flame were clearly divided in concentric circles but flickered at the same rhythm. It was enchanting and appeared like golden rainbows.

But Zuo Mo was not in the mood to admire the beauty of the Great Day Banded Flame. His power was quickly being expended.

The consciousness and ling power that were mixed together suddenly separated into many portions and rained upon every corner of his body. Like raindrops, they quickly permeated into Zuo Mo's flesh and blood.

Boom!

Zuo Mo felt as though something inside his body had suddenly exploded. His mind was completely blank!

At the same time, the Great Day Banded Flame that shrouded Zuo Mo strangely stopped moving. The five element glass bead also stopped spinning. At this moment, all movement inside Zuo Mo's body stopped. Time seemed to stopped.

Pah!

A light explosion broke this strange calmness. His left foot exploded without warning, yet the blood seemed to be constrained by an invisible force transforming the spray into rice-sized beads of blood.

Pah pah pah!

A string of explosions. Many parts of Zuo Mo's body continuously exploded. The string of blood beads extended up Zuo Mo's legs and spread upwards.

Channels, joints, organs

Pah pah pah pah

Zuo Mo's spine popped like popcorn. His body shook fiercely but the Great Day Banded Flame seemed to be frozen and remained motionless.

When the last bead of the thirty six blood beads appeared at the center of Zuo Mo's brows, his body quieted down again.

There was no expression of joy or grief on Zuo Mo's face, just indifference.

Hiss!

The ferocious Great Day Banded Flame was quickly absorbed into the body. Once it entered the body, it was divided into thirty six flows that spread into the thirty six beads of blood.

The dark-red beads of blood seemed to be dyed with a layer of gold.

The six changes of the Great Day mo physique collapsed like an avalanche. The ling armor and talismans he wore on his body turned to dust. The only thing left on his body was the ring on his hand.

Inside the sandstorm, Zuo Mo was like a person that never cultivated before. There was no energy on his body. The only thing that caused fear was his eyes, that pair of indifferent and cold eyes.

The sandstorm was powerful but it was not able to go near one zhang around him.

The space of one zhang radius around him was deathly silent.

The strange corpse stared at Zuo Mo as though there was something on his face. That pair of grey eyes showed a rare thoughtful expression.

When Zuo Mo regained consciousness, an unknown amount of time later,, he saw was many concerned gazes.

“Why are you all looking at me?” Zuo Mo reflexively said. He suddenly felt that his body was cold. He looked down and he instantly blushed. With rapid speed, he took out a piece of clothing from the ring and covered his body with it.

What was the situation?

His brain was dazed. What happened? He suddenly recalled his memories; his expression changed. Sandstorm! Right! He had just been in the sandstorm!

Hadn't he encountered trouble?

What was this?

Zuo Mo's expression changed slightly as he hurriedly inspected his body.

The inside of his body was empty. It didn't seem any different than usual, but when Zuo Mo tried to channel ling power, his expression couldn't help but change!

Why was it like this?

His ling power, consciousness, and body had merged into one!

This ... this!

His ling power in the past was like the water that flowed in a stream and was easy to manipulate. But his ling power seemed to be a layer of oil on his flesh and blood. It was very viscous and flowed extremely slowly.

His spiritual power which had been like a mist before was now an enormous web that passed through his entire body. Countless branches

spread into every piece of flesh.

The strangest was his body!

The peerlessly tyrannical Great Day Banded Flame did not float in the dantain like before but permeated into his flesh and blood. This caused his flesh and blood to have a golden sheen.

What what was this?

Zuo Mo was stunned!

“Shidi, are you alright?” Wei Sheng saw Zuo Mo’s shocked expression and hurriedly asked. All of them had benefited from this sandstorm, but Zuo Mo had seemed slightly off. Everyone had been very worried.

Zuo Mo refocused. Seeing the worry on all the faces, he forced a smile and said, “Nothing, nothing!”

Hearing Zuo Mo say he was alright, everyone released a breath.

The crowd left. Zuo Mo suddenly saw the strange corpse out of the corner of his eyes. His mind shifted and he ran toward the strange corpse.

His feet seemed to be exerting the same force as usual but the scene in front of him blurred!

He had jumped forward. Before he understood what happened, he seemed to hit something with a bang, and his field of vision turned black.

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck!

Fine sand spilled into his mouth. He finally reacted as knew where he was!

He was inside a sand dune!

Without needing to use his consciousness, he was able to detect everyone in the surrounding. He really was in the sand! He had fallen headfirst into the sand!

What was going on?

He did not understand. His hand unconsciously moved to push himself out of the sand. Before his hands could even exert force, his body rocketed

multiple zhang high into the air.

Midair, Zuo Mo allowed the Golden Crystal sand to fall from his body with a blank expression.

Who could tell him what was going on?

Face bewildered, Zuo Mo dropped like a rock. When he was about ten zhang from the ground, he still didn't know what had happened but he knew it was definitely because of a change in his body.

He was thinking about it when he reached the ground.

When this thought appeared, Zuo Mo's vision blurred again. When he could see clearly, he was already on the ground!

This was freaky!

Zuo Mo shook!

"Daren has gained greatly this time!" Xie Shan's face was upraised and admiring.

"Daren is an outstanding genius!" Zong Ru's hands were together, his expression pious. "I was not able to see Daren's figure clearly just now! It is terrifying!"

"I didn't neither!" Xie Shan felt great empathy. He turned and asked Wei Sheng. "Teacher Wei, did you see him clearly?"

Wei Sheng shook his head. He didn't speak. Thinking back to Zuo Mo's movements, a thread of shock flashed through his mind! In his field of view right now, there had only been a faint shadow!

That wasn't possible!

Wei Sheng almost let out a sound of surprised. It had to be said that he did not locate others just by relying on his eyes, but instead used his sword essence! In his knowledge, nothing was faster than sword essence!

But just now his sword essence could not keep up with Shidi's speed!

What did that mean? He was left in a cold sweat! If sword essence could not keep up with the other's speed, that meant he would be unable to lock onto the other. If the target could not be located, then the attack would be ineffective!

What happened to Shidi? What had happened?

Zuo Mo bent his back as he carefully raised his foot, and then carefully put down his foot as though the sand under his feet were fragile treasures.

The gazes of everyone in the surroundings became strange. Daren looked like a duck walking with a limp foot!

Zuo Mo did not notice the gazes of other people. All of his attention was on his feet. He was so focused it was like he was embroidering.

While alternating between shallow and a deep steps, he walked in front of the strange corpse. Zuo Mo finally released a breath.

"What happened to me?" Zuo Mo asked baldly.

You fooled all of them, and pulled ye down as well. Now it was like this, you have to give an explanation!

The strange corpse tilted his head, "What do you mean what happened?"

Zuo Mo glared. "My body! What is going on with my body?"

The strange corpse swept him up and down. He said, "Your body is very normal."

Zuo Mo almost spat blood. Normal? This was called normal? Then what was ye's body in the past? Abnormal?

Looking at the strange corpse, Zuo Mo couldn't help but sigh inside. He really was an idiot to put his hopes on an antique from tens of thousands of years ago! A few ten thousand years ago, it was enough for his brain to go wrong a few cycles!

But Zuo Mo thought about how he had two other antiques in his body. The antiques of a few thousand years ago should be more normal than

one from tens of thousands of years ago!

He suddenly remembered that when he was burning up, he was unable to call Pu Yao. Thinking to there, his heart jumped. He hurriedly called for Pu Yao inside his sea of consciousness.

When Zuo Mo saw the terrible expression on Pu Yao's face, he felt it was unspeakably close.

But Pu Yao's next words instantly caused him to not be in the mood to be emotional.

"I know what you want to ask." Pu Yao's expression was grave. "The change inside your body is a rare one. It is the first time I've seen it. Consciousness, ling power, and flesh and blood can exist together, but I've never seen this kind of mixture."

Zuo Mo's heart instantly cooled.

Wei's expression was also grave. "I'm very sorry. It is the first time I have seen this."

Zuo Mo's face was ashen.

However, Wei was an antique a bit older than Pu Yao. He hesitated and then said, "I suspect that your present state is somewhat similar to the ancient cultivators."

Pu Yao stilled and then had an expression of realization. "Yes! Your state, isn't this the state of ancient cultivators? Ancient cultivators didn't have divisions of ling power, spiritual power, and mo physique!"

Ancient

Even though Wei and Pu Yao were only guessing, Zuo Mo instinctively thought about what the strange corpse had just said, and his face paled!

An old antique a few tens of thousands of years old said he was very normal

That meant—in the eyes of the strange corpse, Zuo Mo was like him!

Translator Ramblings:

Zuo Mo: Pu Yao, Wei, you two antiques, false advertising! How can you be so ignorant! You're a sky yao! And a suit of armor! I want my jingshi back, I want damages, I want to sue you!!!

Chapter 421: An Insane Idea

Zuo Mo didn't know how to describe his mood at this moment.

It really was really was

It wasn't sad, but there wasn't much joy. Zuo Mo quickly sorted out his mood. Since it had happened, no amount of thinking could change the reality of his situation.

Feeling the powers in his body that had been amalgamated into one ball, he was slightly curious. Were ancient cultivators also like this? Then how did they channel these powers?

Thinking, Zuo Mo decided to find and ask the strange corpse. That would be better than thinking aimlessly like this.

Zuo Mo's initial actions seemed slightly strange, but everyone's worries had slowly lessened. Everyone's attention quickly turned to that terrifying sandstorm. Without exception, their faces would change when they spoke of it.

The one issue that was everyone agreed on was that the defensive abilities of the slave transporting boats was not sufficient to weather the sandstorms. It had to be said that they had only just stepped into the central part of the ancient battlefield. How many dangers were waiting up ahead for them?

Everyone felt pessimistic about the prospect of carefree travel.

Of the slave transporting boats, the one in the best state was The Golden Crow, the boat that the Golden Crow Camp was on. As none of members of Golden Crow Camp had offensive capabilities, they had instead put all their efforts into reinforcing their slave transporting boat. The other slave transporting boats held combat personnel. They usually invested their time on cultivation so the defenses of their slave transporting boats were very fragile in comparison.

If the strange corpse had not acted to stabilize the situation, the results

would be terrible to see.

The entire Golden Crow Camp started to move. If everyone had been filled with joy before, everyone had serious expressions now. A tense mood spread.

No one knew when the next sandstorm would come!

The only thing worth celebrating was that there was endless materials here! Golden Crystal sand! A supply of fifth-grade Golden Crystal sand that was endless and could not be used up!

“I have an idea,” Sun Bao suddenly said as he stared at the endless dunes.

Ji Wei asked curiously, “What idea?” Their minds were in sync. Ji Wei knew if Sun Bao spoke now, it would not be baseless.

Sun Bao suddenly turned around, his eyes burning, “Let’s use Golden Crystal sand to forge a slave transporting boat!”

“Use Golden Crystal sand to forge a boat?” Ji Wei exclaimed. “Heavens! That is insane!”

“Yes! Use Golden Crystal sand to forge a treasure ship! Use Golden Crystal sand for the entire boat!” Sun Bao was like a fanatic. He waved his arms and said loudly, “A Ji! Look at this place! It is all Golden Crystal sand! If we leave, we might never encounter a chance like this ever again!”

Ji Wei looked at the endless dunes. His heart was moved. He was excited as well!

Sun Bao was right. If they missed the chance in front of them, they might never encounter one like this again! No matter how much Golden Crystal sand they took with them this time, they could never be so wasteful as to use Golden Crystal sand to forge a big boat that could hold everyone!

“But it is hard for us to even process it”

Sun Bao said without hesitating, “Then we use the Crimson Fiend Cauldron! Do you remember how we forged the Crimson Fiend Cauldron

last time? It's just more work this time!"

Seeing the two masters were excitedly shouting with red faces, more and more Golden Crow Camp members came over.

When they understood what the two masters were saying, they were dumbstruck!

But after a short silence, the surrounding people exploded!

"Do it! This is such a good chance"

"Oh! Heavens! I'm excited just thinking about it! A Golden Crystal sand treasure ship!"

"Insane! We're all insane! But this really is great!"

Everyone sank into extreme excitement and frenzy! Sun Bao's idea was enough to cause any production xiuzhe to feel excitement.

"Do you understand?" the strange corpse asked.

In front of him, there was a ruler-straight pit that stretched ten li into the distance. The pit was multiple zhang wide and the inner walls were as smooth as crystal. That was a spectacle of the Golden Crystal sand being melted.

And all of this was caused with just a pointing of the finger by the strange corpse.

Everyone was deeply shocked! Zuo Mo was the only exception. He could not disguise his disappointment.

He said dejectedly, "I understand the general concept."

The strange corpse was very strong offensively, so strong that the other only needed to point to turn Zuo Mo to dust. But Zuo Mo's disappointment still uncontrollably showed.

The strange corpse was strong, but that was only due to the difference in cultivation stages. A monster that had lived for tens of thousands of years, his accumulation of power was terrifying. But that terrifying pointing

attack did not have much to show in terms of technique.

This was a very primitive attack method, all of that power was simply compressed and then released. In terms of technique, it could not compare to the modern methods. No matter if it was xiuzhe or yaomo, they had developed their own cultivation methods. They all had their specialties and their focus was different, forming systems on their own. There was a huge variety of techniques. Even the mo physique that was the least technical of the three was multiple times more exquisite than the strange corpse's attacking method.

Zuo Mo grimaced.

Thinking about it, this was actually the result that was most rational. Cultivation methods had developed over several tens of thousands of years. After the development of one generation and another, it was logical that the techniques were more powerful than in the past. If it wasn't for the great war several thousand years ago that disrupted this trend the current methods wouldn't be less than the previous generations.

It seemed that he had to search for a method on his own.

The strange corpse was extraordinarily intelligent. After a moment of thought, he understood what Zuo Mo had meant. He said with a nod, "Your techniques are extremely complex and varied, far surpassing us." He then asked in puzzlement. "There is only one reason that required these techniques have become so complex, ling energy has become rare. Is the ling energy outside very thin right now?"

"Was the ling energy of your time very dense?" Zuo Mo asked curiously.

"In our time, we never had to consider ling energy. All beings naturally knew how to absorb ling energy, this is an innate ability," the strange corpse said.

"As expected." Zuo Mo knew the answer and was not very shocked. Resources would run out in the eventually. After tens of thousands of years of use, even the most plentiful resource would not have much left.

The strange corpse said, "I understand. No wonder I feel you are all

weak. So ling energy has become rare.” He murmured. “Yes, it has been so long.”

He suddenly raised his head. “How many races are there now?”

“Races?” Zuo Mo’s face was puzzled.

The strange corpse’s grey eyes stared at Zuo Mo. “There has to be living beings that don’t look the same as you.”

Zuo Mo said assuredly, “You mean the yaomo?”

“Yaomo?”

“Yao races are mostly born from the essences of flora, and mo from wild beasts. We are human.”

The strange corpse was silent for a moment and then said, “So that’s how it is.”

Zuo Mo did not know what the strange corpse’s “so that’s how it is” meant. He asked curiously, “Did you have yaomo in your time?”

The ancient era was too distant from the present, and there were pitifully few records about the ancient era. Everyone was very curious.

The strange corpse shook his head and said, “In our time, there were only beings, there were not many differences in appearances. All beings could change their appearances at will. The human race is one of those beings, but there was nothing different about them, and they were very weak.”

“Weak?” Zuo Mo’s eyes widened in disbelief.

The human species was weak, how was that possible? The number of jie humans now inhabited was almost the equal to the yao and mo combined. In terms of powerful people, the number of xiuzhe also far surpassed yaomo.

In Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, the xiuzhe had hunted yao for thousands of years! For thousands of years, yaomo were prey of humans. No wonder Zuo Mo thought he had heard it incorrectly that the humans had been weak in ancient eras.

“The yaomo you speak of had more outstanding talent back then. The beings of many tribes possessed many powerful abilities when they were born. If they just cultivated slightly, they would be powerful. But us humans did not have similar talent in this area, and were always suppressed.”

The strange corpse’s faint tone seemed to be describing something that was very normal.

Zuo Mo and the others had dazed expressions. The shock that this information gave them far surpassed the strange corpse’s finger pointing attack.

“Then w-why is the human species so strong now?” Zuo Mo asked in a stammer.

“If I have guessed correctly, it is caused by the change in ling energy. The other beings had powerful abilities, but when ling power became rare, their talents would also be weakened. The human species who did not rely on innate abilities did not lose as much as other beings. Time will change everything.”

The strange corpse’s grey eyes were empty, but his words were filled with wisdom.

Zuo Mo’s expression was dazed but he knew that what the strange corpse said was probably the closest to the truth.

“Daren! Daren!”

Zuo Mo seemed to wake up. He looked at Sun Bao who was running over and made a sound of acknowledgement, “En?”

Sun Bao said tentatively, “We’ve decided to forge a big ship!”

“Oh, forge a big ship, then do it,” Zuo Mo unconsciously replied. He had not completely woken up.

Sun Bao gritted his teeth. “We plan on forging a Golden Crystal sand treasure ship!”

“Golden Crystal sand treasure ship” Zuo Mo made a sound. He

suddenly reacted. “Wait what did you say?”

“We are planning to use Golden Crystal sand to make a large ship! A treasure ship that can hold everyone!” Sun Bao raised his head, his eyes flashing with heat.

Zuo Mo opened his mouth and looked dazedly at Sun Bao.

“Daren, the journey we face is fraught with danger. Our slave transporting boats cannot hold up. There is also an unlimited supply of Golden Crystal sand here! It is a chance from heaven! Why don’t we use it to forge a large ship?” Sun Bao wasn’t afraid.

A moment later, Zuo Mo refocused, and his eyes lit up with excitement.

Exactly!

If they could use Golden Crystal sand to forge a big ship, as Zuo Mo thought, he felt his blood boil. The Golden Crystal sand that was sold by the grain on the outside, and he could use it to forge a big ship!

It really was an insane idea!

Zuo Mo’s eyes became even brighter. He said viciously, “Forge! Why don’t we forge! We’ll forge it as big as we can!”

With his agreement all of Golden Crow Camp instantly sank into mania.

Chapter 422: Tyrant

“This guy really knows how to sleep. He still hasn’t woken up!” Nian Lu muttered but a hint of worry flashed past his eyes.

Lei Peng did not speak. Ever since he had woken up, he became much more silent and sat there like a block of wood, but his eyes were so sharp they were frightening. This pair of sharp blade-like eyes also showed worry at this time.

He and Nian Lu had woken up three days ago, but Ma Fan had still not woken up.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu looked at the busy camp. Everyone was furiously cultivating. The two that woke up quickly were told about a string of unbelievable events, like the sand under their feet was all fifth-grade Golden Crystal sand, and the strange corpse was possibly an ancient cultivator from tens of thousands of years ago.

Every event was fantastical. If their comrades hadn’t been so serious and almost swore oaths, Lei Peng and Nian Lu wouldn’t believe it.

Everyone had ran over to give a greeting, and patted their shoulders. Lei Peng felt good. However, this group ran back to furiously cultivate after making short a greeting. They looked as though they wanted to cripple themselves cultivating.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu stared at each other. High intensity cultivation was a great tradition of the camp, but it was the first time they had seen it so recklessly done.

Later, the two had heard that during a sandstorm a few days ago, Daren, Teacher Wei, and a few other top experts didn’t take shelter in the slave transporting boats. These people talked over each other to describe just how frightening that sandstorm had been. But when they spoke of how those top experts had made it through the sandstorm, the two classic battle maniacs felt as though their bodies would ignite.

Afterwards, a certain person had given some “insider information.”

Supposedly, this was actually a cultivation method from the ancient era, and was very effective!

Don't believe it? An had heard the strange corpse say it!

Yes, yes! This effect, you can see it just by looking at Xie Shan's expression. If it wasn't effective, why was the corners of this guy's mouth reaching his ears?

To cultivate this wondrous method, it required at least jindan level cultivation. Don't you see everyone going crazy?

These people took turns to pat the duo's shoulders and comforted them to recover and heal. Then they scattered and ran to furiously cultivate.

Suddenly, Lei Peng's expression on his face. Then he showed joy, and his figure disappeared from his spot.

Nian Lu was at his side with a joyful expression.

Ma Fan had woken up!

"What is Daren doing?" Now awake, Ma Fan had walked out of the tent and saw Zuo Mo alone on a nearby sand dune. Ma Fan had a puzzled expression.

Daren's movements seemed very strange. He acted as though fragile eggs were hung on his body. Every movement was slow and gentle. He was alone as he slowly spun.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu's expressions instantly became strange.

"Is it some technique?" Ma Fan's eyes widened and he almost walked over.

"Cough cough!" Lei Peng was going to remind him when Nian Lu suddenly spoke, "Aren't you going over to greet Boss?"

Lei Peng glanced at Nian Lu brimming with righteousness. His face twitched a few times. Then he closed his mouth and did not make a sound.

Ma Fan felt Nian Lu was right but he shook his head. "I'm going to wait

for Boss to finish practicing.”

“That’s fine, Boss is only relaxing.” Nian Lu had a smirk on his face but his tone was unusually even.

“That’s good.” Not having seen Nain Lu’s expression, Ma Fan felt that while Boss’ actions looked slightly strange but he had no more hesitation now that he knew that Boss was not practicing. In his view, when had Boss been normal?

Ma Fan went into the air and flew towards Zuo Mo.

When he was three zhang away from Boss, his eyes suddenly blurred. Boss disappeared from his spot!

Without any warning, Boss had disappeared!

At the same time, a sense of alarm rose. But before he could react, he felt like he had been hit by a high-speed slave transporting boat.

Bam!

The pitiful Ma Fan was sent flying like a ball.

Ma Fan flipped in the air. The light of the Golden Crystal sand occasionally swept across his confused face. The impact force was not high, but it was very tyrannical.

What was going on

Having just woken up, Ma Fan was confused. Nian Lu and Lei Peng were crouching on the ground as they laughed wildly and slapped the sand. Seeing the scene, cheers and whistling came from the camp.

“As expected from Ma Fan. That twist and turn, the attitude, the level of difficulty is definitely a 3.0”

“Whoa, Daren’s Bute Explosion attack! Wonderful! It is soul-stealing!”

“Oh oh oh, the twentieth!”

Hearing this, Ma Fan instantly understood. He had been tricked by Lei Peng and Nian Lu. Flipping through the air, Ma Fan’s figure suddenly spread like a large bird taking off. He stared in fury at Lei Peng and Nian

Lu on the ground.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu exchanged a look and said in unison, "Run!"

The two of them sprinted, one on the right and one on the left.

Pursuit and subsequent howls sounded in the camp. Cheers and laughter came after.

Meanwhile the culprit, Zuo Mo carefully plucked himself out of the sand.

He was already numb to this kind of situation. Events like this had happened many times. It caused no one to dare to come within thirty zhang of him.

It was due to all the damned changes inside his body! His consciousness, ling power, and flesh and had completely merged into one. Even the strange corpse could not predict what effect it would have. Initially it seemed as though Zuo Mo was on the same path as the strange corpse, but in reality, the two were completely different. The three major systems of yao, mo and xiu had developed over tens of thousands of years to become completely different than in ancient times.

After development, what result would come from the three powers merging together again? The strange corpse did not know, Pu Yao and Wei did not know. Of course, Pu Yao's scorn and laughter could not be avoided.

Zuo Mo tragically found that he could only rely on himself in important times.

Alright, he would just rely on himself. In any case, it wasn't the first time he had to do this. But the dream of being taken care off and being allowed to eat soft rice, when would that be realized

Zuo Mo cried inside.

The direct problem he was facing now was that his movements were just a thread faster than his thoughts. That was what caused the situation with Ma Fan. Once someone came within three zhang of him, his body was

unconsciously moved. This reflex was faster than his mind. He usually would have hit someone flying before he would have reacted.

Everyone called it the Brute Explosion attack. The meaning was that no matter if one was willing or not, there was only one result. Of course, there was another layer of meaning. No matter if Boss was willing or not, he had explosively struck someone else.

Therefore, Zuo Mo had a new nickname—"Tyrant." This caused him to feel very helpless.

The situation inside his body was filled with power and dominance that he did not understand. He did not lack for power inside. Every chord of muscle, every drop of ling power, and every thread of consciousness was filled with power.

But when a great power was uncontrollable, it brought a calamity.

However, Zuo Mo now displayed his open mind and strong persistence. Even if he was as weak as a child in front of this power, and did not have any strength to resist

He was not demotivated, did not give up.

Maybe, he could modify and adapt an existing a method? Sitting down again, Zuo Mo thought furiously what method could help him.

At this time, someone suddenly shouted. "A sandstorm is coming!"

Far in the horizon, a black line was becoming thicker at astounding speed. With their previous experience everyone was much calmer than compared to previous sandstorm. The camp was completely protected by formations that the Golden Crow Camp had made using Golden Crystal sand.

Ji Wei and Sun Bao were very experienced. After designing the plans for the large ship, they did not start work immediately, but first set up defensive formations. They knew that forging the large Golden Crystal sand ship would not be an easy matter, and they would spend a considerable amount of time on it. Protecting everyone and ensuring their safety was the most pressing issue. Even though they had the help of the

strange corpse last time, but Daren had said it was always most reliable to rely on oneself.

The scholarly aura of Golden Crow Camp had increased. The jade scroll that Zuo Mo had delivered to them in the past was like a seed that had been planted, germinated, and started to grow. It could be seen from how they set up formations this time. Even though they did not work as quickly as Zuo Mo did alone, but they worked together methodically. They also found a solution for the hard to process Golden Crystal sand.

Influenced by Zuo Mo, the Golden Crow Camp liked to use large formations. The formation belt that Zuo Mo had designed in the past was greatly favored by them.

The defensive formation became an intermediate scale formation belt in their design.

Everyone tried all kinds of methods and could not break through it. Even Pu Yao praised it, and said this group truly comprehended the essence of Zuo Mo's turtle style.

However, there were some that did not take shelter in the defensive formation. Other than the elites, Wei Sheng and the other jindan, others that were close to jindan, like A Wen and Ma Fan, also stayed out and wouldn't go in.

Grinding in the sandstorm could quickly increase their power. This information was quickly passed around in the camp. Due to people like Ma Fan that were just a step away from jindan, this experience was even more important. It was even possible that they would comprehend and enter jindan. A Wen had realized that his power was not sufficient during the battle with the sand puppet and decided to also endure the sandstorm.

This also caused there to be many more people outside this time. There were not many ningmai third stratum xiuzhe outside but there was a small batch.

In consideration for their safety, Zuo Mo found a bunch of immortal tying chains and got them to tie them around their waists. The other end was tied inside the formation. He knew how powerful the sandstorm was.

Even Wei Sheng and the others were only able to protect themselves. If a problem occurred, the only one that had the power to save them was the strange corpse. Zuo Mo didn't dare to guarantee that the strange corpse would act, so he had to use these safety measures.

Ma Fan and the others knew how important this life saving measure was, and all tied them on.

The sandstorm came rapidly and instantly swallowed them.

The defensive formation lit up, and firmly stopped the sandstorm. The people inside the formation nervously stared at the tense immortal tying chains. If the team members on the outside seemed to have a problem, they would work together to pull the other into the formation.

But more people were staring at Zuo Mo. All of them were gaping with wide eyes as though they were seeing a ghost.

Chapter 423: The Thoughts of A Genius

The moment the wind and sand hit his body, Zuo Mo's body reacted.

Countless little yao arts suddenly appeared around him without any warning. These little yao arts were of different colors and varieties. It looked as though multicolored lights were surrounding Zuo Mo.

The same time as the little yao arts appeared, the faint sword essence present was like a flying sword slowly coming out of its sheath and showing its edges.

Flame Seal Armor, Midday Sword, Day Script Palm, Light Void Wings, Golden Crow Feet, Great Day!

Zuo Mo hadn't even reacted and the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique had started on their own. He was instantly fully armored.

At this moment, Zuo Mo was unusually grand. The complete Great Day mo physique was flashing with golden light. The sharp style of mo was murderous, and caused everyone to feel fear. He held his hands in the air in front of his chest as though he was holding an invisible and enormous sword. Faint sword essence brimmed but did not erupt. Slow and rapid little yao arts glowed. Light blue water energy, dots of red flames

No wonder the people inside the defensive formation were left dumbstruck.

The destructive sandstorm seemed to especially treasure this beauty, as it was calm within three zhang of Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo was also filled with curiosity. It was the first time he had encountered the three powers of his body acting all at once. He could feel that the vast well of power in his body was like an ocean. Compared to the power inside, the power that was active now was not a lot. It was like a single wave stirred when the wind swept by the ocean. But this wave was enough to make Zuo Mo's heart jump in fright.

The ocean was so vast he felt terror.

This power was double edged. It could tear the enemy into pieces but also swallow him.

Zuo Mo suppressed the terror inside. He did not try to control the power inside his body, but started a close examination like he was an outsider. He observed as the great power inside him reacted after feeling a threat.

Immersed in his discovery, Zuo Mo completely forgot the existence of the sandstorm. The sandstorm had given him a rare one in a thousand chance. This was an attack that came from every angle and could stimulate all kinds of reactions from his body. Zuo Mo coincidentally needed to observe these reactions.

Focused, Zuo Mo was so perceptive that it was like he was a whole other person. The changes of his body were dazzling, but they did not dazzle his eyes. He was as calm as ice.

He quickly found the ailment.

On the surface, it seemed the reason that his actions were faster than his mind was that his reaction speed had become even faster. In other words, his mental reactions were too slow! The two used to be in sync, but the changes of his body had caused his body's reaction speed to increase greatly. The increase in his mental reactions were not as significant as his physical changes, so the two were out of sync.

From the root, this change came from the merging of the three types of power.

The three powers of the xiu, yao, and mo systems had merged into one. I am in you and you are in me. Using one power would pull the other two along. These three powers were not at the same level, there were great differences. Of the three, his mo body was the strongest, the second was his yao consciousness, and the weakest was his xiuzhe ling power.

This was the true reason for the loss of balance.

Finding the cause, Zuo Mo could only grimace. Was it easy to grow his spiritual and ling power? What he had cultivated first was ling power. He only cultivated the consciousness after he encountered Pu Yao. The mo

physique had been started last, but this latecomer was the one that advanced far ahead and left the other two behind. Who knew that he would encounter a rare event in which the three powers merging together!

What made him even more dejected was that, with the three powers as one, even if all those spells were placed in front of him, he could not cultivate them.

Right now, continuing to cultivate the mo physique was the easiest!

But he knew that he could not cultivate the mo physique at this time. Of the three, the mo physique far surpassed the other two. If he continued to cultivate the mo physique, the imbalance between the three would become even greater.

Thinking about how he would be reduced to instinctual reactions like a wild beast, Zuo Mo shivered!

No!

He couldn't be like that!

As Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and made the decision, he suddenly noticed a strange scene.

The golden light on the surface of the thirty six blood beads had lit up. Threads of golden light quickly swam between the muscles and blood as the blood beads spat out golden light.

Seeing these hair-like golden lights, he suddenly realized he had missed the most crucial thing!

Great Day Banded Flame!

It was the Great Day Banded Flame! The culprit of this change! A fire seed of sixth-grade that rampaged in Zuo Mo's body but was now tamed and harmless.

He tried to control a blood bead. The blood bead wavered.

Zuo Mo was joyed. He hurriedly channeled his consciousness. The situation inside his body was very messy at the moment. Great Day mo physique, little yao art, sword essence, all of them were on their own. The

amount of consciousness he could use was small. Under the control of this tiny bit of consciousness, the blood bead moved a thread towards the side.

This fraction of distance let Zuo Mo see the light of success. He gritted his teeth and continued to channel his consciousness to move the blood bead.

In the presence that Zuo Mo released, the Great Day mo physique held the definite advantage. The absolute power of the Great Day mo physique forced the other two powers to go along.

Among this mess, Zuo Mo seemed to walk a tightrope and carefully control the little bit of consciousness that he could.

This control was very mentally taxing. After a while, Zuo Mo's head was covered in sweat.

He didn't dare to have a stray thought. If he relaxed even slightly, the blood bead that had just moved would automatically return to its original position. That meant the loss of all his effort.

Concentrating on slowly moving the blood bead, he didn't even detect the end of the sandstorm.

The strange corpse stopped the other people from disturbing Zuo Mo. He could see Zuo Mo was at an extremely crucial time. He wasn't the only one who saw it. Wei Sheng and the others also could see. They even did not attend to what they gained this time and patiently waited.

Zuo Mo's mind was immersed completely in his body.

As the sandstorm finished, he felt the pressure explode!

The power of the mo physique finished resisting the sandstorm and was no longer active. For Zuo Mo, the situation instantly became terrible. The power of the mo physique was the core of the three. It returning to silence meant the other two powers instantly also quieted.

Zuo Mo didn't have any more opportunities.

But Zuo Mo was not demotivated. He was greatly encouraged because he

understood his idea was not wrong!

The blood beads that contained Great Day Banded Flame gave Zuo Mo inspiration. The mo power was stronger than the other two powers. It was like a balance, the mo physique on one side with the consciousness and ling power on the other. It would tilt automatically towards the mo physique.

But if he used the Great Day mo physique as the counterweight?

The Great Day Banded Flame that was sixth-grade and was more powerful than the twice-matured Great Day mo physique. It was even stronger than the mo physique, the consciousness, and the ling power added together. The life threatening situation that during the first sandstorm had proven this. It only was when the three had combined together that the flame was suppressed.

But the Great Day Banded Flame was enough to subdue any one of the powers.

Even more importantly, the Great Day Banded Flame had been split evenly among the thirty six blood beads. They were like little weights that could allow Zuo Mo to balance the difference between the three as he wished.

Of course, while this idea could be called perfect, there still were many problems.

The most important one was how to add the power of the Great Day Banded Flame to the other three powers.

Zuo Mo thought of another clever idea, dan cauldron!

Exactly! The first thing he thought of was a dan cauldron!

The mo physique was powerful and able to tolerate the fire seed. The other two powers could create and destroy each other. The thirty six blood beads were enough for him to set up several fire formations. Once the fire formations were completed, the Great Day Banded Flame could be added to every power, and this power balance would form!

This daring idea caused him to feel excitement!

He did not know if this idea was right, because all of the ideas had come from him! He had not received any guidance, or suggestions. He had used only his power and found a solution! It seemed to have a hope of success, but that was enough!

A situation that even the strange corpse, Pu Yao, and Wei could not solve, he found the breakthrough, how could he not be excited?

The mental excitement caused him to work even easier.

Six hours later.

When the last blood bead moved that thread, and reached the wanted position, a change suddenly occurred!

Zuo Mo felt the surroundings suddenly become deathly silent. He seemed to be in a patch of dark void.

Suddenly, a bit of golden light shined in the void. The golden light grew. It was like sharp golden spears that pierced the void. The golden light quickly enlarged in Zuo Mo's eyes until it took up all of his vision.

Boom!

Something seemed to burst into Zuo Mo's brain. His mind instantly became blank.

Pia!

A light sound. A ball of Great Day Banded Flame shot out of Zuo Mo's left foot and cover his entire foot. Soon after, another light sound. His right foot also sprouted Great Day Banded Flame.

Pah pah pah!

A string of light sounds, and balls of Great Day Banded Flame came from all parts of Zuo Mo, knee, stomach, arm

The thirty six balls of flame were clearly divided as they burned silently.

Covered in flame, Zuo Mo did not show any expression of pain.

His pupils did not have panic, they were empty of everything.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao and Wei gaped, dumbstruck.

A moment later, light gathered slowly in the depths of the eyes, and his eyes resumed their usual light.

Refocusing, Zuo Mo jumped in fright at the Great Day Banded Flame that entered his eyes. He quickly reacted. He had succeeded!

He grinned and laughed!

Success!

He had really succeeded!

The messed up body had returned to normal. He relished in the the feeling of regaining freedom of movement again.

This feeling was great!

He suddenly jumped and his figure charged into the sky. Feeling the strong incoming wind, he felt unspeakably comfortable! As though he was a child, he flew around the sky without exhaustion.

The laughter of the youth spread out far among the sand dunes.

He only stopped when he felt a thread of tiredness. Like a person made out of fire, fire was sprouting from all parts of his body.

Zuo Mo snickered as he raised his hand towards the sand dune. A ball of Golden Crystal sand shot into his hand.

The Great Day Banded Flame quickly wrapped around these Golden Crystal sands. The grains softened at a rate visible to the eye and turned into a handful of golden liquid. The other impurities had disappeared into the flame.

The smile on Zuo Mo's face was unable to be controlled any longer. He couldn't help but laugh up into the sky!

Forging, ge likes it too much!

Chapter 424: Frenzy of Forging

With the addition of Zuo Mo, the forging rate of the big Golden Crystal ship shot up. The sixth-grade Great Day Banded Flame easily melted fifth-grade Golden Crystal sand. After Zuo Mo worked through the initial rawness from not forging for so long, he quickly recovered his skill of the past and his speed increased again!

Later on, all of Golden Crow Camp could only act as assistants to him!

Ten thousand tons of Gold Crystal was produced!

One hundred catties of Golden Crystal sand had to be processed to produce one catty of Gold Crystal. Ten thousand tons of Gold Crystal meant one million tons of Golden Crystal sand!

Originally, Zuo Mo had only planned on processing one thousand tons of Golden Crystal for the ship. But the strange corpse had shown unexpected interest upon observing Zuo Mo in processing Golden Crystal and copied him. With the strange corpse's great cultivation, under the point of a finger, an entire sand dune collapsed and left behind pure Gold Crystal.

With three points, the strange corpse processed three sand dunes. Each sand dune was over fifty zhang high!

It left behind three enormous Gold Crystal balls!

Zuo Mo laughed with a wide mouth as he skipped over and carried the three Gold Crystal balls back! He now found that a mo physique with great power was the best partner when forging large talismans. Otherwise, he couldn't even move these three Gold Crystal balls.

The Gold Crystal's feel was between crystal and gold. It had the sheen and transparency of crystal, and also the dense metallic feel of the gold metal. When ten thousand tons of Gold Crystal was piled together, it was just a small sand dune about three zhang high.

All of Golden Crow Camp gaped. Boss' fantastical forging skills caused them to feel great shock, and the strange corpse's skill had left them

collectively speechless.

No one had expected the most difficult and time-consuming step would be finished like this!

A long while later, Sun Bao and Ji Wei refocused and directed the other people to divide up the Golden Crystal.

Zuo Mo did not interfere with the remaining work. He knew Sun Bao and the others had their own plans. In forging, craftsmanship was important, but the ideas were the most important. If he interfered, Sun Bao and the others would be influenced by his ideas, and he wasn't familiar with how Golden Crow Camp worked. If he imposed, it would produce a detrimental effect.

Having idle time, Zuo Mo decided to practice forging using Golden Crystal sand.

A short while later, there was a golden colored broadsword in his hand. He had copied design of the black sword Wei Sheng had to make this Gold Crystal sword. Its length was almost the height of a person, similar to a horse-chopping sword. The glimmering and half-transparent Gold Crystal made it appear like a piece of art rather than a weapon of slaughter.

Truthfully, Zuo Mo's forging craftsmanship really couldn't be said to be good, but the material was very high level. Due to being made completely from the Gold Crystal purified from fifth-grade Gold Crystal sand, its weight reached a terrifying three tons!

Other than himself, no one would be able to use this Gold Crystal sword.

His skill had decayed, decayed! He shook his head and sighed.

But as the material was extraordinary, this Golden Crystal broadsword was fifth-grade. What surprised Zuo Mo the most was that it had three formation techniques: [Thirty Thousand Catties], [Corruption Destroying], and [Sky Fire]. Of course, what Zuo Mo was surprised at was the number of formation techniques. He was not surprised at the three formation techniques themselves. But with these three formation techniques, this Gold Crystal sword could be ranked as intermediate fifth-grade.

Zuo Mo didn't feel any joy at forging an intermediate fifth-grade broadsword. Instead, he shook his head. The Gold Crystal was made from purified Gold Crystal sand. It had the potential to be forged into a sixth-grade talisman. Intermediate fifth-grade was inside the normal limits.

There was an innate difference between sixth-and fifth-grade

What he did not know was that many pairs of eyes were staring at the broadsword in his hand, and sounds of swallowing occurred.

Lei Peng had the thickest skin and he rushed over, "Head, give this to an! Such a big one, Head will have to expend effort to carry it, an is strong and isn't afraid of exhaustion!"

Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. "Don't you use a sabre?"

"Ha, nothing, broadswords and sabres are about the same," Lei Peng smiled honestly.

"Here, if you can move it, then take it," Zuo Mo pointed at the Gold Crystal broadsword stuck upright in the sand and said.

Lei Peng was overjoyed and hurriedly ran over. He gathered all the energy in his body, breathed in, and then pulled the broadsword out of the sand. Without another word, he placed it on his shoulders like he was carrying a door. Like someone was chasing him, he dashed away.

Many people that were watching in the surroundings showed annoyance.

"The big blockhead got ahead of me!"

"Lei Peng's face is invincible!"

"You can do that"

The broadsword now having a home, Zuo Mo thought for a while, and started to work again.

He hadn't thought about the abnormal heaviness of the Gold Crystal so the flying sword that he had forged was too heavy. Having learned the lesson, he started to forge again.

A short while later, he had two flying swords, one long and one short, on his hand.

Zuo Mo had a satisfied expression this time. These two flying swords were a male and female sword. The male sword was just one chi, the female sword was nine cun. The sword sheathes had moving curves, and the swords themselves were naturally curved and nimble!

These flying swords had four formation techniques: [Sky Breaking], [Rainbow Mist], [Light Rush], and [Gold Strands]!

Upper fifth-grade!

These flying swords were definitely top among fifth-grade flying swords! Fifth-grade talismans would have four formation techniques at maximum, and these formation techniques were very good, and could be called the best!

The people that had been staring at Zuo Mo instantly became restless when they saw Zuo Mo's expression. Before they were able to move, a figure appeared in front of Zuo Mo. It was Xie Shan!

"Late again!" Many sighs of disappointment sounded in unison.

Xie Shan was very smug inside, but when he turned to Zuo Mo, he gravely and respectfully made a bow. "Daren, can these swords be bestowed to Xie Shan?"

Zuo Mo thought for a moment and then nodded. "This flying sword is suited for you." He handed the flying swords to Xie Shan after speaking.

Xie Shan carefully took the flying swords. After a slight examination, he suddenly became excited. These swords seemed to have been custom-made for him, and was a match for his Aurora sword essence! For any sword xiu, a flying sword suited for them was a fortuitous encounter!

Many sword forging masters provided custom services, but that price tag was so high it was only possible to dream. Xie Shan had dreamed countless times of finding a sword that was suited for him, but when these flying swords were truly in front of him, he didn't quite dare to believe it.

He suddenly bowed. "Daren, please bestow a name!"

Zuo Mo wanted to say Xie Shan could name it, but when he saw Xie Shan's serious expression, he could only say, "Then it can be the Paired Mirage Sword!"

"Paired Mirage Sword Paired Mirage Sword!" Xie Shan recited inside. He bowed towards Zuo Mo. "Daren, thank you for the name!"

Zuo Mo was very satisfied with the Paired Mirage Sword but this also reminded him. He could not forge so freely, and had to forge to specifications. If the talismans he forged were not suited for someone to use, then what was the use?

Thinking about this, he shouted casually, "Who still needs a flying sword?"

The entire camp suddenly exploded!

The members of Vermillion Bird Camp flooded towards Zuo Mo. Many raised their hands in the air as they furiously shouted, "Daren, I need one!"

"I need!"

"Daren, give it to me!"

Zuo Mo realized that he had just poked the hornet's nest.

"Haa, Daren is really hard-working!" Sun Bao glanced at Zuo Mo who was almost drowning in the crowd and said with a bright laugh.

Ji Wei also laughed. "Forging more is good!"

After the two conversed a few words, they put their attention back on the forging of the big ship. This unprecedentedly large ship was also an unprecedented test for Golden Crow Camp.

In order to hold everyone meant that the inside of the ship had to have enough space. If this ship was built using normal methods, then this ship would need to be three times the size of the current slave transporting boats. But the bigger the ship, the more jingshi they would need to use, it

required setting up more formations, and the target it presented would be bigger.

Sun Bao and the others did not plan to use normal methods to forge this ship.

Daren's date seed ship had given them great inspiration. They decided to use the same method to forge the big ship. Space formations required highly of the materials. That was the reason that the price of the space rings on the market never dropped. Rarely would there be people that would use space formations on ships. The price of construction would be too high, and often the ship would not be as good as ones built using normal methods.

But for Sun Bao and the others, the materials were not a problem they needed to consider at all.

The Gold Crystal that was just a thread from being a sixth-grade material had great potential and could hold the space formations. Golden Crystal sand was one of the materials that was used to forge high level space rings.

And they had ten thousand tons of even higher-grade Gold Crystal!

Sun Bao and Ji Wei's enthusiasm grew, the enthusiasm of Golden Crow Camp grew. Everyone knew that after this, there wouldn't be another chance to waste materials like this!

An enormous formation belt spread out. At the center was the Crimson Fiend Cauldron. The Crimson Fiend Cauldron was smaller in size. Since the day it was forged, there wasn't a day when it wasn't being tempered.

They methodically activated the formations. Dashes of light lit up, and the Crimson Fiend Cauldron spat out astounding red black flames.

Ji Wei and Sun Bao directly threw a tenth of the Gold Crystal into the Crimson Fiend Cauldron.

A whole one thousand tons of Gold Crystal!

The red-black flames instantly swallowed the Gold Crystal.

Everyone instantly showed nervousness. The people that were standing beside the formation started to continuously release spells. Lights continuously entered the Crimson Fiend Cauldron!

Threads of golden light started to creep into the cauldron.

The red-black flames also seemed to be dyed with a layer of gold, and the sound was not as fierce as it had been.

The first wave of xiuzhe had pale faces after a short time as their ling power was used up. Behind them, another wave of people came forward and took over their positions to continuously release spells.

Everyone had grave expressions. No one spoke, no one daydreamed. Even the most exhausted xiuzhe widened their eyes to stare at the Crimson Fiend Cauldron at the center of the formation.

Out of everyone present, Sun Bao and Ji Wei were the most nervous.

When they had first designed the Crimson Fiend Cauldron, they had allowed for the possibility that the Crimson Fiend Cauldron could level up. Today was the time to prove if their design was right or not.

The gold light inside the cauldron grew. It became restless as though there was golden liquid flowing restlessly inside the cauldron.

Suddenly, a formation script on the body of the cauldron lit up!

It was like a brush coated in golden liquid drew along the formation script. A gold formation script slowly formed. Golden formation scripts lit up one after one.

When the last formation script was complete, the flame bursting from the cauldron suddenly paused.

The big formation seemed to suddenly become deathly silent!

The air solidified!

Chapter 425: Super Monster Ship!

The air had become solid!

Everyone unconsciously stopped their breathing. The surroundings were deathly silent.

Suddenly, there was a muffled explosion, and deep crimson gold flames sprouted from the Crimson Fiend Cauldron. A thick pillar of fire shot into the clouds! The wave of heat released in that instant was destructive and the tightly packed formation scripts that it passed by instantly turned to ash.

There were several muffled grunts. It was some of the xiuzhe of Golden Crow Camp that could not stand this wave of hot heat and stumbled backwards!

At this moment, everyone's expressions changed!

The formation scripts alight on the cauldron had a simple and heavy presence, yet the dark red gold flames held an unspeakable dominance!

All of Golden Crow Camp was excited. They looked with intoxication at the almost completely transformed Crimson Fiend Cauldron. They all knew it. The terrifying pressure of the new Crimson Fiend Cauldron proved it was not an ordinary one!

The formation scripts on the cauldron gradually dimmed. The Crimson Fiend Cauldron once again became cold and simple. The Crimson Fiend Cauldron was much smaller than before, about two-thirds of its previous size. The Golden Crow Camp xiuzhe that had been spectating couldn't resist any longer and ran over.

"So heavy! It is much heavier than before!"

"We used that much Gold Crystal, how can it not be heavy?"

"We added more than one thousand tons of Gold Crystal and it shrank. Tsk tsk, that's amazing!"

"This is nothing! Fewer impurities! The grade of the flame also

increased. Any weaker material naturally was burned away. How can it not get smaller?”

Everyone went over and touched around with wonderment on their faces. The high temperature that could melt Gold Crystal seemed to be a delusion. There was only a slight warmth when they touched the body of the cauldron.

After the Crimson Fiend Cauldron was forged, it had continuously changed, and became more powerful. It also became more mysterious to everyone. Most of them hadn't had the chance to see much before, and they had never seen many high level talismans, much less forged one. But even so, they still felt great pride.

Sun Bao and Ji Wei exchanged a look, their eyes flashed with great joy!

Levelling up!

That shocking presence just now could only have one cause, leveling up!

The Crimson Fiend Cauldron had shown signs of leveling up before, but it had not completed it in the past. After merging in one thousand tons of Gold Crystal, it finally leveled up!

Sixth-grade!

This was a true sixth-grade talisman!

In the great majority of talisman shops, it would become their ultimate work!

This was a talismans they had created with their own hands! Sixth-grade talisman!

What made them feel even happier was that the leveling up of the Crimson Fiend Cauldron meant that they were halfway completed! Because in their plans, the Crimson Fiend Cauldron was the heart of the Gold Crystal ship.

Zuo Mo raised his face and felt slightly strange as he looked at the big ship in front of him.

The ship wasn't too big, and was small compared to the slave transporting boats. A dozen zhang long, two zhang wide, it gleamed with a black light, and did not look eye-catching. Put anywhere, this was a very non-descript little ship.

Who could imagine that this little boat was completely made from Gold Crystal, its value immeasurable!

"Gold Crystal is too eye-catching!" Sun Bao said with a smile, "To conceal it, we used Black Stalk Powder and Fragmented Script Stone. There is no real effect on the Gold Crystal, but its appearance has changed. If one doesn't look closely, they definitely won't know it's Gold Crystal. It looks too much like Black Metal!"

Zuo Mo finally understood why he felt strange. Right, it was Black Metal! Black Metal was a commonly used third-grade material that Zuo Mo was very familiar with, so he had found it strange when he looked at the ship.

"It really looks similar! Not bad, not bad!" Zuo Mo praised effusively. If Sun Bao did not say it, he would have been fooled. He walked forward to touch the body of the ship, and upon contact, he instantly detected the difference.

"You can't touch it, the cat's out of the bag if you touch it." The two were slightly embarrassed.

"It is not easy disguise it to this degree!" Zuo Mo said with a shake of his head. He raised his head to look at the ship, his heart filled with anticipation. "Quickly, let's go in and see!"

From the outside, the ship was very small, but upon entering, he found the inside was frighteningly large. They needed to fly to get around inside.

"We used a large amount of space formations. Gold Crystal is really as good as expected! There is thirty thousand mu inside, and can hold everyone of us! We can even fit a few thousand more people!" Sun Bao's voice was filled with excitement. They wouldn't have even dared to think about completing such a ship in the past.

Thirty thousand mu!

Even though he found that the inside was large enough, but Zuo Mo was still stunned by this number!

How large was thirty thousand mu? Larger than the Desolate Wood Reef! Larger than Golden Crow City!

Was this still a ship?

Sun Bao and the others still made perfect plans for the thirty thousand mu and divided them according to different infrastructure functions. There were so many facilities that everyone's eyes were dazzled.

There were seclusion rooms, dueling arenas, and what shocked Zuo Mo the most was that there were even ling fields specifically for farming ling plants inside the ship!

"Ling fields aren't hard to get, there is abundant ling energy on the ship, and it didn't take much effort to set up ling fields. Pity there isn't any good soil here, the fiend energy in the soil is too heavy. If we can get something like Red Ling soil, Black Heavy soil, we could have two hundred mu of fifth-grade ling fiends to play with, then it would be a bit interesting!" Sun Bao said with regret.

Get two hundred mu of fifth-grade ling fields to play

Zuo Mo felt that his mind wasn't enough to comprehend this.

"Daren, this is a small ling lake, there are seven little ling springs on that side, but it has not been completed. We found some totem fragments with water attributes and buried them at the bottom of the lake. There are formations for gathering ling energy down there, and the water has started to have ling power. In the future, if we find some high grade ling springs and move the whole spring over, the water accumulation would come quicker. Right now, we can only use it to raise some normal ling beasts."

So shocked he was speechless, Zuo Mo's group flew following the two into a fiery red area.

Flying into this area, his vision instantly became faintly red, and the temperature rose greatly.

“This is the forging area, it can provide a fifth-grade flame for forgers. En, the brothers that cultivate fire element sword essences can also come here to cultivate, their efforts would be multiplied!”

The duo’s expressions were filled with pride. To be able to forge such a big thing in such a short amount of time, it was enough for them to be proud. Even though many of the places were still in early development at this time, but in the future, they would be perfected.

Zuo Mo was truly stunned by these people!

This wasn’t a ship, this was a secret paradise!

A colossal, flight-enabled secret paradise!

Recovering from his shock, Zuo Mo instantly became excited. Yes, this was a secret paradise, an unprecedented secret paradise! It wasn’t just a secret paradise, it was also their base! Having this big ship meant they had a true foundation. In the future, no matter where they went, they did not need to worry about not having a place to stay!

He suddenly thought of a very important problem and hurriedly asked, “What about the defenses of the ship?”

“Ha!” The one who spoke was Ji Wei. His tone was filled with confidence. “Daren, this ship is the strongest one that this subordinate has ever seen! Gold Crystal is famed for its strength, hard to damage by flying swords. On the entire ship, we only put up one kind of defensive formation, [Solid Shield]!”

“[Solid Shield]?” Zuo Mo was found it hard to believe. [Solid Shield] was just a normal third-grade formation, and mostly carved on ling armor and defensive tools.

“Yes, in total, we engraved sixteen thousand [Solid Shield] formations!”

Sixteen thousand!

Hiss, Zuo Mo inhaled sharply!

The ship was not very large in volume. Even if [Solid Shield] was carved into every corner, there wasn’t space for that many.

“Sixteen thousand [Solid Shield] setup using a interlocking web formations, producing one hundred [Solid Shield] layers in total!”

Zuo Mo looked dazedly at the duo. He was so shocked he didn't know what to say! Crazy! This group was crazy! Sixteen thousand [Solid Shield] formations! Only people who were crazy could do such a thing!

Who really had mastered the turtle style?

A monster with one hundred turtle layers

Heavens!

Thinking about the dense layers of turtle shells, Zuo Mo felt his scalp become numb! Facing this kind of extreme and fanatic design, he didn't know what to say, he lost the ability of speech.

Sun Bao saw Zuo Mo's face was slightly pale and assumed that Zuo Mo was worried that it was not safe enough. He hurried to say, “Daren, don't worry, this kind of defense is top in the world! The reason that we chose to use [Solid Shield] is time, is that the interlocking web formation belt that we created can greatly increase the power of the formation.”

My Heavens!

Zuo Mo swallowed the exclamation that reached his mouth. He tried to resume calmness. Oh, the turtle style is very good, a super turtle style is naturally even better!

Better better

Sun Bao followed, “Other than defensive, our other increase is in speed. Gold Crystal is too heavy, our ship is especially heavy. We spent a lot of brainpower on this. Later, it was the totem fragments that Daren gave us that were useful!”

“Totem fragments?” Zuo Mo paused. He had wanted to ask back when they were at the ling lake.

“En. We have studied these numerous totem fragments. We found that the attributes of these totem fragments are varied and strange. We thought about them when we pondered how such a heavy ship was going

to fly. Many of the totem fragments have the ability to fly, some even have the rare ability to make short space jumps. We used these totem fragments as the heart of the formation, and control the formation. As expected, the speed increased greatly! It is much faster than our slave transporting boats! What we didn't expect is that this ship has the ability to do space jumps!"

"Space jumps!" Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly expanded and he became excited.

Space jumps were the most powerful escaping technique!

Sun Boa also had a happy expression. "Yes, we hadn't expected it. Didn't expect that our luck would be so good!"

The ecstatic Zuo Mo was stuck on his spot.

It was a super turtle ship that was impenetrable, it had hundred layers of turtle shells, it had lightning fast speed, at the crucial moment, it had the ability to make a space jump to flee, it also was a thirty thousand mu large scale secret paradise

Heavens!

What kind of monster ship was this!

Chapter 426: Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie

“The news that the Ice Frost Corps was almost completely wiped out has been reported back. The Council of Elders have ordered our battalion to travel immediately to the front lines. Daren has sent down the order to clean the surroundings. We needed to sweep this entire area before the situation is stabilized.”

Mu Xi listened carefully and her heart couldn't help but shake. The female yao in front of her was very tall and was the vice commander of Bing Lan Daren. Her tone was cold and distant which caused it to be unpleasant to hear but Mu Xi did not feel any dissatisfaction. Her heart was actually full of respect. The other said it so plainly, but Mu Xi could imagine the cruelty in this.

Bing Lan Daren's move seemed idiotic, but it was truly transformative and had gotten rid of all hidden weaknesses.

“I heard that your performance on the last mission wasn't bad, so Daren decided to transfer you over. Please do not fail Daren's hopes,” the female yao said faintly.

“Yes!” Mu Xi solemnly responded. She finally understood. So it had been Bing Lan Daren that had requested her transfer. However, she found it even stranger. How did Daren know of her?

She might have been an important person of the younger generation from the Palace Lake Wood Clan, but in all of the yao world, she really was an unknown person. Her performance in the last mission could only said to be competent but average. In terms of fame, she was not as famed as Liang Wei, the only leader that had survived the previous battle, much less that mysterious and uncanny genius, Xiao Mo Ge.

When she received the order to go to the front lines to assist Bing Lan Daren, Mu Xi's shock could be imagined.

“Also, Liang Wei has also come.” The female yao paused. “But his situation is not the same as yours. He wishes for battle and has offered himself to fight. Bing Lan Daren has agreed to his battle plan. You only

have to know this, you do not need to pay attention to him.”

“Starting from today, you are responsible for the defenses of Area Number Three. Go see your subordinates. Farewell!” The female yao turned to leave after she finished.

When the female yao walked away a long distance, Mu Xi inhaled deeply.

Was this the battlefield?

“We’re finally out!”

It was unknown who said this but it instantly ignited everyone’s emotions. Cheers and yells filled the Black Turtle! The nervousness and uncertainty that had accumulated on their minds were completely vented in this moment! These hardened men that had endured the test of countless battle were like children, some murmuring to themselves, others hugging each other, and some flying about frantically!

Among the cheers of these people, the strange corpse’s troop seemed abnormally silent.

The strange corpse’s grey eyes were empty and lifeless.

Noticing the strange corpse’s unusual state, Zuo Mo suppressed the joy inside and ran over. “What is it? We finally got out of that ghastly place! Really got out! Aren’t you happy?”

The strange corpse did not reply. He said calmly, “I need to leave.”

“Leave?” Zuo Mo froze. The strange corpse was very strange but after this period of contact, Zuo Mo felt the other was very good and their interactions had been very harmonious. He couldn’t help but ask, “Where do you plan to go?”

“To find my homeland.”

“Homeland?” Zuo Mo stilled. Place of birth, this phrase was very unfamiliar to him.

“Yes. I hope that we can meet again in the future,” the strange corpse said calmly, “my name is Shi.”

It really was a strange name. Zuo Mo shook his head inside and shook off the thread of melancholy that had formed. He hung a bright smile on his face. “Thank you, without you, I wouldn’t have had the ability to gather those things.”

“No burden at all,” Shi said faintly. “I’m going.”

As the sound landed, the strange corpse’s troupe disappeared.

Having already noticed the disturbance on this side, Wei Sheng and the others hurriedly came over.

“He’s gone,” Zuo Mo spread his hands, “to find his place of birth.”

The others showed expressions of realization.

Other than Zuo Mo feeling some melancholy, the others didn’t feel anything at the departure of the strange corpse. It was the opposite. Without the strange corpse present, everyone felt much lighter. Even though the strange corpse had appeared friendly along the way but his immeasurable strength still put pressure on everyone.

Zuo Mo quickly throw away his emotions and called Wei Sheng, Lil’ miss and the others together.

“We’ve come out of the damned ghastly place, but that does not mean that we are safe,” Zuo Mo spoke first.

Gongsun Cha nodded. “Yes, if our previous speculations are correct, this should be the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, a battlefield! We must leave Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie at the fastest speed possible, otherwise”

Lil’ Miss did not continue but everyone understood what he meant. Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was the place where the fighting between xiuzhe and yaomo was the fiercest. If they were careless in the slightest way, and were pulled into a battle, there wouldn’t be anything left of them.

They really belonged to the camp of xiuzhe, but none on the Black Turtle were willing to seek the help of xiuzhe. Undoubtedly, the xiuzhe battle

generals here would be disciples of those large sects. The people here, if they weren't from Sky Moon Jie, they were from Little Mountain Jie. They didn't have any good feelings towards those large sects.

And if they were chanced upon by yaomo, they didn't need to even think about that result.

"Go ask, who has the jie river for Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie?" Zuo Mo thought and said, "We don't even know the directions here, we can only blindly blunder here."

Everyone instantly scattered.

Zuo Mo rubbed his forehead. The trouble really came wave after wave. They had just left behind the ancient battlefield only to enter another dangerous place. The present Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was not a peaceful place. The grounds of the former Yao Hunt were now the playground of yaomo.

Yaomo

Zuo Mo's mind moved, and a thread of joy rose. How had he forgotten about the Ten Finger Prison! Zuo Mo hurriedly entered the Ten Finger Prison. Nan Yue and Cang Ze were not present, but Ming Jue Zi was fortunately present.

"Daren wants the jie map for Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie?" Ming Jue Zi said after thinking, "That is not hard but it might take some time. Daren, is it urgent?"

"En, very urgent!" Zuo Mo unhesitatingly nodded, and released a breath inside.

"Understood!" Ming Jue Zi instantly left the Ten Finger Prison.

The rock in Zuo Mo's heart nodded. He could only wait for Ming Jue Zi's news now. As expected, the other people came back in a short while. None of the xiuzhe in his camp had gone to Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie before. Zuo Mo did not go into the details but told everyone that there would be news in a few days. He ordered them to set up defenses, and to especially send out more sentries as this place was not safe.

Truthfully, Zuo Mo did not worry too much about safety. The Black Turtle might have a boring name but it was true to its name. From when they left the Golden Crystal sand sea, and encountered a string of dangers, the powerful defense of the Black Turtle had safely overcome them all. Even the strange corpse had praised the Black Turtle.

Many people disdained this name for not being flashy enough, but since Boss had named it, everyone had perceptively closed their mouth.

Ming Jue Zi's efficiency was very high. On the second day, he had obtained the jie map for Bloody Sky Metropolis jie. Like how the humans hunted yao, there were also yaomo that hunted xiuzhe. From very early on, there had been many yaomo that secretly entered the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. The jie map of the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie had started to circulate from that time on.

This jie map even labeled the yaomo defensive lines. This defense line wasn't a secret.

Zuo Mo had found a treasure.

With this jie map, they were not blind anymore. Zuo Mo and Lil' Miss started to study it. The only ones that had the ability to come up with ideas for this kind of action was just Zuo Mo and Lil' Miss.

The two found their general position on the jie map and started to search for routes.

What reassured them was Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was connected to many places. In other words, they could secretly enter a xiuzhe jie without alerting the xiuzhe guards.

The two schemed for a long time and finally chose a route that seemed relatively safe.

As to whether it was truly safe or not, that would only be known when they went through.

The Black Turtle was like a black light that silently flew in the Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie's sky.

Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was also shrouded in bloody mist, but it was far less dense than the fiendish energy of the Sealed Extinction battlefield. To other xiuzhe, they would feel constrained in such an environment, but for Zuo Mo and his group, this wasn't a problem.

Bloody Sky Metropolis was made from seven intermediate jie as the axis and forty nine little jie as the protective screen, its vastness could be imagined.

"I heard the losses on that side are very high." The mo who was speaking had a black green horn at his forehead. It meant he was a green rhinoceros mo. His entire body was covered in thick black green armor, and his smile was filled with scorn.

"It's very normal. If Daren hadn't had the foresight to turned this area into a Mo Breeding Sea, we couldn't escape either." The one who spoke was a handsome fox mo. Under the light blue hair was a pair of jewel eyes. The lips were thin and tense, and his tone was slightly lazy. This caused him to seem slightly seductive.

"So boring! I thought we would have a good fight. Who knew we just stand guard all day. Moss is growing on my body!" As the rhinoceros mo complained, he glanced into the blood mist in the distance before giving up and lying back down.

"When it's time to fight, you won't think this." Lan Qing glanced at his good friend.

The two were best friends from a young age. When they were recruiting, he originally hadn't wanted to come. Who knew that Xi Ye had ran to register and had also registered him. Therefore, no matter how unwilling he was, he had to follow and come.

But regarding the matter of A Ye registering him, he didn't have any anger. The two had played together from infancy. If A Ye had signed up alone, he would have definitely followed anyway. If he wasn't present, this guy would cause calamities!

No one had expected that A Ye received favor from the Shen Yue Mo General due to his bravery and had been rapidly promoted. As the vice commander to this guy, Lan Qing was in charge of all military affairs so A Ye did not create a mess.

Shen Yue Mo General had been sent to the front lines with an important mission.

A Ye's battalion was responsible for guarding this area. Their position was relatively forward and was a forward operating base.

At this time, Lan Qing's expression changed slightly. He suddenly jumped up from the ground. "Not good! Enemy!"

"Enemy! Where, where?" A Ye also followed in jumping up with an excited expression.

A small black ship came out of the bloody mist.

*

Translator Ramblings: Some of you were so close. The ship is the Black Turtle.

Also, Shi's name is written as 尸 which means corpse Zuo Mo has been calling him 怪尸 (strange corpse) in the past chapters so I'm not sure if Shi decided that he'll use that as his name or his name really was Shi in the past.

Chapter 427: Black Leech Defense Line

“Is this route really safe?” Nian Lu muttered. His hands were not affected by what he said, fingernail sized white lotuses were rising and falling. Nian Lu’s personality was lively and his cultivation method was also different than other people.

Lei Peng lovingly caressed the Gold Crystal broadsword with an intoxicated look.

Ma Fan chewed a stalk of green grass, his head pillowed on his arms as he looked at the sky. The sky inside the ship was just an illusory formation, but it was so life-like it caused people to feel their minds relax. The sky of the Seal Extinction battlefield seemed to be dyed with blood, so pressuring it robbed people of hope. No one wanted had to see that.

“We’ll only know if we go through,” Ma Fan said lazily.

“It’s better if it’s not safe!” Lei Peng rumbled. In the days after waking up, he had seemed to be a completely different person, silent and stoic. When he had gotten the Gold Crystal broadsword, he finally became normal again, and even more battle-thirsty than before. His eyes flashed with the desire to battle, his large hands continuously caressing the broadsword. Anyone that accidentally saw this scene felt coldness rise up.

Ding ding ding!

Sharp and shrill sounds of the alarm suddenly sounded.

“You crow’s mouth![1]” Ma Fan sword. Before his words landed, he jumped up from the ground and turned to a dash of sword light. Lei Peng and Nian Lu did not dare to slack off. Their figures both turned to sword lights and disappeared.

Inside the Black Turtle, sword lights flashed across the sky.

“These are mo?” Zuo Mo didn’t dare to be certain. The images from the mirage formations on the outside of the ship and passed back into the inside, but the strange people in the images were unfamiliar to everyone.

“Yes!” Gongsun Cha’s expression was serious. Other than the mo which looked strange, what he cared about more was that black river that extended behind them. That river was about ten zhang wide, the water was inky black. It was like an enormous earthworm that seemed to curve its body slowly.

Gongsun Cha recognized this black river. In war chess, he frequently had to meet it. That wasn’t a river, it was a defensive line. What was flowing slowly inside it was not some kind of black water, but something called Black Leeches.

Black Leech defense line, one of the most commonly used defensive lines of the mo. He had tripped up over this many times.

Zuo Mo and Lil’ Miss’ expressions were slightly bad. They had tried their best to avoid the three factions at war, and hadn’t expected to encounter the mo’s defense lines!

Zuo Mo instantly realized where the problem had occurred. It was the jie map. They had chosen the route based on the jie map that Ming Jue zi had provided, but living in the yao world, Ming Jue Zi only knew the details of yao defense lines, and only knew the general shape of the mo defense lines.

This was relatively distant from the mo rearing sea of the mo. The mo had pushed their defensive line so far in!

Zuo Mo was shocked inside.

He knew what this meant! This meant that the mo had not encountered any pressure which was why they were so unconstrained.

However, he wasn’t in the mood to worry about others. The problem right in front of them was that the mo will think of them as enemies!

The problem they had tried so hard to avoid still happened!

“Charge through it!” All of the solutions furiously flipping through his mind once, he unhesitatingly ordered.

Lil’ Miss understood. A Black Leech defense line was not enough to

make him panic. The Black Leech defense line was just ten zhang wide. It was very thin. He had many methods to overcome it, but right now, they only needed the simplest method.

That was right, charge through it!"

The Black Turtle suddenly accelerated!

"They're charging charging over!" Xi Ye gaped in shock at the black ship charging towards the defense line like a moth to a flame.

Lan Qing also was stunned. Even though this was just a sentry post, and the black leech line wasn't secure, but it wasn't something that a little ship like this one could deal with.

This tiny ship was probably a scout boat. Scout boats mostly were used to carry scouts. Their speeds were fast and they were very nimble, but their defensive abilities were weak. The scouts inside were harder to deal with. Those that were scouts were definitely the elite.

It was impossible to charge through the ten zhang thick Black Leech defense line with a little boat like this.

The little black boat was extremely quick. It was like a bolt of lightning which provided more evidence for what Lan Qing guessed.

The moment the little black boat reached the defense line, the silent Black Leech defense line suddenly started to roar. Countless tiny black leeches rained down on the little black boat.

The black leeches were a very ferocious insect swarm species. Their reproductive abilities were very strong. Mature leeches were about three cun in length, completely black, and shaped like a shuttle, with only one eye. Their territorial instincts were very strong. Any being that invaded their territory would encounter their ferocious attack.

Just a charge from the black leeches could rival a full power blow from a mo captain!

The attacks of a Black Leech defense line was endless, and counted in

tens of thousands. Even true mo brigadiers did not easily dare to provoke these little beings.

The non-descript little boat was instantly drowned in the flood of black leeches.

Pia pia pia! A dense sting of pops sounded like rain. The entire defensive lines moved angrily. The sharp hissing unique to black leeches filled the eardrums.

Hm, that wasn't right

A hint of puzzlement flashed through Lan Qing's eyes. He felt that something wasn't right.

"How come there's no explosion?" Xi Ye rubbed his head with dejectedness.

Lan Qing's body froze, and his expression froze on his face.

He finally knew what wasn't right! That little boat hadn't exploded yet! Hit by tens of thousands of black leeches at once, the most rational result was to explode into pieces instantly!

But

Ever since the little black boat entered the defense line, the speed greatly decreased as though it went from being a bolt of lightning to a turtle. It was drowned by countless black leeches, causing it to look like a thick black leech ball. There wasn't any part of the ship showing, but

The black leech ball was slowly moving forward. The movement rate was very slow as though it was just squirming but it really was moving forward. As thought the black leeches were pushing it slowly forward!

Crossing the ten zhang defense line did not take up much time.

When the black leech ball reached the other side of the defense line, the layers of black leeches scattered like an avalanche and revealed the black ship inside!

Lan Qing's pupils suddenly constricted!

The ship was still unblemished. There were no changes in shape, no marks, it looked just the same as before.

He was not the only one surprised by this, the entire base was silent! All the mo soldiers had frozen expressions on their bodies.

The Black Turtle that left the black leech defensive lines sped up!

Lan Qing shook and reacted. He said urgently, "Alarm! Quick! Send the alarm!"

Before he finished speaking, he saw Xi Ye charge out. He knew it wasn't good. Gritting his teeth, he hurriedly followed.

Successfully charging through the Black Leech defense line, cheers sounded inside the Black Turtle. They had all been frightened by the fierce attacks from the Black Leech defense line. At this time, the cheers were unusually loud.

"Holy, that frightened me to death. Lucky that our turtle shell is thick enough!"

"We cannot underestimate the mo, without Lil' Turtle, we may not have been able to go through!"

"You guys are weak, ge was so calm! Can these little worms break our shell, the number one shell in the world? Are you joking? Our Lil' Turtle has been tempered in the Golden Crystal sand storms!"

"Please, I saw your expression change just then"

Everyone excitedly discussed the recent danger.

Compared to the high mood below, Zuo Mo and Lil' Miss did not show any signs of relaxing. Their action just now was akin to poking the hornet's nest. Since the other had set up sentries here, then a mo army was definitely not far away.

The battle had just started.

"I'm going to prepare." Lil' Miss turned and left with a calm expression.

The Black Turtle was strong defensively, but on the battlefield, if one just purely defended, even the strongest shield would eventually break.

Zuo Mo stared hard at the Jie river, his mind furiously turning. It seemed impossible to avoid a hard battle, but for them, the most important was not to win, but to quickly leave the battlefield behind and charge out of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie.

What he was most worried about was being dragged down by the Mo army. That was a road to death! His group seemed numerous, but compared to the most important defense line of the Mo, they weren't enough to fill the gaps of the Mo's teeth.

He was pondering where else the Mo had set up defenses.

As for the battle, he did not need to worry at all. Lil' Miss could complete everything perfectly.

The cheers inside the ship gradually calmed. Everyone's expressions became stern. Lil' Miss' orders reached every person: Prepare to battle!

The Black Turtle raced on murderously!

Zuo Mo could not have imagined that the situation here was far more complex than he had thought. Just like how the Mo had pushed the defense line to this place, in reality, its surroundings were filled with scouts from all factions.

These elite individuals were carefully hidden in the bloody mist like ghosts.

When the Black Turtle broke through the bloody mist, it attracted the attention of all the scouts.

When the Black Turtle unexpectedly charged through the Black Leech defense line, it caused restlessness among the hidden scouts. News passed down at a frightening speed back to the battle generals of all the factions.

Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie which had gradually calmed down and settled into a faceoff suddenly changed weather because of a little black ship!

Bing Lan narrowed her eyes. "It is a xiuzhe ship?"

"Yes! Even though there are no insignias on it, but it is a talisman forged by xiuzhe," the vice commander nodded and said.

"Why have they suddenly attacked the mo defense line? A little ship, what can it do?" Bing Lan tapped the table and said to herself.

"We speculate this ship has become lost," the vice commander respectfully reminded. "This ship is not ordinary, and so the people on it are not ordinary."

Bing Lan thought for a moment and then said lightly, "Pass the news to Liang Wei. He knows what to do."

"You are saying it is one of our ships?"

The middle-aged person was authoritative. He showed a pondering expression on his face.

"Yes, Daren!" The vice commander was also slightly puzzled. "But we did not receive any news from the brass."

"So it's like that" The middle aged person was thoughtful.

The vice commander did not speak. He stood with a slight bow waiting for orders.

"Who is closest to there?" the middle aged person asked.

The vice commander knew that Daren had made a decision and hurried to answer, "It is Ming Lie Daren!"

"Tell him to keep a close watch. He can move according to the events, and decide for himself," the middle aged person said.

*

[1]Crow mouth: someone who brings bad things about by talking about them.

Translator Ramblings: I'm a tiny black turtle, watch me squirm, watch me crawl and watch me get out alive!

Also, it is the Hei Gui, not the Hei Wang Ba even though that doesn't make it any better in terms of what you guys now thinks it alludes to.

Chapter 428: Conspiracy

“I wonder how Eldest Shixiong is doing right now,” Ming Lei gazed at the expanse of bloody mist and said emotionally.

The deep fiery red cloak he was wearing floated up in the wind and flapped. Ming Lei’s posture was as straight as a sword, his two sharp brows tilted upwards into his hair, his eyes narrow and had a sharp presence.

“Who knows? Likely better than us! I’m really sick of this ghastly place,” a round-faced youth beside Ming Lei muttered. On his back was a normal Pine Script Sword. He looked as though he hadn’t woken up from his sleep. He was Ming Lei’s shidi, Song Yuan.

Ming Lei’s expression was slightly helpless as he said, “You, you, you have no ambition, so many people want to get in and earn more merit! You, from the first day, you’ve been muttering about going back!”

Song Yuan snorted. “Merit? One needs their little life to experience that!”

Ming Lei smiled. “The more afraid you are on the battlefield, the easier it is for you to die.”

“I only have one life, I won’t get more if I die.” Song Yuan glanced at Ming Lei. “I’m different from battle maniacs like you. Ye likes peace!”

Ming Lei knew Song Yuan’s temperament and wasn’t angry. He said in puzzlement, “I’m just wondering why Shidi is so nervous? In terms of the past, the yaomo were greatly wounded in the great war three thousand years ago, and our xiuzhe’s Four Realm Heaven is full of talents, and have reached the most prosperous moment of our recent ten thousand years! It is easy to see who is weak and strong with a glance. Recently, Eldest Shixiong used a scheme and the yao were greatly wounded. Even in this Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, we are not losing. What is Song Yuan Shidi worried about?”

Song Yuan smiled coldly. “I’m just worried you guys are underestimating

the heroes of the world!”

Ming Lei stilled and then said with a smile, “Kun Lun, Xi Xuan, Xuan Kong, and Tian Huan which realm isn’t full of heroes? To say nothing else, just our Kun Lun has as many battle generals as the clouds, experts like rain! Are so many disciples unable to satisfy Shidi’s worries? What about Eldest Shixiong?”

Song Yuan was silent for a beat before he said, “Eldest Shixiong’s genius is undoubted.” He raised his head to look into the distance and said in a light voice, “Actually, not just Eldest Shixiong, even you, Ming Lei Shixiong, are a top battle general. How can I not know what we are good at? But for some unknown reason, my heart beats wildly.”

Ming Lei showed a thoughtful expression.

“You know when people like me cultivate to such a level, our sword heart is strong and not affected by outside demons, but I still feel unsafe,” Song Yuan said with a sigh and spread his hands, “maybe I’m just worried needlessly.”

Ming Lei was a detail-oriented person. He studied as a battle general, and Song Yuan cultivated the sword scripture of the sect, and had a more sensitive intuition of danger. “Does Shidi feel that something is not right?”

Song Yuan shook his head. “I do not know, which is why I feel so uncertain.”

Just at this time, a sword light flew from the horizon. Song Yuan beckoned with his hand and the sword light landed in his palm. He moved his hand and there was a little sword on it.

Ming Lei picked up the little sword and light flashed through his eyes. “Let’s go, we have a mission.”

Liang Wei’s expression was cold as he stared at the little black boat. When he had received the order, he had been roaming around this area and coincidentally seen the Black Turtle break through the Black Leech defense line. But he hadn’t expected that the Black Turtle would so easily

go through the Black Leech defense line.

As a silver battle general, of course he knew how powerful this Black Leech defense line was!

The grade of this nondescript little black ship was far greater than he had predicted, if it was able to easily go through the defense line. Even the stupidest person knew now that the identities of the xiuzhe inside the little ship were definitely not ordinary.

Maybe the people inside were major

Liang Wei unconsciously licked his lips, the fire of battle-thirst flickering in his eyes. The scar on his handsome face was abnormally sinister.

He forcibly suppressed the battle intent burning inside. Yao and mo were allies but the other definitely would not let them enter the defense line easily. Receiving permission to enter the defense line was only possible under one situation, when they were unable to hold it.

This little ship was definitely not simple, and its defensive capabilities would not be so weak.

Liang Wei was like a lone wolf in the wilderness that was silently waiting for an opportunity.

The breakthrough of the Black Turtle past the Black Leech defense line was like pouring a bucket of cold water into a pot of boiling oil. The situation instantly exploded!

Three groups of mo soldiers came from three different directions like three floods.

With the strange corpse gone, the pressure Pu Yao felt greatly decreased. He became lively again, and resumed acting as though he was the leader. "Battle generals are different. Xiuzhe battle generals emphasize deduction, while yao battle generals emphasize consciousness; both emphasizing control of the troops. But Mo battle generals? They emphasize bravery!"

"Emphasize bravery?" Zuo Mo was slightly shocked. It had to be said

that individual bravery was not so important in large scale battle. If one jindan xiuzhe encountered one or two dozen ningmai, then it was a secure victory. If a jindan encountered a well-trained troop of fifty, then that was a very dangerous situation. If they encountered one hundred well-trained ningmai, then they had to run.

Jindan were high level soldier types among the military, but they were cannon fodder used to wear down high level soldiers. This was an ancient tactic that was still very effective. So in the military, each jindan would also have the protection of an entire troop of ningmai.

So the effects of personal bravery were not evident in large scale battles.

“You’ll know when you see it.” At this important time, Pu Yao kept a secret again.

Zuo Mo was so angry he almost swore but he still managed to resist. Inside, he recorded another mark against Pu Yao.

But Pu Yao’s words still successfully stirred Zuo Mo’s interest. He started to pay close attention to these mo soldiers.

The three groups of mo soldiers raced from three directions. The Black Turtle that just broke through the Black Leech defense line ended up surrounded once again.

Gongsun Cha was motionless, his eyes straight and his expression still.

Some people from the Shield Guard Platoon discussed in low voices.

“Is Daren daydreaming? Daren has seemed slightly weird since his seclusion last time!” The person who spoke was slightly worried. This kind of thing had happened multiple times before. Ever since the last seclusion period, Gongsun Cha frequently wandered off in his mind.

“When was Daren ever normal” Another person rolled his eyes.

“That’s so true!” Everyone nodded. These words really struck their hearts.

“So, this is good, better than Daren smiling.”

“Daren’s bashful smile”

Everyone simultaneously shuddered. They seemed to recall something terrible and all of them felt cold.

“Oh,” An ambiguous sound came from Gongsun Cha’s mouth. His dull eyes became focused again as he smiled shyly, “let us begin!”

Receiving the order, Vermillion Bird Camp instantly charged out!

In the air, many sword lights shot out of the Black Turtle at the same time. The dazzling and beautiful sword lights were like fireworks that exploded in the air!

The suddenly appearance of the Vermillion Bird Camp frightened everyone!

No matter if it was Xi Ye and Ming Qing, or the three groups that were forming a circle at the front, or Liang Wei hiding in the bloody mist, they all changed expressions!

The multi-colored sword lights were sparkling in the air but the yaomo were not in a mood to admire this beauty. Sharp inhales rose.

No one had expected this nondescript little ship was able to hold so many sword xiu!

The average outer appearance, the strong defensive capabilities, the carrying capacity that could rival intermediate and large sized treasure ships!

What kind of ship was this?

No one knew, but every mo battle general that had any experience could smell the danger contained inside! This kind of ship was like the assassin in the dark that could strike a fatal blow at the crucial moment!

Thinking about thousands of sword xiu being transported to the backlines without any signs and at the moment the fighting was the fiercest, thousands of sword xiu appearing behind them

The yaomo’s hearts suddenly felt cold!

Xi Ye gave a sky-shaking bellow. His eyes turned green!

From the day he joined the military, it was the first time that any enemy had broken into his territory so easily! He felt shame at his display just now, complete shame!

He charged at the very front!

All the mo soldiers at the front shouted angrily in unison. Without hesitating, they followed Xi Ye and leapt at the black ship!

At this time, the thousands of multi-colored sword lights filled Xi Ye and Lan Qing's visions. They were completely stunned!

Bone-aching coldness caused their limbs to feel cold!

Xi Ye suddenly howled angrily. His eyes were almost completely crisp green, and his body made to charge!

Lan Qing's eyes and hands were fast. He pulled Xi Ye back and shouted. "Send the news! Quick! Send the news to Daren!"

Xi Ye shook and reacted. He looked gratefully at Lan Qing and hurriedly took out a black insect from his bosom. He closed his eyes. A moment later, a drop of blood welled up on his fingertip. Xi Ye swiped the bead of blood on the head of the armored insect and the blood bead burrowed into the head of the armored insect rapidly.

The armored insect hissed and then suddenly disappeared from Xi Ye's hand.

Looking dazedly at the sky full of sword lights, Liang Wei did not detect that his limbs were so cold they were freezing. There was only one thought in his mind.

This was a conspiracy! A conspiracy of the xiuzhe!

A devious ambush!

Liang Wei's expression was ferocious, his hands tightly balled, his eyes

filled with hate as he stared at the sky full of sword lights. Gradually, he relaxed his fists, and his eyes became calm again.

He did not start moving immediately to go help the allies even though he knew that the other would definitely accept their help. But if this was a planned ambush, then the moves of the xiuzhe would not end with just this!

Calmed down, Liang Wei displayed astounding powers of judgment. With quick thought, he was able to judge—

—the xiuzhe definitely would have reinforcements coming!

He instantly sent out concealed scouts that stood guard in the surroundings.

The scouts quickly passed back the information. A xiuzhe troops were approaching at a fast speed.

A thread of coldness flashed through Liang wei's yes. The scar on his face was also murderous.

As expected, they had come!

Chapter 429: Mo Battle Methods

Ming Lie and Song Yuan were really to be pitied, calamity flew straight at them as they were ambushed by Liang Wei. Even though the ambush did not cause too many fatalities as Ming Lie had maintained his guard, but it still caused them to become disarrayed.

Liang Wei's hatred of xiuzhe was carved deep into his bones after experiencing his last battle. Most of his troops were the lucky survivors of the Ice Frost Corps. Seeing Ming Lie and the others, his eyes instantly became bloodshot and murderous.

One side had prepared for a long time, the other was responding hurriedly, even though Liang Wei's division did not have any experts, but they still suppressed Ming Lie's troop.

Ming Lie's expression was grave. The configuration of the troop in front of them was not highly skilled, but their technique was fierce and they were fearless!

His gaze landed on the young and handsome battle general in the middle of the formation, and was filled with shock. Ming Lie knew the military ranking of yaomo very well. This troop that was pressuring him was not one of the core corps of the yao! And this young battle general was just a silver battle general!

How was this possible?

When did the normal yao corps have such skill? When did a silver battle general become his equal?

His successive countermeasures were ineffective against the other. Five breaths! Five continuous breaths! Ming Lie had sent out six orders, but the state of the two sides had not changed at all!

Song Yuan's expression also became serious. He was not a battle general but he could feel it more clearly. He felt as though they had landed in an enormous web and could not muster the strength to escape no matter what!

A sword xiu that was ten zhang away from him was hit by several yao arts at the same time. With a wail, the entire person shattered into ice powder!

Wails rose and fell. The other side's cooperation was very high. The level of the yao arts were not high, but as they cooperated, their power was very astounding. A hint of grief flashed through Song Yuan's eyes. Dying on the battlefield, even their souls could not escape!

The yao arts and sword lights illuminated the sky. Some entered the bloody mist and caused it to shift.

The collision between the two was brief but fierce!

Liang Wei remained unaffected and coldly stared at the other. His consciousness was spread like a huge net, every detail of the battlefield happening within his grasp. The defensive light shields of a combat yao at the very front was shattered by several sword lights at the same time. He didn't even manage to make a sound before he turned into a spray of blood.

[Ice Heart Tundra] silently circulated, the heart like an icy tundra, unaffected by anything. Liang Wei had been very favored by the corps commander, who had secretly passed him the top yao art of the Ice Frost Corps, [Ice heart Tundra].

Liang Wei might just be a silver battle general, but after experiencing that difficult battle of protecting the rear during the retreat, he had completely been reborn. Upon detecting this, the Council of Elders permitted him to lead a troop.

Liang Wei knew the advantages and disadvantages of the two sides. He had no experts so he definitely could not enter a face off. The other's experts were constantly being protected. If one wanted to use numbers to exchange for the experts deaths, the sacrifice was too high.

Having made a successful attack, they did not linger and retreated!

The bloody mist that covered Blood Sky Metropolis Jie was the best

concealment for yaomo. Thousands of combat yao retreated in unison, their ranks organized. The combat yao that were at the end had lights flashing on their hands.

“Stop!” Ming Lie shouted. He called back his subordinates that were planning on chasing after the enemy. The other’s formation was organized and there were no weaknesses.

Ming Lie’s expression was black. A counter-attack would only cause them to land in the other’s trap.

The results of the battle quickly came out. Ming Lie had lost nearly eighty people, and the other had lost just six. Such a skewed loss ratio was like a loud slap that landed on his face.

The cold and indifferent gaze of the other as he had left was like the sharpest scorn. A silver battle general dared to be so arrogant in front of him!

Ming Lie took a deep breath to maintain his calm.

Song Yuan perceptively did not speak. Truthfully, he had also been stunned by that ferocious wave of attacks. He had started to gather experience on the outside world from when he was very young, and encountered many dangerous situations. But only today did he know that the dangers he experienced before was just child’s play compared to war.

In the blink of an eye, eighty people’s lives were erased. How cruel was this!

But what caused him to feel cold was the cool eyes of that young yao battle general that had no emotion. One successful attack without any lingering behind, so clean and crisp it was scary. Looking at Ming Lie’s black face, Song Yuan knew that just how terrible his shixiong’s mood was right now.

He did not understand battle generals but he did know that Ming Lie Shixiong’s skill in Kun Lun was among the top. Otherwise, their sect wouldn’t have given the first battle to him.

If the news that Ming Lie Shixiong had been tripped up on the hands on an unknown yao battle general spread back to the sect, it would definitely cause a great ruckus.

This place was really full of danger!

Song Yuan's heart felt even more insecure.

The fighting behind them did not attract Zuo Mo's attention. His attention was completely on the three groups of mo that were rushing at them. He looked very closely. Pu Yao's character was usually poor but he would not speak nonsense.

Upon close study, he instantly made a new discovery. Mo battle generals were different than yao battle generals!

Yao battle generals used their consciousness to control the troops. The troops were like limbs that advanced and retreated together. Mo battle generals did not care for troop formations at all. They were an unsightly mess and sprawl.

But ...

In Zuo Mo's vision, the presences of those unorganized mo soldiers were tightly gathered together! The presences of hundreds of mo soldiers were gathered into a ball. Once it was one being, the pressure instantly was completely different!

Zuo Mo seemed to see hundreds of muscles criss-crossing and joining together, tensing and turning into a fist!

The three groups of mo soldiers were like three powerful fists!

"The mo battle methods turn the complex into the simple, gather many into one, power overcoming technique, seemingly simple and extremely effective. The mo battle general is the only one of the three kinds of battle generals that requires a person to be individually brave." Pu Yao's tone then changed. "Your brain is stupid, you are more suited for the mo battle methods."

Zuo Mo was eager as he looked on. “How can I gather many into one?”

“Oh, Wei knows,” Pu Yao said irresponsibly.

Wei opened his eyes with slight helplessness, and looked in dissatisfaction at Pu. Ever since he encountered the strange corpse and saw an existence even more ancient than his, Wei’s desire to find a successor unconsciously faded greatly. Waking up from his obsession, he finally realized what he had guarded in the past had been lost in the river of time.

The oath carved on the gravestone was only treasured by himself.

Pu Yao could still encounter the descendants of his past fellows, and this maintained the connection between him and the world, he was not abandoned by time. Yet Wei was too ancient, so ancient that nothing could have been left.

The strange corpse went to find his place of birth. Wei found with a grimace that he didn’t even have a target to search for.

Wei’s desire to find a new successor drastically dropped. Wei, who had always wanted to show his existence, was disinterested when Pu Yao threw the problem at him.

He said casually, “This is hard to learn.”

“Harder than learning the mo physique?” Zuo Mo asked.

Wei stopped breathing and finally remembered that this person was a freak that easily cultivated the Great Day mo physique that ranked second among colonel mo physiques!

“It is not as difficult as mo physiques.” Wei decided to say the truth.

“Then teach me!” Zuo Mo’s request burst out. He tried to widened his glistening eyes, and gave a desirous and fawning expression towards Wei.

In terms of shamelessness, Wei was clearly not Zuo Mo’s opponent. He could only say, “Mo physique and battle general are two different things, I do not know much.”

But when he saw Zuo Mo’s face turned towards him like a sunflower, he

intelligently gave up on struggling. “Mo battle generals are truly different than other battle generals. The first thing they need to learn is to echo with the power of their comrades.”

“Echo with the power of comrades?”

Wei released a breath. The shameless expression on that face finally disappeared. He felt much more at ease and continued, “Yes, the power of mo is the power of the fleshly body, of the true self. Only by echoing with the power of one’s comrades can one communicate with one’s comrades. The directions of power is much faster and accurate than sound!”

“So it’s like this” Zuo Mo was thoughtful.

Wei suddenly smiled. He spread his hands. “Don’t ask me how to echo the power of comrades. I don’t know either, I’m just a gravestone armor.”

He hadn’t lied. For some unknown reason, when he saw Zuo Mo’s brow tightly furrowed, Wei’s mood that had just been helpless became much lighter.

“Echo the power of comrades” Zuo Mo pondered. He seemed to comprehend something, but when he thought deeper, he had nothing.

Immersed in thought, Zuo Mo directly forgot the fight that was happening now.

A moment later, he suddenly raised his head, excitement unable to be disguised from his face. Without another word, he jumped up from the ground and ran away!

Compared to Zuo Mo’s new discoveries, Gongsun Cha was entirely familiar with the mo battle methods. In war chess, he had faced all kinds of enemies. Even though the battle methods present were not the same as Pu Yao’s battle methods in war chess, they were of the same vein.

To Gongsun Cha, there was no difference.

Three section wave killing charge!

The multi-colored sword energies that had bloomed in the air

brightened up!

Howling sounded and filled the eardrums. In a brief amount of time, the sword xiu of Vermillion Bird Camp pushed their speed to the max!

The sword lights formed waves that charged at the three groups of mo soldiers!

Compared to the past, the present Vermillion Bird Camp was undoubtedly more mature. When they performed their trademark three section wave killing charge, they were even more masterful. The waves made from sword energies were not as ferocious and sharp as before, but were more bouncy, as though there was an invisible thread that connected all the sword energies.

The two sides collided!

A strange scene occurred.

Like waves, the sword energies gathered and scattered. They were like blades that danced about like butterflies, continuously slicing layers off the mo soldiers.

The sword energies criss-crossed!

In a blink, half of the mo soldiers were dead or wounded!

This scene stunned the entire field.

His chest full of fury and battle intent, Xi Ye's body that just started to move seemed to be pulled to a complete stop by an invisible hand. He looked in disbelief at the waves of sword energies as though a basin of cold water was poured over his head, his limbs cold! Beside him, Lan Qing and the other mo soldiers were shocked!

When the black-faced Ming Lie saw this scene, it was as though he was paralyzed.

Inside the bloody mist, Liang Wei's pupils suddenly shrank, his expression changed greatly, and his body entirely cold!

Chapter 430: Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo

Unlike Zuo Mo, Gongsun Cha noticed the combat behind them at once. He only glanced over before moving his gaze away. He couldn't help but shake his head at the performance of this group of xiuzhe, but his eyes lit up at the performance of the yao.

The xiuzhe's collective strength was a level higher than the yao but they were being suppressed by the yao. Even if it was due to being ambushed, in Gongsun Cha's eyes, the performance of this group of sword xiu was really not outstanding.

Of course, he only glanced at them. The three factions were not very different in his eyes. If they landed in the hands of yaomo, it would naturally be hard to keep their bodies intact, but if they landed in the hands of the sword xiu, they definitely would not survive either. In such a sensitive place as the front lines, being a group of people with unclear origins, they would naturally be labeled as "dangerous." To make it even worse was that they had too many valuable things on them that would breed envy in others and making them a target.

If it was Gongsun Cha on the other side, he would definitely slaughter this kind of fat sheep if he ever he encountered one.

Taking only a glance, Lil' Miss put his attention back on the mo soldiers in front of him. Even though he had fought more than once against mo battle generals in war chess, there would always be a difference between reality and war chess. Especially a war chess design from a few thousand years ago.

Lil' Miss' focus was a calamity for the mo soldiers.

The two sides had the same general amount of manpower. Full of confidence, Lil' Miss did not take the advantage based on numbers, but even so, the three groups of mo soldiers were falling at an alarming rate in front of Lil' Miss's most developed move, the three section wave killing charge.

The one-sided battle shocked everyone, especially Liang Wei and Ming Lie. The two were exceptional battle generals and deciphering battle was their basic technique.

Battle general was the profession that the three major factions had which was the most similar between the races and that each faction was the most familiar with. It had always been the case that the yaomo and xiuzhe thought of each other as enemies and were most sensitive to this kind of information.

Shocked, the two simultaneously made the same choice—ask for reinforcements from the main army!

After doing this, the two who had cold sweats could finally relax enough to closely examine the battle which was reaching its end.

After watching for a while, the two almost exclaimed at the exact same time in disbelief.

“Three section wave killing charge!”

“Three section stab!”

The disbelief on the two’s faces quickly became strange.

“Shixiong, what is three section stab?” Song Yuan couldn’t help but ask.

“Three section stab is three section wave killing charge.” Ming Lie stared at the battlefield with a strange expression on his handsome face. As if he was taking in his sleep, he said, “How is this possible how is this possible?”

“Shixiong!” Song Yuan saw the situation was not right. Channeling ling power, he shouted like thunder.

Ming Lie shook and his unfocused eyes became clear again. He looked gratefully at Song Yuan and explained. “I hadn’t expected that the thing this person would use would be the three section stab! Shidi may not know, but the three section stab is a very ancient yao battle tactic. This battle tactic was most popular three thousand years ago, but as it heavily favored offense over defense, the yao battle generals decreased their use of

it so now almost no one uses it.”

“Yao?” Song Yuan had a puzzled expression. “But these people are clearly sword xiu!”

“The three section wave killing charge is what the yao call it, we usually call it the three section stab. Actually, this kind of tactic is more suited for us sword xiu. People have used it in the past, but it has a fatal flaw!”

Song Yuan became interested. “What flaw?”

“It cannot sustain itself!” Ming Lie became relaxed again. He said in a deep voice, “The strongest part of the three section stab is that it gathers short-term explosiveness together, and cannot be stopped. But this kind of explosiveness cannot keep going. Three section stab, it is most powerful in this charge. If the other can stop these three waves of attack, the situations of the two sides would instantly reverse.”

Song Yuan looked at the battlefield and then said with a shake of his head, “They cannot hold against the three waves!”

“Of course they will not hold up!” Ming Lie said firmly. “However, the defense line of the mo is not so easy to penetrate. Mo defense lines are usually thick. The distance between each defense line is not far, and it is easy to get reinforcements. Creating such a large ruckus, there’s no way the defensive lines behind will ignore it.”

Before his words landed, a group of approximately two thousand mo soldiers appeared in everyone’s view like a black cloud.

“Not right, this isn’t right.” Zuo Mo shook his head.

In front of him, A Wen who was acting as his experimental subject was crying inside. But he didn’t dare to show any discontent on the outside. A Wen admired his fellows that were preparing to fight. The Guard Camp had finished preparing and were waiting to depart. Head Shu Long was personally leading. Every time he thought about the upcoming battle, he was excited.

But

Looking at the eager Boss, and then thinking about his situation, he began to wither like a tomato in frost.

Heavens! Why did Boss suddenly want to experiment? Why did Boss have to use him as the subject?

Boss told him to release his presence in a steady flow. He could not understand at all what the use was in doing this. But he didn't dare to say that to Boss and docilely allowed Boss to move him around.

Boss seemed to be trying something and would occasionally mutter.

"No good this is not it!"

"Not right, there's a problem!"

A Wen felt as though he was an idiot, and Boss was a madman.

But even if Boss was a madman, he was still Boss!

When this group of two thousand mo soldiers saw the remaining of their one hundred soldiers left, the eyes of the battle general that was leading instantly turned red. With a furious bellow, he charged like a rampaging bull!

Many bellows sounded in unison. The sky changed color and killing energy filled the air!

They came extremely quickly, the two thousand mo soldiers were like an enormous fist of metal that was burning as it smashed towards the battlefield!

Vermillion Bird Camp sword xiu that were destroying the remaining soldiers couldn't help but simultaneously pause, and their strong hearts showed a slight crack.

"Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo!" Ming Lie's pupils contracted.

Song Yuan heard the great shock in Ming Lie's tone of voice and hurriedly looked over. These mo soldiers were even more elite than the

three previous groups of mo soldiers. Most of them were wrapped completely in black green armor. The surface of the armor was covered in beautiful patterns. Just from the sheen of this black green armor, Song Yuan knew the quality of the material was extraordinarily hard.

The presence of the mo battle general at the very front was even more intimidating. His entire body seemed to be wrapped in the armor shell. The armor seemed to be of one body, but seemed to not restrain movement as though it was alive. He had a black green horn at the top of his head, interlocking fangs that reached out from the armor and shrouded his face like a mask. This caused him to look extremely ferocious.

The patterns on his armor were the most beautiful as they glimmered.

Song Yuan murmured, "These are mo?"

"It is Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo!" Ming Lie's tone was heavy. "It isn't cannon fodder like the ones before, this is a regular corps! Their frontal charge is very strong. See their black armor? It is hard to damage with normal flying swords! Not easy to defeat!"

He suddenly was curious. He wanted to know how these sword xiu of unknown origins would deal with these troublesome Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo?

He could not guess.

Ming Lie was not the only one that recognized the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo. Gongsun Cha also recognized them at first glance.

But compared to the seriousness of Ming Lie, Lil' Miss' display could be considered calm. There was not a ripple in his gaze. His spread out consciousness passed his orders to every sword xiu in a flash.

The members of Vermillion Bird Camp instantly disengaged with the enemies in front of them, and the formation shape quickly shrank. In a blink, they compacted into a ball, and at the center, waves of light rose. In a blink, a group of people appeared.

Compared to the murderousness of the sword xiu, this group of people looked calm on the surface. They wore normal cloth, were barefooted and empty-handed. Only some details on their bodies, like a yellow flower at their waist, a purple creeper wove through lock of hair, caused some of the detail-oriented spectators start to wonder who they were.

These continuous lights also attracted the attention of the mo battle general. Gravity flashed through his eyes, and was then replaced by strong confidence and battle desire!

The other did not spread out their formation, did not roam around, but formed a circle of defense. This would perfectly allow them to express their full strength in a frontal charge!

He didn't know who these people were. He didn't hesitate. He firmly believed that under this kind of powerful charge, nothing could stop them!

He suddenly opened his mouth and gave a warbling yell!

Instantly, all the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo underneath him also gave warbling yells. Their speed suddenly increased, and the tyrannical presence rose again!

They were like a steely flood. Everything in front of their charge was crushed to pieces!

The patterns on the black armor of the mo battle general brightened. As he sprinted, he suddenly raised his right fist.

"Kill!" all the mo soldiers shouted in unison!

An invisible power furiously flooded towards the upright fist of the battle general. A black green light covered the right fist. The light increased at alarming speed. In the time it took to run a short one hundred zhang, it became a ball of flowing green sap.

There was a circle of black light around the energy.

The distance between the two sides was less than two hundred zhang. The domineering and savage presence of the battle general's right fist covered in light reached a peak.

The mo battle general glared angrily and shouted, "Kill!"

The right fist was thrown out!

Hummmmmm!

The deep bellow that seemed to come from the deepest part of the ground caused everyone's hearts to shudder.

When the green light left the hand, it grew in the air and was the size of a mountain in a blink. With a rush of air, it charged towards the Vermillion Bird Camp that had formed a circle.

Behind the green light, the two thousand Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo's presence reached a peak. With an unstoppable presence, it forcibly charged in front of Vermillion Bird Camp.

The peerless charge of the Black horn Rhinoceros Mo!

Shrunk into a circle, Vermillion Bird Camp seemed as weak as an egg in front of this savage charge, as though it would be destroyed by this flood in the next moment.

And at the same time.

Opportunity!

A thread of harshness flashed through Ming Lie's eyes. Without any hesitation, he bit down and shouted with all his power, "Charge!"

Chapter 431: Flower Slaves

The ambush of the Kun Lun sword xiu was very sudden!

After being continually suppressed, Ming Lie finally displayed the skill of a great battle general. His grasp of timing was very precise. Just as everyone was shocked by the domineering charge of the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo, he unexpectedly chose to attack!

Hidden in the bloody mist, Liang Wei's expression changed. He hadn't expected that the sword xiu would suddenly attack.

The situation of the battlefield was always one where if a hair was being pulled and the whole body would move. Ming Lie's sudden attack caused slight chaos on the battlefield. The full frontal charge of the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo was peerless, but their capability to resist charges was not strong. In terms of timing, the collision between Ming Lie's sword xiu and the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo would be just after the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo finished their frontal attack on this little ship.

The mo battle general had enough confidence to completely annihilate the other's troops in one charge, but the other sword xiu group's charge was vicious. That was exactly when they would be the weakest.

The expression of the mo battle general changed.

Seeing the danger, Liang Wei could not care for anything else. He instantly ordered, "Attack!"

The remaining two thousand battle yao suddenly released like a tense spring and shot out like arrows out of the bloody mist!

This string of changes happened in an extremely short amount of time but gave people the feeling that it was too much action for the eye to see.

The mo battle general's complexion was slightly pale. There were two troops hidden so close to him and he had not detected it at all!

But the present situation did not allow for him to hesitate in the slightest. The enemy was right in front of him. Any hesitation would cause their situation to become even more terrible.

Destroying this group of sword xiu with the fastest speed was most beneficial for them!

The battle intent rose in the chest of this mo battle general. As his presence grew, his body lit up with black green energy! The other Black Horn Rhinoceros mo beside him all copied him. A layer of black green energy instantly came onto the bodies of every Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo!

Their movements were slightly pulled inwards. Like they were pieces of granite, they charged at Gongsun Cha's group!

Victory was right in front of them!

Ming Lie and Liang Wei's troops were like two arrows that came from the rear from two different directions!

Most fatal was that the mo soldiers that were approaching had an unreasonable charge that was like a mountain thirty thousand catties heavy, and unable to be stopped! That lightning-like enormous green energy was almost right in front of them.

For some unknown reason, Lil' Miss gave a smile at the corner of his mouth!

He didn't make a move. A figure suddenly flew out from behind his back. A rainbow multicolored light rose up from bottom to top, and flashed past!

Hiss!

Like strong cloth being torn, the mountain-like green energy and the shimmering sword rainbow collided like two bubbles and disappeared!

The mo battle general's pupils suddenly shrank!

Jindan!

The other's troops had a jindan!

This was not unexpected to him. How was it possible that a treasure ship like this didn't have an expert? He did not panic due to this. Jindan

sword xiu was not enough to make him feel panic. Once the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo started their charge, even a few jindan could not escape unharmed, much less just one!

The contact between the two we be in an instant!

Just at this time, a dot of purple energy lit up in his view!

What was this?

He suddenly had a strong feeling of danger, but before he could respond, his legs suddenly weakened, his entire body losing control as he tripped forward!

“Not good!”

The people beside him flipped over. In such a high speed charge, any slight loss of balance meant that their bodies would lose control. This came so suddenly that they tripped hard without having their guard up. The troop formation at the front instantly became chaotic. The mo soldiers at the back saw the situation and forcibly twisted their bodies to try to avoid their fellows that were unbalanced at the front. Some mo soldiers that were more skilled went with the flow and grabbed their fellows.

But what was fatal was their presence—the presence that had been gathered into one suddenly had a short burst of chaos.

And at this time, the flower yao, that were being guarded by the Vermillion Bird Camp sword xiu, had released a flood of yao arts they had prepared in their hands.

The yao arts they cast were very unique. Some were crisp green, some bright purple, some serene blue, all of different colors, but all of them held a presence that was strange and deep.

There was no sound, no intimidating presence, no blinding energy light. Even these energies of various colors were like candles that flew lightly.

These candle-like serene lights seemed to be the black daggers in the darkness.

The mo battle general suddenly smelt a faint sweet scent. His expression changed. He shouted urgently at the top of his lungs, "Careful! It's poison!"

His heart sank to the bottom.

Poison! It was poison! He had never expected the other to use this kind of move to resolve their charge! But he had to admire the skill of the other. This move grasped their weakness. Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo had powerful charges, outstanding defense. Normal methods could not defeat them at all, but using poison was a very effective method!

A tiny thread of blue smoke floated past his eyes like the willow branches blown up in the wind. Time seemed to slow down, his body that was usually filled with power started to become heavy.

Such powerful poison!

His mind started to blur.

They were going to lose

The mo soldiers were a complete mess. Their steps were unsteady, their eyes unfocused, their breathing panicked as they fell all over the place. Even more alarming was that marks of all colors started to appear on their hard black green armor. In a blink, these beautifully patterned armor were filled with all kinds of eerie multicolored marks.

The flower yao appeared in such a weird and terrifying manner on their first appearance on the battlefield.

The Flower Yao Coexistence Art!

This strange and special spell caused those high level ling flowers to gradually transform. The flower poison that each flower yao had cultivated were different. As they were tempered in the frighteningly abundant black fiendish energy of the Sealed Extinction battlefield, these flower poisons became even more toxic and could directly wound the soul.

No matter if it was yaomo or xiuzhe, the most troublesome situation was

wounds to the soul.

In addition, their flower poisons were formed from cultivating [Flower Yao Coexistence Spell] and had some attributes of yao poisons. Their flower poisons each became an unique flower poison that was completely different from other flower poisons.

These flower slaves that had a constant smile on their faces, went barefoot and wore cloth were the true smiling assassins! It was the first time Gongsun Cha led the flower slaves into battle. He didn't have a complete grasp of their abilities. He had called out all the flower slaves, and not knowing their own effectiveness the flower slaves also released all of their flower poisons without holding anything back. It caused every inch of space to be filled with dozens of types of flower poisons.

The mo soldiers that had no defense took a hard fall.

The Vermillion Bird Camp sword xiu that were protecting the flower slaves also had unnatural expressions. The scene in front of them also frightened them. The strange yet powerful flower poisons caused them to show expressions of fear. The unstoppable flood instantly dissipated, and really shocked them.

If it was them who did not have any defenses up, their outcome would be the same as these mo soldiers.

They securely guarded the outside perimeter and didn't dare to take a step forward. Sword xiu with good vision were even able to see the tiny thread-like forms of flower poison that floated in the air three zhang away from them.

Everyone felt slightly intimidated.

There were no wails, no groans, only the chaotic sounds of impacts, falling and then everything gradually turned to a deathly silence.

A hair-raising deathly silence!

The flower slaves' slightly exhausted panting was clearly heard as though it was drawing the curtain to this hair-raising deathly silence.

The two troops that were shooting forward like arrows seemed to be pulled back by an invisible rope. Without any agreement, they both decelerated, and then stopped.

The two troops were silent.

Terror filled everyone's face, no matter if it was sword xiu or combat yao. The depths of their eyes were filled by those multicolored beautiful lights!

Ming Lie and Song Yuan's faces were ashen. They dazedly looked at the scene in front of them that seemed to come from hell.

"Such ... such a powerful poison!" Song Yuan stammered out. It was not rare to see xiuzhe that cultivated poison. They were mostly roaming xiu. Song Yuan had seen many powerful poison-cultivating roaming xiu before, but like this, to poison several thousand at once, it was the first time he had seen it!

Ming Lie stared hard at those barefoot and smiling people. He did not realize that he had almost bitten through his lips.

What were the origins of these people?

So many sword xiu, it had to be a sword cultivating sect! But which sword cultivating sect was this powerful? Able to destroy two thousand Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo with a wave of the hand, this was an attention-catching power. He had seen it clearly just now. From the moment those strange poison-cultivating roaming xiu appeared, the sword xiu that were guarding the perimeter were as steady as rock facing the charge of the Black Horn Rhinoceros Mo and didn't move at all.

Well-trained!

The words popped up in his mind. Thinking back, even the usually proud Ming Lie had to admire the skill of the other battle general! From the beginning three section stab to suddenly using poison. It had to be said that this was a battle that suddenly occurred. To be able to find the other's weakness in an instant and find a method of defeating them, this was skill!

But

Who were these sword xiu? And so many roaming xiu. What was their goal in coming here?

Ming Lie's expression became uncertain.

Liang Wei's limbs were icy, his face slightly white. However, he did not retreat. He stared at the people that were being protected at the center. The scene just now filled his heart with terror, but at this moment, another discovery attracted his attention.

Yao poison!

Those flower poisons seemed very strange, but it was definitely a kind of yao poison!

Liang Wei firmly believed that he had not seen it wrong!

How come these xiuzhe could use yao poisons? Where those barefoot people yao? But they didn't look like it! Then why?

Countless riddles spun in his mind. These riddles caused him to suppress the urge to turn and flee and to maintain his distance to the other.

He had to get to the bottom of this!

Chapter 432: Kun Lun

Having tried for a while, Zuo Mo had not made any breakthroughs. This was extremely dispiriting for him. Was he not suited to be a battle general? He furrowed his brow and frowned.

Their troop looked very powerful, but in reality, Gongsun Cha was the only qualified battle general. Shu Long was studied and work hard, but as a commander, he was just average. If Gongsun Shidi became entangled in battle, then their situation would become extremely dangerous.

But the cultivation method of Guard Camp had caused them to be unsuitable for use under Lil' Miss' command. This was a problem that Zuo Mo had kept in mind this whole time. Without a suitable battle general, the Guard Camp's offensive capabilities could not be fully expressed. In this chaotic time, combat strength was the safety net of survival. Having combat abilities but unable to use them, how could Zuo Mo be content?

Only today when he saw the mo battle general's fighting methods did Zuo Mo finally realize. No wonder Lil' Miss did not like to command Guard Camp. The cultivation method of Guard Camp meant that they were meant to battle in a different way than Vermillion Bird Camp.

Zuo Mo also found that this straightforward battle method of mo battle generals was very suited for him. He couldn't help but think, if he could express the combat abilities of Guard Camp

Yet while the idea was beautiful, reality was cruel.

According to Wei, the first step was to feel the power of his fellows, so he had found A Wen to be his practice partner. But no matter how hard he tried, there wasn't a response.

Mo battle generals required strong bodies. This wasn't a problem for him at all. His Great Day mo physique had gone through its second maturation, his body was as hard as steel and hard to damage with a flying sword.

But no matter how he tried, he could not feel A Wen's power.

Was it that the three powers in his body had merged into one and was preventing him from feeling A Wen's power? He couldn't help but furrow his brow. He was helpless about the situation inside his body as well. Even though it had reached a new equilibrium, but even Pu Yao and Wei could not offer anything about this once in a thousand year circumstance. He needed to explore everything by himself, and what was most fatal was that Pu Yao and Wei's experiences were mostly ineffective.

This was the greatest loss for Zuo Mo.

But the situation was beyond his control since long ago. He could only endure it.

Was he fated to always explore on his own throughout his life? A thread of bitterness rose in Zuo Mo's heart. At Wu Kong Mountain, he had to explore by himself. He finally encountered Pu Yao, the spells and yao arts had come to him as easily as water flowing. But just after being able to smoothly sailing for a short while, the change inside his body had caused Pu Yao and Wei's experiences to lose effectiveness in one night.

Those powerful yao arts and spells casually waved goodbye to him, disregarding his lingering gaze and flew away.

In the period of one night, he had returned to where he started.

What sort of world was this

Zuo Mo grimaced. However, he could only grimace. He was not demotivated. Fate was like those yao art problems. You could not choose which problem it would give you. Your choice was either to work on solving it, or wait for death.

As to whether or not it could be solved, that was the next problem.

It seemed he is fated to walk the high-difficulty path!

Aye, really no way about it, experts are always like he

Comforting himself like this, Zuo Mo rubbed his face and tried to keep his mind alert. He sat down and started a new round of thought and experiment.

“This one is Kun Lun’s disciple Ming Lie, responsible for defending this area. Elders, please forgive me for coming late to the rescue!” Ming Lie said loudly, and bowed towards the distant Black Turtle. He put his attitude extremely low.

Kun Lun disciple!

When the people of Vermillion Bird Camp heard these words, their expressions suddenly changed.

“Kun Lun disciple” Lil’ Miss narrowed his eyes, the smile on his bashful face increasing as he said to himself, “such a coincidence, didn’t think we really would encounter people of Kun Lun.”

Cold snorts sounded around him. Everyone’s expressions darkened.

If they had to choose a sect that was most unwelcome among Zuo Mo’s group, then it was undoubtedly Kun Lun! Now people from the sect of Kun Lun were right in front of them. No one would have good faces.

Song Yuan’s eyes were keen and noticed the fury and murderousness on the faces of the Vermillion Bird Camp sword xiu. “They don’t seem to be very friendly towards us.” His heart shook and he said in a low voice.

Ming Lie’s heart jumped but his expression instantly resumed normality. He said in a similarly light tone, “No matter how unfriendly they are with us, they can’t be in agreement with yaomo.”

“That’s true.” Song Yuan thought from another direction and released the thought. No matter what grievances this group of people had with Kun Lun, everyone was xiuzhe and belonged to the same camp against the yaomo.

Ming Lie said loudly, “Seeing your honored division’s style today, it really causes admiration. But this place is the territory of the mo, extremely dangerous. Gentlemen do not say at dangerous places, everyone”

“You are a disciple of Kun Lun?” a male voice came from the black ship and interrupted Ming Lie.

Ming Lie said, "Yes. Your honored division"

The voice inside the boat once again interrupted him, "Who is Lin Qian to you?"

Ming Lie was shocked. He said in surprise, "Sir knows Eldest Shixiong?" At the side, Song Yuan also showed shock.

Inside the Black Turtle, the faces of Wei Sheng and the others changed again.

Just now, Wei Sheng suddenly recalled the riddle of Lin Qian's identity and suddenly made an inquiry. Wei Sheng had been suspicious of Lin Qian's identity long ago. He had speculated that Lin Qian would have a connection to Kun Lun but he never thought that the slightly mysterious young person that was not at all eye-catching was the Eldest Shixiong of Kun Lun Sect!

Gongsun Cha's expression also couldn't help but change. The two exchanged a look and saw the shock in each other's eyes.

Kun Lun was the real ruler of the entire Kun Lun Realm. The Eldest Shixiong of Kun Lun Sect, the future sect leader of Kun Lun, his rank was so venerable, his identity so noble that other than the present sect leader of Kun Lun, no one could rival him!

What secret did Wu Kong Sword Sect have that caused the future Kun Lun sect leader to come in person?

Gongsun Cha was alright. He had entered Wu Kong Sword Sect relatively late and his feelings towards Wu Kong Sword Sect was not deep. But Wei Sheng had grown up in Wu Kong Sword Sect and held deep feelings. Shocked, he couldn't help but show deep worry.

A little sect like Wu Kong Sword Sect would not have any power to resist under the influence of Kun Lun.

Ming Lie saw the other had become silent again and confusion rose. "Can Sir give your name. A friend of Eldest Shixiong is a friend of our Kun Lun! We will act as hosts!"

“Where’s Shixiong?” Gongsun Cha asked Zong Ru beside him in a low voice.

Zong Ru closed his eyes and opened them a moment later. He said, bewildered, “Daren seems to be meditating.”

“Meditating?” Gongsun Cha raised an eyebrow. He turned to look at Wei Sheng. “What does Eldest Shixiong think? They are most likely starting to suspect our origins now.”

“What do you think?” Wei Sheng asked warily.

Gongsun Cha gave a shy smile and did not answer. “It is not suitable for us to be targeted by Kun Lun at present.”

“You mean” Wei Sheng had a shocked expression.

Gongsun Cha raised his white hand and lightly sketched a chop.

“Hiss!” Wei Sheng inhaled sharply, and the people around them also showed shock. But in a moment, everyone’s shock turned to excitement and eagerness.

Kun Lun! That was Kun Lun!

For every sword xiu, Kun Lun was akin to a holy ground! And in reality, Kun Lun was the holy ground of sword xiu! Of the Four Realm Heaven, Kun Lun was the most honored! This honor was not borne out of thin air, but fought for by Kun Lun sword xiu using the flying sword of their heart in that great war three thousand years ago!

Even the subordinate sects of Kun Lun had no weak people, much less true Kun Lun disciples!

Wei Sheng hadn’t expected Gongsun Cha to be so daring to know that the other was a Kun Lun disciples and still dare to kill!

However, Wei Sheng was not a stupid person. He knew that he had exposed their identities when he had asked for Lin Qian’s identity. Ming Lie only needed to pass this information back. With Lin Qian’s intelligence, he would most likely guess it was them! Gongsun Cha was correct. If they were targeted by Kun Lun now, then they would be in

danger!

He also thought about Wu Kong Sword Sect

Strength flashed through his eyes. He nodded heavily. "Okay!"

That heavy word was like a vase that broke. Thick killing intent spread out!

Liang Wei heard the exchange between the two and his heart continued to sink. The two seemed to be old acquaintances. He suddenly found his thinking just now was truly absurd. How could xiuzhe cultivate yao poisons?

It probably was a ling poison that the other had made that was similar to yao poison!

Thinking about this, he prepared to take his subordinates and retreat. If these two troops allied together, then it would no longer be so easy for them to retreat. Fortunately, he had acted the latest. So even though his attacking position was not good, it was very suited for retreat!

At this time, a change suddenly occurred!

The little black ship suddenly lit up in his vision.

Boom!

Like fireworks exploding, sword energies shot out!

Liang Wei's expression changed. Was the other attacking? He was so frightened he almost shouted, but he perceptively caught a detail out of the corner of his eye. His figure instantly stilled.

Those sword energies

They were all heading towards the Kun Lun sword xiu!

What was going on? Inner conflict?

Liang Wei was stunned where he stood with bewilderment on his face. The combat yao beside him were all dumbstruck.

The other's attack had occurred so suddenly without a hint of warning that the Kun Lun sword xiu did not react immediately. Their ranks shifted. The sword xiu first had astonishment on their faces, and then they showed fury.

Ming Lie was both shocked and angry. "You cowards dare!"

When was Kun Lun ever attacked by other sects first? Just the two words Kun Lun had crushed countless sects before. Today, there was someone that knew their origins and dared to attack them!

This was the first time Ming Lie had encountered such a thing!

Fury burned in his heart. He unhesitatingly went forward and shouted angrily, "Kun Lun! Kill!"

The sword lights of the Kun Lun sword xiu lit up!

Watching from a distance, Liang Wei started tightly at the sword lights that drew out beautiful curves. There was only one phrase echoing in his mind.

Surround! Tactical surround!

The other's intentions suddenly became clear

—they intended to not leave even one alive!

Chapter 433: Grapple

Under Liang Wei's shocked gaze, Ming Lie's troop was like a sharp great sword that pierced straight into the threads of sword lights that came at them and twisted with the flow!

Their presence was concentrated and sharp. The black ship sword xiu's sword energies scattered like fireworks. In front of Ming Lie's forces, the threads of sword energies seemed to break with a touch. The sword xiu from the black ship that came hurriedly dodged to the side.

The presence of Ming Lie's troop had become such that no one dared to stand up to them!

The terror in Ming Lie's heart had also dissipated long ago. The confidence of a gold battle general filled every corner of his body! Layers of sword xiu were protecting him. The Pine Script Sword was in the hands of Song Yuan Shidi, and he was looking about warily.

The other five jindan sword xiu steadily controlled their position. These jindan were not from Kun Lun but they were the best from their respective sects. Ming Lie's master had carefully chosen these people to ensure his safety.

Just this composition was enough to fill him with confidence. The Kun Lun realm was the largest realm of the Four Realm Heaven. The borders were vast and near endless. Due to having abundant battalions, the composition of their armies could not help but become complex, so there were divisions of far, near, outer, and inner.

While they were all jindan, the jindan sword xiu of normal sects had the lowest benefits in a battalion. The jindan sword xiu from Kun Lun's numerous subordinate sects had much better benefits, and Kun Lun disciples benefits were a step above that. Inner sect disciples were mostly the leaders of the battalions.

Ming Lie Battalion's jindan were all from subordinate sects who were completely loyal from top to bottom. The relationships between these subordinate sects to Kun Lun were very close, and the sects functioned as

Kun Lun's protective perimeter.

Even more, there was Song Yuan Shidi to help secure the flank.

Thinking about his prior shock just now, Ming Lie couldn't help but feel a thread of shame.

He focused and decided that he must win this battle!

While the identity of a Kun Lun inner sect disciple was honored wherever they went, but in reality, the competition between inner sect disciples far surpassed the imaginations of everyone. How many Kun Lun inner sect disciples were there? Even Ming Lie did not know. But it was not strange that he could command one battalion since he was a gold battle general and an inner sect disciple.

But to get assigned his mission this time, it had taken great effort. Before leaving, Master had kept on telling him to work hard. The sect leader of this generation was extremely fair, and would reward meritorious service. If he could get a good victory on the front line, the fruit would be enough to benefit all of their sect line.

Of course, he would get the biggest slice!

Thinking about this, his gaze unconsciously heated up. Sweeping across the entire battlefield, his right hand started to count, all the ling power inside his body moving as he channeled[Celestial Balance][i] to the maximum!

In his eyes, there seemed to be dots of light spinning.

As these star-like dots of light continued to spin, the battlefield gradually became clear in his mind.

He suddenly opened his eyes, and coldness flashed past them.

As expected, the other was not ordinary!

His battalion was thrust straight in the middle of the other's troops like a dagger. The sword xiu along the way that seemed to flee like alarmed birds, furiously sprinting away, but once out of harm's way they simply rejoined their own formation.

He had inserted himself into the other's troops, and the other had completely surrounded him.

Ming Lie smirked inside. If normal battle generals were surrounded, they would definitely panic; but for Ming Lie who was skilled in tactics, this was a great opportunity!

In his eyes, the other's enclosure was like a cloth bag that only looked strong but would break with a mere poke of his finger. His battalion was gathered together, united. Wasn't this just the kind of sharp object that he needed right now?

Come!

An excited blush floated onto Ming Lie's face as though he had seen his prey!

“Wood's Horn Formation!”

The Horn was the first of the seven mansions that belonged to the Eastern Azure Dragon, who represented the Wood element, and similar to the horn of the dragon it was best used for killing! [ii]

Wood's Horn Formation was a classic assault battle formation!

The sword xiu, who were familiar with Ming Lie Daren for quite a while now, instantly understood that they were going to make a move!

Without any hesitation or keeping anything back, the ling power in their bodies circulated at full power. The flying swords in their hands started to vibrate and hum like starving and blood-thirsty wild beasts. Slight tingling numbness spread over their entire bodies as the battle presence erupted from the deepest part of their souls!

“Kun Lun!”

The flying swords rose up just like these thunder-like roars with that deep pride and zealotry!

In an instantly, the sword energies were like a tsunami that came surging forth!

A smear of slight red unconsciously blushed from Gongsun Cha's face. This caused him to look like a shy and bashful neighbor's boy.

But landing in the eyes of Zong Ru and the others standing close to him, they instantly understood—Gongsun Daren was excited!

Yes, Gongsun Cha really was excited!

In this short instant, the skill the other had displayed surpassed his expectations.

In suddenly occurring battles like this, the room for a battle general to act was not large. Other than the first response abilities of a battle general, what it tested was the power of the troops!

A mature troop usually did not need the direction of the battle general when it first encountered an attack and would instinctively respond correctly.

Even Gongsun Cha's consciousness needed a brief amount of time to make a response.

In this instant, the Vermillion Bird Camp sword xiu that were closest to Ming Lie Battalion made their response.

The flying swords in their hands turned to streams of light that stabbed towards the other's troops. Their bodies moved at the same time as their enemies, pulling them to a position parallel to the other, which tightly followed Ming Lie Battalion.

These dozens of sword lights did not stop Ming Lie Battalion from attacking but caused a few sword xiu at the flanks of the troops to pause for a brief moment.

This seemed as though it was an insignificant effect. It had to be said that even in everyday training, it was not possible for the battle formation to be perfect every time.

No one paid attention. Even those dozens of sword xiu that were affected did not pay attention. In their eyes, these people were like flies and could only disgust them. And if they placed too much of their

attention on these flies, then the power of the Wood's Horn Formation would weaken.

But they did not know the person who they were facing was a person who had hardly survived a great and immeasurable amount of abuse!

After facing Pu Yao's horrific and perverse pressure, Gongsun Cha was extremely sensitive to slight changes on the battlefield.

He instantly caught this slight change.

His consciousness unhesitatingly moved.

The sword energies that were scattered like threads suddenly gathered towards the flanks of Ming Lie Battalion. Looking from afar, it seemed as though threads were tangling themselves onto Ming Lie Battalion.

They roamed parallel to the flanks of the other's troops. If they found a chance, they would go and tear off a piece.

The amount of threads that were catching on increased and were becoming thicker.

The Kun Lun sword xiu that were on the flanks instantly had a headache. If the previous duos and trios of sword xiu were just flies that could only disgust them, they were now akin to packs of wild wolves as their numbers increased. If they were the tiniest bit careless, the other would tear off a piece of their force.

Their attention unconsciously moved to the Vermillion Bird Camp sword xiu that were occasionally roaming beside them.

It was without their detection that the presence of the entire assault troop slowly weakened.

Ming Lie detected the danger!

The Great Day mo physique was the power that Zuo Mo trusted the most. After his body reached equilibrium again, his Great Day mo physique followed his will again.

But the feeling of using the Great Day mo physique now was completely different than it had been in the past.

The change in every piece of muscle in his body would also pull along changes in the other two powers.

The ling power that stuck like oil and the consciousness that wrapped the muscles and tendons like vines had caused Zuo Mo to truly experience what it was like to have his whole body move by pulling a hair.

Under the effect of the Great Day Banded Flame, they were always in balance. This also meant that any new change required a new equilibrium.

Zuo Mo was currently trying to find the fulcrum.

A point that he could detect the power of his fellows!

This kind of search was like searching in the darkness without his eyes, slowly searching with just his hands.

Not far away from him, the dejected A Wen felt as though he was a candle that was continuously giving off light. He felt so stupid

Suddenly, his eyes widened and he stared in shock at Daren whose eyes were closed.

Had it just been his imagination?

He was puzzled. After staring at Daren for a long time, there wasn't any response.

It was his imagination!

A Wei twisted his mouth and pulled a face at Daren.

Suddenly, his expression froze on his face as though he was struck by lightning.

Nearby, Daren's body shook. He was like an old monk in meditation, but an indescribable presence spread out from Daren's body.

After a while, A Wen understood. This was the presence of power!

It was the presence of the Great Day mo physique!

A Wen was uncertain. The presence of Daren's Great Day mo physique was intimidating normally, but it was completely different compared to now. Everyone was familiar with the presence of the Great Day mo physique as all of the Hardship Guards were cultivating the [Great Day Hardship Guard] that Pu Yao had modified. That was why A Wen had immediately detected this familiar presence.

Outer release of presence?

A Wen did not understand what Zuo Mo was doing and was confused.

Mo skills cultivated the power of the flesh. This physical power was contained in their flesh and blood, and could not be released on the outside like ling power and consciousness.

He tilted his head and thought about how Daren was able to accomplish this.

Just at this time, his body suddenly shook without warning!

What was this?

A Wen was shocked. He hadn't moved just now. At this time, his body shook again!

His eyes widened and his gaze landed on Zuo Mo's body.

In his eyes, Daren's body shook. Before he could muster a response, he began to shake uncontrollably, as if his body was possessed!

What ... what ... what was going on?

Frightened, A Wen found that his body was shaking like dice. No matter how much he wanted to stop, his body did not respond at all and still uncontrollably shook.

In his eyes, Zuo Mo's body was shaking at the same frequency, but the magnitude was much smaller.

This strange situation almost caused A Wen to go crazy, his mind was now completely blank.

[i] Celestial Balance is the fourth star of the Northern Dipper.

[ii] The Eastern Azure Dragon in Chinese mythology represents spring and the wood element. The Eastern Azure Dragon is made up of seven constellations each called a mansion. These are the Horn, Neck, Root, Room, Heart, Tail and Winnowing Basket.

Chapter 434: Formation Change

Ming Lie hadn't even managed to send out an order before his field of vision widened. They had completely broken through the other's encirclement!

But Ming Lie did not feel any joy at all. His heart slowly sank. The other's reaction speed was faster than he could have ever imagined. They did not face their charge at all, only tightly following them, attacking and then retreating at once. If his own force was a screw that was spinning at high speed, then the enemy were the threads that wrapped themselves around it.

Even worse was that due to the other's response, they were gradually losing speed.

Speed was most important factor of a charging assault. If they lost speed, these bothersome enemies that were like strings would instantly completely encircle them. At that time, they would end up in an even more reactive situation.

The enemies roaming around them were like cunning packs of wolves. They would gather and scatter abruptly like the wind.

"Twinkling Brilliance Formation!"[i]

Ming Lie quickly made a decision. The troop that had been attacking at high speed seemed to curl up like a worm. In a blink, they switched from the Wood's Horn Formation to the Twinkling Brilliance Formation. This meant that from this moment, they switched from assault to defense.

It had to be said that Ming Lie had some skill. The two had only fought for two rounds, and he had already detected the problem. His reactive ability was slower than his foe's, and his sword xiu were not as experienced as the other's. Understanding his disadvantages, Ming Lei decided to pull the rhythm of battle into formation battle.

Formation fighting was different than encounter fighting.

If fighting encounters were determined by the experience and reaction

of the sword xiu, then formation battle competed on the battle determination and quality of the two sides as well as the average strength of the sword xiu.

In this area, Ming Lie had absolute confidence!

Every sword xiu of his battalion had been carefully selected from different sects. The lowest cultivation among them was second stratum ningmai. Each person also had their unique skill, and they had never slacked off in daily training. He dared to state that they were an elite force.

If he had to say what weakness this troop had, then it would be that they had not gone through the test of battle.

Formation fighting was undoubtedly more suitable for them.

The front and the back ranks joined up, so Ming Lie Battalion quickly set down layers of defenses. It was possible to see their training from this. From an assault formation to a defensive formation, the entire process was smooth and natural, completed in an extremely short amount of time.

Battalions were a very unique group in Four Realm Heaven. No matter what type of xiuzhe, the stronger they were, the bigger their temper. Normal xiuzhe were not willing to go to a place like battalion where they had to follow the rules. For battle generals, the obedience of his subordinates was more important than having individual power.

The benefits from being in a battalion were better than other places, but jindan xiuzhe would not be badly treated no matter where they went. Who was willing to go to a battalion to suffer that?

This was also why Kun Lun Realm had countless sects, but there were not many sects that had battalions. Only colossal entities like Kun Lun, that controlled an enormous population, could selectively choose the xiuzhe who fit their requirements. The sword xiu that came from subordinate sects were trained in a completely different manner than normal disciples. From a young age, they were trained in the manner of battalions.

All the members of Ming Lie Battalion were such cultivators.

Quickly entering defense mode, no one panicked. Everyone methodically entered their own positions.

Vermillion Bird Camp went along with the flow and took back the advantage of the battlefield. With a woosh, they completed the encirclement again.

The two landed in a standoff again.

Gongsun Cha understood what the other was planning with slight thought. He couldn't help but feel slight amazement. It seem the other battle general wasn't an idiot. To be able to notice their own weakness in such a short amount of time and intelligently use their advantage, not every person could do this. This person who had come from Kun Lun had not had the so-called pride of fame go to their head, that really wasn't easy.

However

He wasn't a match for encounter battle, so would he be able to reverse it for formation battle?

A barely discernable smile flashed on Gongsun Cha's lips. It did not cause anyone warmth and was like a blade that appeared in the air!

Finishing their encirclement, Vermillion Bird Camp did not rashly attack but instead seemed to be waiting.

"Daren, what are they planning?" the subordinate spoke with puzzlement. He was confused by that dazzling series of changes.

Liang Wei tightly stared at the battlefield and said without turning his head, "They are planning to have a formation battle."

"Formation battle?" The subordinate was even more confused.

Liang Wei did not explain, and deep wariness flashed through his eyes. The battle generals on the two sides were both very powerful. If it was him, he didn't dare to guarantee that he could best them.

It might have been alright for him to lose to Ming Lie Battalion. He did

not know their name, but the Kun Lun emblems on their bodies was too eye-catching. It was possible to see with a glance. A battalion of Kun Lun, it was natural they would not be lacking. What shocked him the most was the battle general inside the black ship!

This unknown and mysterious battle general had forcibly suppressed this battalion from Kun Lun from the beginning till now.

If using poison could have been called trickery, then the collision he just saw now was not; it was a demonstration of skill.

His eyes didn't dare to waver because he believed what would be coming next would be an even crueller formation battle!

In an instant, his pupils suddenly shrank. This wasn't right!

Having finished surrounding the enemy, the black ship sword xiu looked as though they were roaming aimlessly around the outside.

But there seemed to be a structure that gradually became clear between these sword xiu.

This was

A battle formation! It definitely was a kind of battle formation!

Liang Wei did not feel any joy at his realization. His eyes were extremely wide, fearful of missing the slightest detail.

This was not strange. In reality, the xiuzhe, yao, and mo were very familiar with the formations of each camp. He was able to recognize Ming Lie's Battalion's Twinkling Brilliance Formation at a glance. But Liang Wei was unfamiliar with the formation of the black ship battle general.

What kind of battle formation would it be?

His mind moved quickly. He put himself in that position. If it was him, what battle formation would he use at this time?

Twinkling Brilliance Formation was a defensive formation, but it did not emphasize defense. Rather, it was famed for its ability to change. There were many variations of Twinkling Brilliance Formation. Every setup had many modifications, and it was liked by xiuzhe battle generals due to this.

What battle formation was suitable for defeating the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation?

The indiscernible lines and structures in Liang Wei's eyes gradually became clear, and his curiosity was also drawn out. The skill that the black ship battle general had shown was very high, and filled him with anticipation.

The structure finally became clear.

Little teams that spun were like a pile of gears shoved together. They spun at high speeds without stopping.

“What battle formation is this?” Liang Wei's vice commander said what everyone was thinking.

Liang Wei did not know either, but he did not make a sound. He knew the mysterious black ship battle general definitely would not do something meaningless.

What they did not know was that in all the major yao jie, this type of battle formation was the most popular battle formation of the moment! When Xiao Mo Ge and Yu Heng had their battle, they had already reached the front lines. A battle maniac, Liang Wei took his troops and spent all their time roaming Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie in search of prey. They were completely ignorant of what had happened back home.

Everyone widened their eyes.

Zuo Mo opened his eyes, and they were filled with ecstasy!

Fulcrum! He finally found that fulcrum!

He hadn't just found that fulcrum, he finally understood how mo battle generals gathered everyone's power together.

The power of the flesh could not leave the cage of the body, but it could connect everyone's power through an unique method, resonance!

Yes, resonance!

Zuo Mo was not unfamiliar with resonance. This kind of scenario was repeatedly mentioned in low level forging, especially for forging items like Eight Treasure Sound Boxes. However, the resonance between the power of the body was much stronger than the resonance of low level talismans like Eight Treasure Sound Boxes. This was a kind of resonance that was invisible, it didn't have sound!

It was this kind of resonance that was able to gather everyone's power into one. The use of the battle general was to channel their own power and guide everyone along to complete group resonance.

This was a powerful ability!

Zuo Mo suddenly understood. It was like opening a new window into another mysterious world!

He also finally understood why the battle methods of mo battle generals were so strange. It was only the mo who had such strong bodies that could create such powerful vibrations and reach resonance!

Zuo Mo stood and secretly channeled the Great Day mo physique. He raised his head and saw a panicked A Wen. He laughed. "Don't be nervous." He then said, "What do you feel?"

A Wen hesitated and then said, "Like my body is not in my control, like something is pulling me, it's a very strange feeling."

"Try to channel your mo skill," Zuo Mo said right after.

Heart beating wildly, A Wen carefully channeled his mo skill. Threads of black smoke came out of his body and formed panels of black armor on the surface of his body. He quickly became covered in armor. The layers of light, slender, and long black feathers made him look like a large bird.

"Follow what I do," Zuo Mo said. Before he finished speaking, he suddenly threw out a punch!

A faint gold fist energy left his hand!

A Wen unhesitatingly flicked and thrust with his black spear. A black energy left his spear.

Yet what happened after that caused A Wen to widen his eyes.

The black energy he had release flew out of the spear point, and drew towards Zuo Mo's faint gold fist energy as though it was being attracted by an magnet.

In a blink, the black energy entered Zuo Mo's fist energy as though it was a baby sparrow returning to its nest!

The fist energy grew a sliver, the sound it created increasing and deepening as though something was shaking! In the center of the faint gold fist energy, a bean-sized, black dot was visible to see!

A Wen gaped!

What was this?

When the spear energy left the spear point, he had detected a great suctioning force. But he could also feel that he had not lost complete control of the spear energy.

Such a strange feeling!

Even though the Great and Little Mo Kill of the Crow Fiend Mo Killing Formation could gather many into one, but it felt completely different this time with Daren!

In front of A Wen, Zuo Mo grinned widely, his eyes lit up as he snickered dumbly.

Was there anything that embodied the method of many fighting against the few like this? No! Definitely not! This was undoubtedly the ultimate move for gang-fighting!

Ge really is a genius!

Zuo Mo became excited the more he thought, and eagerly ran towards Guard Camp.

If he was going to play, he was going to play big!

*

[i] Twinkling Brilliance is the seventh star of the Northern Dipper. This

makes it a match for Ming Lie's Celestial Balance which is also a part of the Northern Dipper.

Chapter 435: Red Eyes

Burning, beautiful streaks of light in the distance were the sword light energies from flying swords rushing by.

The light of fire, explosions, and all kinds of spells reflected against Liang Wei's handsome face. The scar on his face was like an earthworm struggling at the boundary of light and darkness.

He had stopped breathing. The upcoming climax to the battle caused the temperature of his blood to rocket up. His mouth and throat was dry, and there seemed to be a fire burning in his chest.

He suppressed the desire for combat in his chest. His stubborn gaze was focused and fanatical in the light.

But Liang Wei quickly frowned.

The two sides had not fully come into contact. They were still in the early stages of probing. In Liang Wei's eyes, the actions of the black ship sword xiu were somewhat amateurish. He couldn't help but be bewildered. Twinkling Brilliance Formation was not an obscure battle formation. Even though the Twinkling Brilliance Formation that these Kun Lun sword xiu used had many modifications, but it did not deviate significantly from the conventional structure of a Twinkling Brilliance Formation.

There were many methods to deal with the Twinkling Brilliance Formation, but almost all the solutions followed one rule, attack the central defense area. The central defense area of the Twinkling Brilliance Formation was its strongest defensive area, but it was also the crux of the entire battle formation. If that was broken, the entire battle formation would quickly be defeated.

Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation was one of the battle formations that xiuzhe battle generals most frequently used. Supposedly, the one who had created this battle formation was a sword xiu battle general. As a testament to its exceptional power, the formation had gained widespread usage in less than two hundred years.

The black ship's battle general seemed unfamiliar with the Twinkling Brilliance Formation. Compared to the spectacular command abilities he had shown earlier, the skill he showed now was as if a completely different person had taken command.

Had someone else taken control of their side?

Liang Wei found it weird.

Gongsun Cha really did not know the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation.

But his eyes were very powerful. The two seemed to just begun their face off, but this short face off was enough for Gongsun Cha to pay close attention to this unfamiliar battle formation.

The Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation was really exceptional. It actually was the skeleton of a battle formation that gave enough room for battle generals to react to many situations as required. Ming Lie was very skilled in using the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation. This was his best battle formation, and his wariness of Gongsun Cha could be seen from this course of action.

But even though he was wary, Gongsun Cha did not panicked. He widened his eyes. The battle formation stirred his interest.

A very powerful formation!

Seven sword xiu to a group, groups that then interlocked. There were all kinds of illusory formations that had been carefully arranged. All of the xiu in each group tightly grasped their flying swords, waiting. But what shocked Gongsun Cha was not this profound battle formation, but the talismans that this group of people wore.

The entire battle formation was shrouded in the light of the talismans!

Seeing this, Gongsun Cha's eyes became red!

Compared to their enemies, they were just street beggars. Each of the sword xiu had one or two fourth-grade talismans, all the flying swords

they had were also fourth-grade! Each of those jindan could be described as being bathed in the light of treasures, and it was blinding! Even more exaggerated was that the entire battle formation was covered in a layer of faint blue light.

The enemy even had large scale battle formation talismans!

When compared to his side, the talismans they had were mostly third-grade. The number of fourth-grade talismans could be counted on his fingers. The only thing that comforted them were the flying swords on their hands. They were all Gold Crystal flying swords that Zuo Mo had forged in the Golden Crystal Sand Sea for everyone.

But there were more than two thousand people in Vermillion Bird Camp. No matter how powerful Zuo Mo's Great Day Banded Flame was, it was a vast amount of work to forge more than two thousand flying swords. In order to save time, he had created a mass forging method that could forge twenty Gold Crystal flying swords in one go.

But the Gold Crystal flying swords created through this method were lacking compared to the ones he had forged at the start. Low fifth-grade, and each possessed two very practical formation techniques, [Sharpness] and [Air Sweep].

[Sharpness]increased the sharpness of the flying sword and [Air Sweep] greatly increase the speed of the flying sword. After great efforts the xiuzhe of Vermillion Bird Camp had basically all comprehended sword essence. These two formation techniques could be used to their full power in their hands.

Compared to the flying swords on their hands, the talismans on their bodies were really poor. No wonder Gongsun Cha's eyes turned red when he saw the light of the fourth-grade talismans on the enemy sword xiu.

Zuo Mo was greedy and money-hungry. His style of disliking individuals with good talismans had deeply influenced everyone else.

Without any additional motivation, the entire Vermillion Bird Camp seemed to be full of adrenaline, all of them excited as they greedily rubbed their hands, their faintly red eyes sweeping to and fro on talisman

decorated bodies of the enemy sword xiu.

“Daren, let an go to test the waters,” Lei Peng widened his eyes and rumbled with an innocent face.

The laziness on Ma Fan’s face instantly disappeared. He spat out the grass stem in his mouth and silently raised a thumb up at Lei Peng. Hearing this, like magic, a mirror had appeared on Nian Lu’s hand and he was combing his bangs in the mirror.

The other sword xiu of Sky Peak Platoon raised their chests and tried to seem very authoritative and brave.

Sly!

Someone got there first again!

The other divisions looked with unfriendliness at this group. Many people had vexed expressions. That Lei Peng looked like an idiot, but how come he could act so quickly?

Gongsun Cha thought and then nodded in consent. “Stay safe.”

It was the first time he saw the battle formation. Letting Ma Fan and the others go to test the waters would allow him to see this formation clearly.

Ma Fan and the others were overjoyed. No matter what, they had gotten the accomplishment of the first strike!

Even the usually complacent Ma Fan was excited, shouting at the top of his lungs, “Brothers, we need to show these brats the power of our Sky Peak Platoon!”

Everyone in Sky Peak Platoon was eager to fight!

Ever since more and more people comprehended sword essence, the status of Sky Peak Platoon became more and more awkward. They also needed a victory to bolster the status of Sky Peak Platoon as the elite of Vermillion Bird Camp!

As all the members of Sky Peak Platoon assembled. Everyone’s gazes landed on them.

Liang Wei did not speak, and the feeling of strangeness increased. When he saw a little team exit the black ship sword xiu, he was finally sure that the black ship battle general did not know the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation.

A battle general who did not recognize the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation?

This absurd conclusion was impossible to him, especially when he considered the spectacular command from earlier. The feeling of absurdity rose.

“No way, they don’t even recognize the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation,” a subordinate exclaimed.

“Maybe they have unorthodox training?” another subordinate spoke uncertainly.

Liang Wei paused to consider this and felt that it was plausible. Unorthodox battle generals were not uncommon. In truth, not every yao could attend a yao art house, and not every yao art house had the ability to educate a battle general. Only the yao art houses with great power had the ability to nurture battle generals.

Learning to be a battle general was a long process compared to learning yao arts. It was much harder to find the job, other than joining the military. Due to this, the yao who learned to be battle generals mostly came from rich families.

According to what Liang Wei knew, this situation wasn’t just unique to the yao, xiuzhe, and mo had the same problem.

Unorthodox battle generals would occasionally have spectacular attacking abilities, but compared to educated orthodox battle generals, there was great differences in terms of their control and ability to assess a battle.

The he had thought that it was a yao battle general inside the boat because the other’s battle had the flavor of yao, but now he wasn’t so sure.

He also felt anticipation.

Unorthodox battle generals were full of unpredictability. This kind of unpredictability would usually cause them to be defeated, but this unpredictability would also create headaches for their opponents.

No one was willing to meet an opponent that did not act rationally.

Sky Peak Platoon charged into the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation.

The Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation was a variant of the Northern Dipper Battle Formation. The entire battle formation was divided into seven intersecting areas. However, while other variations of the Northern Dipper Battle Formation used the Heavenly Pivot star as the center of the formation, the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation was creative in using the seventh star, the Twinkling Brilliance Star as the center of the formation.

There was a long history of sword xiu using the Northern Dipper Seven Star Formation in techniques. From the beginning sword scriptures, to the seven person formations, to mountain guarding formations, then to large scale battle formations, its structure could be found throughout the entire history of sword xiu development.

There were reasons that sword xiu preferred the seven star formation. The sword essence gathered through a seven star formation was very good, and it was multi-purpose as it could be used for both offense and defense.

However, Ma Fan truly lived up to being the former core under Lil' Miss. His tactical abilities were several levels above normal sword xiu. The position he chose to attack was very special.

The Northern Dipper Seven Star Formation was shaped like a spoon, and the place Ma Fan attacked was the place where the spoon and the handle joined, the Celestial Balance.

Entering the attack range of the other's battle formation, everyone felt their surroundings changes.

It was as though they suddenly entered a patch of grassland. Under their feet was a green carpet of grass that spread out endlessly. A curving great river was like a belt of jade that slowly flowed.

A gentle wind blew past. The smell of green grass that Ma Fan liked the most entered his nose.

An illusory formation!

Without needing his orders, the two sword xiu behind him shouted at the same time, two golden energies flew out of their hands and burrowing into the ground!

Boom-om-om!

The illusion of the grassland instantly shattered!

Sword xiu mostly were generally not skilled in illusory formations. The enemy had cast the illusory formation by relying on the talismans they were carrying. How could they stand up to the attack of fifth-grade flying swords?

The illusion broke, and the surroundings returned to normal. But seven sword energies had already reached them!

The other hadn't expected the illusory formation would trap them, it was a distraction. The attack that followed was the true killing move!

"Follow behind me!" Ma Fan shouted a reminder. His movements were fast, his flying sword lightly swinging and a transparent and irregular sword energy charged at the incoming sword energies like ripples of water!

This was a new sword move created from merging his [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction] into [Clear Sky Sword Scripture].

When this move was combined with his third stage sword cultivation, its power was explosive!

The other members followed closely behind him, the flying swords in their hands unmoving as though they did not see the incoming sword energies.

The ripple and the incoming sword energies of various colors crashed together without any finesse!

Pew pew pew!

When the sword energies hit the ripple, it was like a handful of pebbles landing in water and created many ripples.

The water ripples and the sword energies were like two bubbles that hit each other, cancelling each other out they disappeared at the same time.

The faces of the sword xiu on the other side changed slightly, their pupils contracting!

Sword essence manifestation!

An elite!

Chapter 436: The Unforeseen

Consequences of Lei Peng's Blow

The first level of sword essence, preliminary comprehension of sword essence; second level of sword essence, Heart Turn Sword Essence; third level of sword essence, sword essence manifestation.

Comprehending sword essence for a sword xiu meant they had talent and potential above others. When Wei Sheng had stepped into the second level when he was in ningmai, he had shocked many.

Comprehending sword essence was not as rare and attention-catching in other regions as it was in Sky Moon Jie. Large sects had numerous methods to allow their disciples to comprehend sword essence. For example, the sword cauldron, at its core use was similar to Zuo Mo's five element sword formation.

However, comprehending sword essence was just the first step through the door, and the path onwards was not a smooth one. A disciple that comprehended the third level of sword essence in ningmai would not be ignored even those large sects that were full of geniuses.

The first two levels did not increase the power of sword moves greatly. The second level, Heart Turn Sword Essence, was also extremely unstable. But when sword essence reached the third level, and it could manifest, the power of each sword move would skyrocket!

So when the other side saw Ma Fan's sword essence manifestation, many were very shocked.

Of course, they were just shocked, but no one was afraid. They were a battalion that were from Kun Lun. Geniuses were not rare in Kun Lun. While disciples that comprehended the third level of sword essence in ningmai did not fill the streets, they were not preciously rare. Even those subordinate sects had many.

On top of that, they had finished forming their formation. This filled them with confidence towards the oncoming assault.

Almost all battle formations had a similar attribute. That was once their assault started, it would be relentless, one wave after the other.

Seeing Ma Fan stop the seven sword energies, the battle formation changed again.

Seven people to each troop forming a small seven star formation. Seven troops to a team, forming a large seven star formation.

The one who was leading the Twinkling Brilliance team was a jindan sword xiu, He Jian. He was in charge of this seven star formation made up of forty nine people. When he saw the other's sword move, he too had been slightly shocked. The other's sword essence level was even one above his own. But he did not feel nervousness. At a glance, he saw that the cultivations of this group of people were all ningmai.

The gap between ningmai and jindan was deep. Even if the other had one whose sword essence was one level above his, they were not a match for him!

A fierce smile floated upon He Jian's lips!

Who cares what genius that was; by his hands, someone like that would only die!

He opened his mouth and spat out a blue sword pill!

The sword pill was just the size of a rice grain, but it grew when it came into contact with the air. After flying for ten zhang, it had expanded to more than three zhang wide. Pulling along a long blue tail of light, it was like an enormous, blue axe that howled as it charged at Ma Fan's group!

The howling was like sobbing wails, shocking people's souls!

The other forty eight sword xiu saw their Head attack and showed smiles of relief. During all their time together, they had never seen a sword xiu below jindan escape Head's attack!

The fight was going to end!

He Jian's sword energy came extremely quickly and grew bigger. When it came near Ma Fan and the others, the sword energy was almost enough to

cover all of them!

The sword essence was sharp and intimidating, pressing straight at their heads and making them feel it was unstoppable!

A jindan's attack had an extraordinary presence!

On the Black Turtle, Xie Shan looked at the smile the sword xiu were showing. He twisted his mouth. "Pitiful Ma Fan, he is being underestimated again."

"So pitiful"

"Pitiful? That Ma Fan is laughing inside, if he's able, he'll put on a sheepskin, this guy is black on the inside!"

The crowd discussed heatedly.

Ma Fan looked at the incoming sword energy. His eyes unconsciously narrowed as his figure suddenly flashed to the side.

Half a body-length behind him was Lei Peng. His eyes glaring angrily, he raised the Gold Crystal broadsword. His legs bent slightly at the knee in the sky as though there was invisible ground beneath the feet. All the muscles in his body expanded, the ling power gathered like a burning flame and erupting from his body.

But all of this was silent as though he was a statue.

It made everyone feel an extreme contrast. Lei Peng was covering the raging sword energy with a suppressing silence.

The enormous sword energy that came with a long dazzling tail tore at the air, rumbling like thunder.

Extreme movement against extreme stillness, roaring thunder against deathly silence!

At this moment, the two conflicted natures formed a frightening scene!

Lei Peng seemed to return that battle, the moment right before the three

of them had fainted. All the ling power in his body was like burning flames that burned every strand of his nerves in this soundless silence!

The blurry scene, the distant voice, the unwilling roar

The chaos flashed through his mind like a tide. The rough sword hilt he was tightly grasping gave him a thread of security, a thread of clarity!

Something seemed to flow through his mind.

This single thread of clarity was lightly plucked like an invisible chord.

Without any hesitation, the ling power flooded into the sword hilt by travelling through his arms and then palms. The raised broadsword moved in a single motion, swinging up and then down in the air!

The restlessness disappeared, the howling disappeared, all sound seemed to disappear in this instant!

A silent blow!

Far away, He Jian's expression changed dramatically. Terror showed in his eyes. Before he could react, the other's broadsword struck his flying sword!

Zzzt!

The sound was like a cloth being torn and scratched through the air in an unusually clear manner. The enormous blue curtain of light was cleaved by this blow.

He Jian grunted; his face pale, and his eyes shocked! He was injured! He didn't believe it, he had actually been injured! And injured by a ningmai!

His flying sword was destroyed! The other's blow that brutally cleaved his flying sword into two!

For any sword xiu, their flying sword was connected with their life. If the flying sword was damaged, the sword xiu would also be heavily wounded!

It was the first time he had been so heavily wounded!

What was so hard for him to accept was that the other was a ningmai

sword xiu!

How was this possible

His gaze was unfocused and his expression blank.

Ma Fan and the others were also shocked by Lei Peng's blow. One move heavily injuring a jindan sword xiu, such an absurd event had truly happened right in front of them.

But when they noticed that Lei Peng was maintaining his attacking posture motionlessly like a statue, all of their expressions changed!

Damn it!

This guy was having an epiphany at this time! Ma Fan groaned inside. This was the battlefield!

An epiphany was a rare chance for a breakthrough and would occur randomly. No one knew what could consistently initiate epiphanies, but everyone knew that epiphanies were chances for a breakthrough! Yet if the state of epiphany was disturbed, that was undoubtedly wasting a great opportunity!

No one knew when the next epiphany would be activated.

But Ma Fan reacted quickly. He advanced rather than retreating, shouting, "Kill!"

At this time, the other side's expert was heavily wounded, and their formation was at its weakest. In a conflict of dozens of people, one jindan xiuzhe could be the decisive factor in the fight.

If they shrank back at this time, it would give the other time to react. This was the other's territory. If the enemy reacted under such conditions, then they, Ma Fan's side, would be in danger.

Attack in substitute of defense was the wiser choice. As to the rest, they would have to rely on Gongsun Daren!

The inexperience of Ming Lie Battalion was given full exposure at this

time. These sword xiu that had assumed that victory was in their grasp and hadn't thought that the situation would suddenly reverse. This caused them to be two whole beats late in reacting, only then did they muster a panicky response.

On the battlefield, especially fights in such a small area, two beats slower was enough to be fatal!

Compared to the other side's panic, the Sky Peak Platoon with Ma Fan at the lead didn't hesitate and used their full power in their first attack!

The sword energies were like a sun that rose, unable to be looked at directly!

Three section wave killing charge!

They were like a burning blade that sliced through butter!

Fifteen sword xiu were killed upon contact!

The ling armor on their bodies only gave them a brief respite before their armor cracked like eggshells. The [Sharpness] formation technique on the Gold Crystal sword was used to great effect at this time. The fifteen sword xiu didn't even have the time to wail before they were perforated, and lost their life!

Succeeding in the first attack, Ma Fan and the others didn't hesitate and launched the second wave!

Only now did the enemy sword xiu seem to wake up and raise their swords to resist in panic.

Ma Fan looked at these slow opponents as though he was looking at a crowd of sheep waiting for slaughter. He did not show mercy.

How could the panicking sword xiu be a match for Ma Fan and the others?

Among the criss-crossing sword energies, blossoms of blood sprayed. The fragility of life showed itself. In a blink, another ten sword xiu lost their lives.

In just two waves of attack, more than half of the other's division had

been lost!

All of Ming Lie Battalion was shocked by such a ferocious attack. The pride in their hearts disappeared without a trace in front of those cold and bright sword energies.

Ming Lie's expression also changed. The capabilities of this little troop of ningmai surpassed his imagination!

He didn't know what those gold flying swords were made up of, but were at least fifth-grade. What shocked him the most was that every person in this little troop had at least comprehended the second level of sword essence. There were even several in the third level!

Truly elite!

Coldness flashed through his eyes. He did not feel fury at the fatalities of He Jian's little team. For any battle general, it was a basic skill to maintain calm in the face of fatalities.

At the same time, he noticed the motionless Lei Peng. An epiphany?

A dark smile floated to the corner of his mouth.

A ningmai sword xiu that heavily wounded a jindan with one blow and activated an epiphany, there probably wouldn't be a battle general that would be willing to give up this kind of subordinate!

Ming Lie admired that team leader's response. But how could he not take advantage of such a good opportunity?

The strength of this little group of elite astonished him greatly, but he believed that this kind of elite skill couldn't be the level of the entire troop. He was considering if he could capture these elite people alive and persuade them to follow him.

Calming down, Ming Lie quickly threw these absurd thoughts to the back of his head. What was most important now was to achieve victory!

The battle formation quickly changed and pushed towards Lei Peng's position.

Inside the Black Turtle, Gongsun Cha lightly laughed. “This guy’s luck is pretty good.

As he finished, his expression suddenly became cold. He said peacefully, “Attack!”

The battlefield was full of unpredictable factors. No one had expected Lei Peng’s sudden epiphany. This caused the two sides to directly enter battle without sufficient probing!

Chapter 437: Zuo Mo's Sneak Attack

All of Guard Camp was gathered and nervously waiting for orders. Returning to the camp, A Wen released a long breath. He finally didn't have to be tormented under Daren's hands.

The mood of Guard Camp wasn't too nervous. Everyone was battle-hardened and naturally wouldn't be nervous at the thought of battle. Adding on that Guard Camp were basically xiu slaves, they didn't have any idea regarding things like Kun Lun. In their eyes, there was only the enemy.

They all knew that Vermillion Bird Camp had not yet gone all out.

Their mood relaxed, Guard Camp saw Zuo Mo charge in. Everyone hurried to bow.

"How's the battle going?" Zuo Mo asked, pretending to be concerned. He wasn't worried at all. With a battle maniac like Gongsun Shidi in charge, there was no need for him to worry.

Other people did not know about it, but he knew it well. Even an experienced Golden Battle General like Yu Heng had fallen under Gongsun Shidi's butchering blade, he didn't believe a young one could defeat Lil' Miss. Of course, he completely forgot that Lil' Miss was a shy little young one as well.

Shu Long said respectfully, "It has just begun, but Lei Peng has wounded one of the jindan on the other side."

"Lei Peng wounded a jindan?" Zuo Mo jumped at this news. He didn't quite believe it. "This guy is that fierce?"

"Yes." Shu Long also had an admiring expression. To be able to heavily injure a jindan with only ningmai cultivation, from every angle, this was enough to shock anyone.

"Did he eat some drug?" Zuo Mo said to himself. He then moved his gaze to the battlefield. When he saw the motionless Lei Peng, he was shocked again. "Epiphany? It's actually an epiphany! This guy's luck is

outrageous!”

It was no wonder that Zuo Mo felt admiration. An epiphany was a matter of chance, there were no patterns to evoke one.

Shu Long and the others beside Zuo Mo had sympathetic expressions. Lei Peng was a large fellow, looked outgoing and loud, but he was really cunning. There were many that had tripped up on him. Who would think that such a cunning and loudmouthed bandit was able to have an epiphany at this time. This was unexpected to everyone.

Zuo Mo smacked his lips and drew away his gaze. With that glance, he already recognized Lil’ Miss’ Snowflake Battle Formation.

He had a deep impression of this battle formation that tripped up Yu Heng. The last thread of worry in his heart dissipated.

Lil’ Miss was probably going to end the fight soon. They had to move quickly. Otherwise, they wouldn’t even get a slice of the pie.

Zuo Mo pondered inside. He was planning on trying out the power of the “Xiao Mo Ge Battle Method” that he had just discovered.

When he noticed that Gongsun Cha’s Snowflake Battle Formation had already started to press onto the enemy, he became even more rushed. Having seen the power of the Snowflake Battle Formation before, Zuo Mo never thought that the Kun Lun sword xiu could ever win.

Reality proved that encountering Gongsun Shidi was a very unfortunate matter.

The battle quickly entered a high point. Everyone moved decisively.

The position that Lei Peng was at quickly became the center area of the entire battle. Ming Lie’s Twinkling Brilliance Formation pressed toward there, and Vermillion Bird Camp’s goal was also in this narrow area.

A ferocious collision!

Moments later, Ming Lie’s expression became slightly ugly.

He had originally assumed that the other would become restrained in their actions due to the sword xiu that was having an epiphany. But the other didn't have any care at all, and had made that location into their breakthrough point. That little elite troop was furiously sweeping through that area. Like layers of blades, they continuously charged!

Three section stab! Three section stab again!

The power of the other's three section stab was enormous, especially in this situation where the his other little teams could not come to help. The sword xiu in that area had been mostly cleaned up. What angered him even more was that the wounded He Jian was like an alarmed bird that panicked and retreated without any fighting spirit, giving up the space to the other.

The enemy seemed to have torn a hole in the Twinkling Brilliance Formation. Sword xiu continuously flooded in from that gap!

A useless idiot!

Ming Lie had always dreamed of constructing a steely battalion. He Jian's poor performance was like slapping him on the face! Losing wasn't anything, being wounded wasn't anything, but losing courage and forgetting his duties was, in his eyes, a failure!

I'll sort you out once we get back!

Ming Lie thought inside as he gritted his teeth. His expression was dark as his orders streamed out. [Celestial Balance] was still going at full power. The complex and chaotic battlefield continued to change in his mind. His brow quickly furrowed.

Such a strange battle formation!

He had already made preparations to deal with the other's three section stab. The other's three section stab was used uncannily, and peerlessly sharp. In reality, this was the most powerful three section stab he had ever seen! It seemed that this should be the other's trademark tactic but what he hadn't expected was that the other did not use the three section stab but shifted to a kind of weird battle formation.

Six of their people to a little group like a snowflake that spun at high speed as they advanced.

Several battle formations flashed through Ming Lie's mind but he quickly eliminated all of them. It was clear that this strange battle formation was not any battle formation he knew of.

His brow suddenly creased as he had a strange feeling.

This kind of battle formation seemed seemed slightly like a yao battle formation. His eyes lit up, and he suddenly realized why he felt it so strange. Yes! It was because this slightly strange snowflake battle formation clearly had the style of yao battle formations!

Yao, mo, and xiuzhe, the three major camps had clear differences in their battle methods so the battle formations they used were also completely different.

Xiuzhe were skilled in seal formations, so most of their battle formations had this at their core. This caused them to pay great attention to the structure of battle formations. Even such a flexible formation like the Twinkling Brilliance Formation had a very stable main skeleton.

Yao battle generals had extremely strong consciousnesses, and their control of troops was the strongest. Due to this, their battle formations did not care about battle formation structure and were more relaxed. For example, the three section wave killing charge was able to attack in any direction, while the snowflake battle formation was like a flowing flood of snowflakes.

On this point, mo battle generals and yao battle generals were in common, but compared to the yao, mo were even more straightforward. For example, the Crow Fiend Mo Killing Formation only had the Little Mo Kill, Successive Mo Kill and Great Mo Kill as transformations.

When Ming Lie detected the other's strangeness, he was alarmed.

From the start, he had been suppressed. Every judgment he had made was different than reality! What did this mean? This meant that he had unconsciously allowed the other to take the advantage! From a certain

perspective, it showed the difference in skill between him and the other.

He suddenly felt a thread of alarm.

“Pay attention to troop form!”

“Keep up! Keep up!”

“Do not linger in battle with the enemy, notice your position!”

The platoon leaders shouted at the top of their lungs. The ling power in their bodies were channeled to the limit, their faces red and necks thick! They had trained with the snowflake battle formation before, but had never use it in real combat so there naturally were places that were not in sync.

Everyone’s nerves were tense. This was the battlefield. The mistake in any detail meant that there was the possibility of losing their life!

The area with the fiercest combat was the position of Sky Peak Platoon!

They had already left Lei Peng’s position, and penetrated deeply into the other’s battle formation like a drill.

In this area, the sword xiu on both sides mingled.

The sword energies crossed in the air and rained down!

Among the blinding sword energies, people would occasionally be hit and fall down from the sky. In this kind of situation, if they were hit by a flying sword, they definitely could not survive. Even if they had the protection of ling armor, a momentary pause would attract many sword energies. Under this kind of assault, fourth-grade ling armor was like paper-mache, being pulverized to dust in an instant!

When the jindan sword xiu responsible for this area took a look, he was furious!

All the fatalities were people on their side!

Up until now, they hadn’t managed to kill a single person from the enemy’s side! This jindan sword xiu felt his face was burning. He

unhesitatingly shouted, “Twinkling Brilliance Revolution!”

The formation shape of the little team changed. Everyone cast three sword energies towards the air.

The densely packed sword energies froze above their heads, the tips pointing at Ma Fan and the others.

Hundreds of sword energies floated in the sky, murderous intent swarmed Ma Fan and the others!

The jindan sword xiu’s gaze hardened. He threw a round silver ball into the air and pointed at Ma Fan, shouting, “Fall!”

Hiss!

The silver ball flew into the sky, exploded and turning to electric snakes that swam between the sword energies!

In a blink, a web of lightning had formed!

Following the exclamation of “Fall” from the jindan sword xiu, the lightning net with the hundreds of sword energies fell down!

The moment the jindan sword xiu shouted “Twinkling Brilliance Revolution,” Ma Fan had detected danger and his body abruptly retreated! But this sword energy lightning net was like a black cloud that came extremely quickly. Before they could escape, the sword energy lightning net had reached above their heads like a mountain!

Killing intent and coldness caused the hairs on Ma Fan’s body to stand up. His eyes suddenly turned red!

Without thinking, the ling power inside his body was like a stallion off his reins that furiously flooded towards the Gold Crystal sword in his hand!

A light blue rippling sword energy that was the color of the sky appeared on the Gold Crystal sword. It was made from many layers and looked like creased blue glass!

Once the sword energy left the flying sword, it disappeared into the air without a trace!

Behind him, dozens of lotus flowers rose. There was a hum, it was the sound of the sword! The lotus flowers suddenly exploded mid air in unison, countless lotus flower petals shooting into the sky!

Nian Lu's face was upraised, coldness flashing through his eyes as he disregarded the blood flowing out of the corner of his mouth.

The other Sky Peak Platoon sword xiu knew that this was the time to go all out. Everyone released their killing moves without communicating!

Boom!

The silver light above their heads fell down, the light was so blinding they almost couldn't keep their eyes open!

Amongst the silver light came Ma Fan's shout! "Retreat!"

When the light dissipated, the figures of Ma Fan and the others had disappeared. That jindan sword xiu showed shock in his eyes. His hair had been blown astray, falling all around him, and he was very disheveled! All of his subordinate sword xiu had a line of blood coming from the corner of their mouths.

On that pale face, that pair of eyes was possessed by terror!

The hardness and viciousness of Sky Peak Platoon rattled these greenhorns that just stepped onto the battlefield! Just a few dozen people had firmly controlled almost two hundred people. Their side had turned into a mess!

What they couldn't believe was that the other side had safely escaped!

They had not killed even one of the enemy! Even when their jindan sword xiu attacked and used the power of the battle formation, they hadn't managed to get one person!

They had always thought they were elite! Daren had continuously told them that they were elite! They had believed in this. They were able to join a battalion that belonged to Kun Lun, this meant that they were

exceptional!

But the cruel reality was clearly put in front of them.

Ma Fan and the others gathered the last vestiges of strength. Taking advantage of the other's slow reaction, they quickly left behind the area of battle. They had no more strength to fight.

"The rest is up to you." Ma Fan's voice was hoarse. He looked extremely terrible, his hair a mess, wounds all over his body and his gaze was dim.

The sword xiu that welcomed him did not say anything and bowed respectfully towards them.

When the figures of Ma Fan and his platoon disappeared behind the troop, every Vermillion Bird Camp sword xiu's expressions became stern!

"Attack!"

Gongsun Cha's order came into everyone's minds through his consciousness.

The Gold Crystal swords in the hands of the sword xiu at the very front of each snowflake created a sword energy. At the same time, they moved towards the side. His teammate that was on his right rotated into position and also released a sword energy at the same time!

The stream of sword energies gathered into a ruler-straight line!

On this line of light, each sword energy hit the same position!

Pia pia pia!

The ruler-straight sword energy line instantly ploughed deep bloody marks on the other's battle formation.

Hundreds of sword energy lines lit up!

In a breath, hundreds of bloody pits appeared on the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation!

With this one attack, the Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation had been turned into a sieve!

Liang Wei looked at the battlefield with a confused gaze.

He had originally thought this would be a fierce battle, and had not expected the battle to be so one-sided. His time in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie was not short. This battalion from Kun Lun was not weak in its composition and could be said to be above average.

If it was him, he would not be afraid, but he did not dare to guarantee he could heavily wound the other. Even though he had caused many fatalities in the previous ambush but that kind of chance wouldn't frequently occur.

But this black ship of mysterious origins did not seem to be using much effort.

He had speculated that this was a battle general from unorthodox origins. The astounding level of control he showed was like the corps commanders of those large corps! When he saw the sword energy lines, he suddenly realized that this was a completely new battle formation!

The other showed the style of a yao battle general everywhere in his actions but he commanded a group of sword xiu!

He could not comprehend this!

And the individual strength of these sword xiu were also a great surprise to him. He had not seen any of the other's jindan sword xiu but just this group of ningmai sword xiu beat the other so thoroughly that the enemy couldn't even raise their head.

Other than the battle formation, there was another crucial factor, sword essence!

Almost every one of the black ship sword xiu had comprehended sword essence!

When Liang Wei discovered this, he almost went insane. There hadn't been any major battles in the time he had returned to Blood Sky Metropolis Jie but he had more than thirty scattered conflicts. He had encountered many sword xiu that comprehended sword essence!

But it was the first time he had encountered a troop that was completely composed of sword xiu that comprehended sword essence!

This wasn't a dozen, or a few hundred, but a few thousand!

Liang Wei suddenly felt it was absurd. Maybe, this black ship was actually the people from Kun Lun?

His surroundings were entirely silent. Everyone was shocked by the combat capabilities the black ship showed.

Looking from a distance at this troop, Liang Wei found to his shock that he could not muster up any thought of making an ambush. In this moment, he was very emotional. When the difference in strength between two sides was too great, one would lose the bravery to ambush the enemy.

When could he also possess a troop like this, that would be wonderful ...

At this time, his eye jumped and his attention couldn't help but land on the black ship at the back of the battlefield.

A troop of one hundred silently flew out of the black ship.

Something was going on!

"Careful, don't let the enemy find us," Zuo Mo whispered. The procession behind him that was sneaking nodded to show their understanding.

Like robbers, they tip-toed.

Zuo Mo's plan of going out to fight had been met with strong resistance from Shu Long. The stern Shu Long stubbornly thought that it would be unpardonable if Daren went and met danger. Naturally, Zuo Mo did not agree. He raised an eyebrow and asked Shu Long, which of you is stronger than ge?

Everyone was left speechless.

In terms of individual power, everyone's first choice would be Wei Sheng

but second would be Zuo Mo. His Great Day mo physique that had went through its second maturation, so Zuo Mo's combat capabilities far surpassed normal jindan! He was also skilled in a variety of tricks. Even if he was facing Wei Sheng, Wei Sheng wouldn't dare to easily say he could win.

Helplessly, Shu Long could only pick the one hundred of the most elite Hardship Guards from Guard Camp. He had his responsibilities and could not mess around with Zuo Mo.

To these one hundred Hardship Guards, it was the first time they were directly under Daren's command and fighting together with Daren! The morale was very high!

But with Zuo Mo's deviousness, he definitely wouldn't do something like a frontal charge.

Even if Vermillion Bird Camp had the advantage, even if he had the elite of Guard Camp with him, he still decided to make an sneak attack!

Most of Guard Camp were heavy armor Hardship Guards because the armor they formed were heavily weighted armor. Each of them were very strong, and each of their weapons was a door-sized cleaver one zhang long. After cultivating [Hardship Guard] their figures had grown crazily. Each of them was very brawny and tall, one zhang being the average height.

Lei Peng who looked down on Vermillion Bird Camp in terms of physical power was only a bean sprout when he was put among this group of fierce men.

So when this group of brawny fierce men clumsily hunched their backs and tip-toed behind Zuo Mo, it looked very humorous. The only one that looked normal was A Wen. He had cultivated to become a Mo Shadow Guard skilled in speed, and was the definite abnormality of Guard Camp.

However, these fierce men that were immersed in the nervousness of sneaking about clearly did not detect how strange their actions were.

Even though they tried to copy Zuo Mo's movements, their physiques

were truly too big, especially when one hundred brawny men gathered together. It wasn't possible to avoid attention like this anywhere.

They were quickly discovered.

The first one that found them was Song Yuan. He was slightly nervous and had been looking around. He instantly found Zuo Mo and the others.

"What is that?" He hurriedly pulled Ming Lie beside him and pointed to another direction of the battle formation.

His face turned black and red, the fire in Ming Lie reached the point of eruption!

This was his most frustrating battle ever. Up until now, his results were pitiful! The other's weird battle formation was very powerful, and his tactics were unreasonable. They were like a mill that continuously pressed forward! No matter what response he gave, the other would disregard it, pressing forward, forward and forward again!

The Twinkling Brilliance Battle Formation that he had relied on, to get to achieve his current status, and any tactic that he could think of could not stop the other for even an instant.

There was no thrusting, no outflanking, no other tactics.

These sword xiu seemed to be insane, releasing sword energies without exhaustion. Those ruler-straight sword energy lines almost caused him to go insane!

Twinkling Brilliance Revolution, countered with two sword energy lines!
Twinkling Brilliance Sword, countered with five sword energy lines!
Twinkling Brilliance Qilin Sword, countered with ten sword energy lines...
...

It was like a great swordsman that flourished his sword to tempt the enemy, the other didn't pay any heed and responded by slamming down a brick; a feinting maneuver, the other didn't look, another brick; a killing move! The other didn't even look, and threw over a whole pile of bricks ...
...

But he couldn't do anything against such a crude way of fighting!

He really had no solutions. He tried everything he could think of, but no matter what changes he made, they collapsed against the other's crude and brutal sword energy lines.

Looking as his battalion was slowly swallowed up and being unable to do anything, the blow to his confidence was fatal!

He was confused like a gambler that had lost all he had.

Weakness, anger, hopelessness

Mixed together, it pushed him to the precipice of collapse.

At this moment, he saw Zuo Mo's group!

Something in his mind seemed to explode. The last thread of intelligence was turned to dust by the erupting rage!

At this time, you still make a sneak attack!

You forced me to such a state, you still use a sneak attack!

You do a sneak attack, and use this crowd of big blockheads in the sneak attack!

You you you!

The pitiful Ming Lie's eyes were completely red, his expression fierce! His pride that accumulated over twenty years was stepped on repeatedly by hundreds of pairs of muddy feet!

All the fury, all the hopelessness erupted and formed one word!

"Kill!"

Zuo Mo hadn't thought that they would be discovered. He was slightly disappointed by the failure of his plan.

But his eyes quickly lit up. The excited person in the middle of the enemy that was charging over seemed to be the leader of this group!

The leader of the other group!

Au-au-arf!

Zuo Mo's eyes shot out light. He seemed to have found the fattest lamb among a crowd of lambs!

The temptation of lambs caused him to become excited. The "Xiao Mo Ge Battle Method" was thrown away.

He waved his arm and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Brothers, there's fat sheep!"

The fierce men all straightened their spines, their eyes alight. Green lights lit up in the eye-sockets of the heavy armor helmets.

Those gazes were so ravenous... ... so greedy

Chapter 438: Victory

Zuo Mo's raised arm was like a lighthouse's guiding light, showing the way in the dark of the night. His loud shout was a horn that lit the deepest desires of these fierce men.

Heavenly thunder and earthly fire!

Spines straightened; the fierce men breathed heavily through their nose, dragging along their door-sized axes and cleavers as they threw their shoulders back and started a paced sprint!

The little scales on the heavy armor rattled as they ran, but as these fierce men's charge gained speed, the sound changed.

Cl-ang cl-ang

Each sound was like a steel rhinoceros's heavy stomp on the ground and caused people's hearts to shake. When the sound of the armor impacts became packed together, the thunderous sounds quickly gathered into a metallic flood. When it spread out, the presence was unable to be resisted!

Boom-om-om!

The ground under their feet trembled fiercely. Little pebbles were thrown into the air as though there was an earthquake!

Having just charged five zhang, Ming Lie forcibly stopped his body. His face was ashen as he looked in terror at the wave of heavy armor that was charging at him as his lips trembled!

Heavy armor

It was motherf***ing heavy armor!

Ming Lie's limbs were cold, his legs weak as he had an expression like he was both crying and smiling at the same time.

Heavy armor! This kind of antique, that was so old and had disappeared for so many years, actually appeared in front of him! And he was actually ambushed by such washed out and ancient soldier types!

In the legends, weren't those heavy armor who wore dhyana xiu, true

brave souls that did not fear death? Didn't those same legends also say that those were forever the strongest power to meet face to face? Didn't they say that those were the ones that only attacked head-on to destroy the resolve of the enemy? Didn't they say that those were people who disdained using any scheme or trickery and the use of battle formations?

But then why were these large men that had hunched their backs, while tip-toeing around in wearing heavy armor and had glowing blood thirsty eyes?

Ming Lie was dazed.

In this instant, Zuo Mo led the fierce men and suddenly charged in front of them!

From the beginning, Zuo Mo's gaze had not left the other's leader. That was his prey! Without another word, following the flow of the charge, the Light Void Wings burst in his wake, and he charged at Ming Lie!

At Ming Lie's side, Song Yuan paled. He drew the Pine Script Sword out of its sheath. A round sword energy appeared in front of them!

Zuo Mo's momentum was so powerful he was like a meteor!

The round sword energy was shattered. Among the scattered shards of energy, a rapid figure leapt at the two people!

Song Yuan really did have skills. He already knew his round sword energy could not stop Zuo Mo. The seemingly normal Pine Script Sword in his hand seemed to come alive, drawing out a nimble mark. The sword essence swirled and coiled into a snake!

Hiss!

The snow-white snake spat out its tongue!

Zuo Mo saw this snow-white snake, and his pupils suddenly contracted. Sword essence manifestation! This seemingly alive and nimble snow-white snake caused Zuo Mo to think about Xin Yan Shishu's ice dragon!

Compared to Xin Yan Shishu's ice dragon, this snow snake was much smaller. It was just three or four zhang long and the thickness of his wrist.

But its attitude and presence was the same as Shisu's ice dragon!

Expert!

Almost unconsciously, the Midday Blade appeared in Zuo Mo's hands, his arm reversed course swinging downwards and dealt it a blow!

Cling!

The sharp sound of impact caused Zuo Mo's eardrums to hurt. Enormous force came from his hand, and his entire arm heated up.

Without even thinking, Zuo Mo stabbed the Midday Blade into the ground using it as a fulcrum point to stabilize himself, his body spinning around it like a top, his right leg like a whipped out as he kicked the chin of the snow snake!

The snow snake froze. The strongest power from the Golden Crow Feet, the heaviness of this kick was almost unimaginable!

The merging of the three powers inside Zuo Mo's body had given him many troubles, but also many benefits. After the three powers merged into one, when he used the Great Day mo physique, his advanced body cultivation would pull along his consciousness and ling power, enhancing the both of them. In this instant, his perceptual abilities were multiple times what it was in the past.

Zuo Mo instantly realized the benefit of this change. He unconsciously made adjustments to his Golden Crow Feet.

A golden foot shadow flashed on his right leg and disappeared!

This kick hit the snow snake directly! Song Yuan's expression changed. The Pine Script Sword in his hand drew another circle and a blinding light swam from the handle of the sword to the tip!

The snow snake's eyes suddenly became bright, two dots of red light pointing at Zuo Mo!

Zuo Mo had sunk into unspeakable pleasure with the success of that Golden Crow Feet blow. Every part of his body seemed to instantly come to life. A feeling of having control over everything formed!

This intoxicating feeling caused Zuo Mo to want to roar into the sky!

A feeling of danger suddenly formed!

Zuo Mo body reacted with lightning speed. The Light Void Wings lightly flapped and he disappeared into the air. Two dashes of red light flashed past his former position while, like a ghost, he appeared above and behind the snow snake's head!

Something seemed to flash and almost spill out of his right palm.

The right hand made an empty palm strike towards the head of the snake!

A golden-yellow Great Day Script left his hand and imprinted on the head of the snow snake!

The snow snake instantly showed a painful expression!

Song Yuan's round face was covered with sweat. He didn't know when it had occurred, but the Pine Script Sword in his hand was now filled with a spider-web of cracks! His bean-sized eyes were filled with shock!

Mo physique!

This was a mo physique!

Ranking second among colonel mo physiques, the Great Day mo physique!

How was this possible?

How could humans cultivate mo physiques? Song Yuan seemed to have seen a ghost.

In Kun Lun, yaomo were a topic that every Kun Lun disciple had to study in depth. All of Kun Lun understood that the conflict between xiuzhe and yaomo would never end unless one side disappeared. As the top sect of xiuzhe, Kun Lun was leading the charge! Due to this, Kun Lun disciples understood much more about yaomo than other sects.

At first, Song Yuan had not even considered mo physiques. The people in front of him were dislikable, but they were undoubtedly human.

Humans were unable to cultivate mo skills, this was common knowledge! But Zuo Mo's fierce series of attacks, and especially the appearance of the Great Day Script had caused him to realize what he had encountered.

Ranking second among colonel mo physiques, the Great Day mo physique! Only the Great Day mo physique could be so fierce, so domineering!

And the other hadn't just successfully cultivated into a mo physique, it wasn't a mo physique in first maturation! But in second maturation!

This judgment almost completely uprooted everything he knew!

Up until now the division between the three camps of yao, mo and xiuzhe were clear. He had never heard of any human that had succeeded in getting a normal mo physique much less the Great Day mo physique which was rare and top even in the mo world.

This shocking discovery caused him to unconsciously glance at the large, heavily armored men behind Zuo Mo!

His pupils suddenly shrank!

No!

They weren't heavy armor dhyana xiu at all! They were heavy armor mo kill guards!

His face was suddenly robbed of all color.

The difference between the heavy armor dhyana xiu and the heavy armor mo kill guards was the armor that they wore. The heavy armor of the dhyana xiu was a type of ling armor while the heavy armor of the heavy armor mo kill guards were condensed from killing energy!

Heavy armor mo kill guards

A distant and obscure mo soldier type, they were the cruelest machines of slaughter, the most vicious blades, the strongest heavy hammer in the hand of the Mo King!

The heavy armor mo kill guards in front of him were slightly green, but they were still true heavy armor mo kill guards!

Thinking about these heavy armor mo kill guards maturing and using their enormous weapons to create storms of blood, Song Yuan trembled!

However, he did not have the time to divide his attention. Zuo Mo's attacks were like a tide, one wave striking after the other. His faintly golden figure flickered around the snowy white snake!

Song Yuan's mouth tasted bitter. The Great Day Script on the forehead of the snow snake continuously corroded it! But he didn't have a solution. The reason that the Great Day mo physique could rank second among colonel mo physique was because of its extreme hardness and yang affinity. There was no yin or corruption. This was very rare among mo physiques!

There were methods to subdue the Great Day mo physique. The utmost yin and cold spells could do it. As the holy ground of sword xiu, of course Kun Lun had these kinds of spells, and there were at least three sword scriptures and spells that fit these requirements.

However, Song Yuan had not cultivated any one of those before.

Unable to subdue it, he could only meet it directly to see if it was his sword that was sharpest, or the other's mo physique that was more powerful.

Ming Lie looked dazedly at his troops as they were quickly losing.

This group of shameless people rampaged like lions that rushed into a herd of sheep! Their enormous weapons were truly fierce. The sword energies of his subordinates were as fragile as chopsticks in front of them.

They furiously charged around in the battle formation. They were not fast, but when an enormous man one zhang tall and completely covered in heavy armor charged over, people could not muster up the courage to stand their ground.

What made Ming Lie feel even more hopeless was that these blockheads never acted alone. They were acted three to five in a group. Even if they encountered a single sword xiu, they would all charge up together!

Five or six axes and cleavers chopped and sliced together for a while.

Ming Lie looked woodenly at all this.

He knew it, he had lost.

But why had he lost?

He was still filled with confusion.

Song Yuan tried to withstand Zuo Mo's storm of attacks. But the last bit of hope inside slowly extinguished.

The other's figure was covered in a layer of light gold so it was impossible to see his features. The other became even more brave the more he fought. Song Yuan could clearly feel the pressure he was receiving increase.

From a young age until now, he had never been suppressed like this by someone from start to finish!

Was he going to die here today?

A strong thread of terror rose up inside. He had never felt death was this close to him.

Pia pia pia!

Among a rapid string of collisions, the snow snake that had persisted finally reached its limits and crumbled into thousands of sword essence fragments that fluttered away!

Woosh!

A spray of blood carrying the fragments of ling armor suddenly flew forward.

A palm covered in Great Day Script passed through Song Yuan's chest.

Song Yuan's pupils froze, the light slowly dissipating until all life had disappeared!

With Song Yuan taken care of, Zuo Mo did not hesitate and appeared

next to the soulless Ming Lie. With a crisp blow, the other's life was ended!

No one knew that this sudden battle directly messed up the rhythm and set up of the three sides.

The "Meat Grinder" that would astound future generations debuted just like this without any warning.

Chapter 439: Cloud Sea Jie.

Three months later.

A non-descript, little black ship appeared at the entrance of the Cloud Sea Jie river.

Everyone inside the Black Turtle squeezed in front of the mirage formation. Looking at the scenery outside, they were very excited.

“We’ve finally arrived! So this Cloud Sea Jie!”

“It’s so beautiful!”

“Yes, it’s the first time I’ve seen a place this beautiful”

Under their feet was an endless sea of clouds. Floating among this sea of clouds were little islands. The cloud sea slowly floated, and the white cloud energy was faintly discernable like mist.

Suddenly, a big, bright-green bird shot out of the cloud sea, its wings stroked as it furiously flew into the sky and disappeared into the distance in a blink.

“Such fast speed!”

The people that saw this scene all inhaled sharply. The speed of this green bird was something who even A Wen, the fastest one among them, could only gape at.

The expressions of Zuo Mo and few others also changed slightly. They exchanged looks with each other and saw the gravity in each other’s eyes. The green bird’s grade was not low. In Sky Moon Jie, it would definitely be at the top of the food chain.

If the grade of the yao beast in an area were very high, it meant that there would not be a high population of xiuzhe in this area and that the area was not well explored. Yao beasts were not friendly to xiuzhe. Xiuzhe liked to hunt yao beasts, and yao beasts were also showed a similar interest and fondness for xiuzhe.

“There aren’t any people on these islands.” Wei Sheng stared at the

island as they passed by. The island was not very large, about fifty mu. Because it was so close, the group could see it very clearly. There were ruins of buildings on the island which indicated that xiuzhe had once resided there.

Thinking about the green bird that had darted by, everyone's expressions were not very good. Were the ling beasts here left to roam free to such a degree?

"Everyone, be careful," Zuo Mo ordered.

Everyone immediately focused and prepared their defenses. However, the reality proved they had worried needlessly. Other than that shockingly fast green bird, they did not encounter anything significant along the way.

After the initial novelty passed, the endless cloud sea quickly became dull and boring in everyone's eyes.

After more than a dozen days, just as everyone was feeling restless, an enormous island appeared in their vision. Everyone's morale rose, but no one had expected that they had to continue flying for three more days before they could be considered near to this island.

They finally realized that the enormity of this island far surpassed their imagination! When they flew closer, this feeling increased. It was like a colossal sea turtle silently floating in the cloud sea. In front of it, the xiuzhe were insignificant like specks of dust!

Approaching the large island, the number of fragmented little islands they could see increased. They were scattered randomly and in various sizes. Some were just dozens of zhang in diameter, while others were tens of thousands of mu in area.

When Zuo Mo and the others flew close, a xiuzhe flew out from one of the little islands. This xiuzhe's face looked clever. He wore a cloth robe and crisply stopped fifty zhang from the Black Turtle. He made a bow and shouted loudly, "This one is Shang Wei Ming. Bosses, welcome to Dong Sheng Cloud Island. This one hopes your business is prosperous and

flourishing! Do you require a guide? This one is a local, so if Boss wants to know of something, sell or buy, this one might be able to offer some scarce effort.”

Shang Wei Ming's face was open without any shyness.

“Guide?” Zuo Mo felt it was interesting. After thinking a while, he shouted his order, “Get Bao Yi to come.”

As he finished, he flew out of the Black Turtle first. Wei Sheng was worried for Zuo Mo's safety and also flew out. The other people inside the ship were alert and guarded, to ensure they could respond the moment they encountered any danger. They had slaughtered their way out of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie and had formed the habit of being alert at any moment.

Shang Wei Ming saw two people fly out of the ship. His expression was steady but he released a breath inside. It seemed that this business was possible!

“This is Dong Sheng Cloud Sea?” Zuo Mo asked curiously.

“Yes, this is Dong Sheng Cloud Sea.” Shang Wei Ming bowed towards the two. “What do I call both bosses?”

“My name is Zuo,” Zuo Mo said with a smile. He pointed at Wei Sheng and said, “He is Wei.”

“Good day, Boss Zuo and Boss Wei,” Shang Wei Ming raised his folded hands in salute and gave his greetings. He examined the two people. Seeing their attire was normal, he was slightly disappointed inside. The black ship behind them was very normal. Shang Wei Ming was increasingly sure that Zuo Mo and the others were just small business merchants.

However, while he felt disappointed inside, he did not allow it to show it on his face. No matter what, it was good that he had business today.

“Have you come to Dong Sheng Cloud Sea for business or to visit friends?” Shang Wei Ming looked at Zuo Mo and asked. He could see that Zuo Mo was the decision-maker.

At this time, Bao Yi hurried over. He bowed towards Zuo Mo, "Boss," and then bowed towards Wei Sheng. "Teacher Wei!"

"Brother Bao is too courteous," Wei Sheng said humbly.

Zuo Mo wasn't polite. "Old Bao, you came at the right time. You can deal with the business affairs. This Mister Shang is our guide. You can deal with the fees and such."

Bao Yi hurriedly said, "Yes."

Shang Wei Ming's heart jumped. The decision-maker's clothing was normal but his presence and tone of voice was definitely not of a small business merchant. He also smelt something familiar from this person who was as thin as bamboo.

It was the smell of a merchant!

"What is the daily fee, Mister Shang?" Bao Yi raised his head, his eyes flashing with calculation.

Shang Wei Ming focused. "Five third-grade jingshi per day.

"This price isn't high." Bao Yi nodded. He then slowly asked, "What other services does Mister Shang provide?"

Bao's attitude, presence, and calculation caused Shang Wei Ming to realize that the person in front of him was an old-timer. His confidence of his positive speculations increased.

This group was surely here to do big business!

The smile on Shang Wei Ming's face grew more friendly. "Providing directions is the most basic service. If you need to find shelter and food, this one can find appropriate inns and restaurants for everyone. This one is a local merchant and has a small network. This one also knows the local goods. If there is a need for information, this one can also find it, but this will require some additional jinshi."

"Good." Bao Yi took out fifteen pieces of third-grade jingshi. "This is the fee for three days. I hope to have a good partnership with Mister Shang."

The other was generous in payment, and Shang Wei Ming's mood

became even better. He took the jingshi and said humbly, "To serve you is this one's honor."

Seeing the two finish their conversation, Zuo Mo smiled and opened up, "This is the first time we have come to Cloud Sea Jie. We are unfamiliar with this place. Can Mister Shang give us an introduction?"

"No problem." Shang Wei Ming discretely put the jingshi into his pocket and continued. "Cloud Sea Jie is remote. Even though it was discovered early in recorded history, there haven't been many xiuzhe here. You must have seen the many abandoned cloud islands along the way?"

"Yes, what happened?" Zuo Mo hurriedly said.

"The reason there are not many xiuzhe in Cloud Sea Jie is because we are currently overrun with yao beasts. Those cloud islands were occupied before, but as there are too many yao beasts in Cloud Sea Jie, those who are weak were eaten by the yao beasts."

"Why don't you hunt and kill the yao beasts?" Zuo Mo asked curiously. "Every part of a yao beast is treasure!"

Shang Wei Ming showed a grimace. "It's the fault of this cloud sea! This cloud sea is endless and extremely deep. No one knows how deep it is down there. These yao beasts mostly live inside the cloud sea with it as a barrier. This cloud sea is also very strange, it can almost completely block off ling energy. For many years, an unknown amount of people used to dive into the cloud sea to explore it; but though many went, only a few come back. Of those that came back, they usually have no gains. Gradually, few wanted or dared to go down anymore."

"Then isn't it very dangerous above the cloud sea?" Zuo Mo was frightened.

"Yes. The cloud sea is vast and filled with danger. Our jie's cloud islands can be counted in tens of thousands, but there are not many that are truly suited for xiuzhe to inhabit. Our Dong Sheng Cloud Sea is the biggest cloud sea. Other than this, Qi Luo Continent and Hu Ju Island are among the relatively large cloud islands. Please do not randomly fly among the cloud sea, it is very dangerous. There are transportation formations that

go between the cloud islands. It is much safer to go through transportation formations. Between the cloud islands that do not have transportation formations, there are shipping routes that have defended cloud islands among the way. That is also a safer option.”

Finishing, he took out a jade scroll. “This has all the transportation formations and shipping routes of Cloud Sea Jie. It isn’t worth much, but a token of this one to give to Boss.”

Shang Wei Ming’s action clearly showed his intentions of forming a relationship. Zuo Mo naturally understood. He smiled and took the jade scroll. “Many thanks, Brother Shang.” He took out a third-grade flying sword. “A little token of our own, nothing major. Brother Shang, please accept it!”

Shang Wei Ming took the flying sword. Taking it in hand, he channeled ling power through it. The smile on his face increased as he gave his thanks. Intermediate third-grade water element flying sword, this could be sold for a pretty good price. However, he did not plan on selling it. His son was not far from entering ningmai and this flying sword was perfect for him.

If it had just been a guess before, now he was almost certain this Boss Zuo was a big boss!

Using a third-grade flying sword as the first move, this was the first time he had encountered such a thing! He couldn’t help but rejoice how wise his decision had been. It was really profitable this time!

Zuo Mo looked around. “Are there any yao beasts where we are now?”

Shang Wei Ming hurried to say, “Boss, don’t worry. Our Dong Sheng Cloud Island has a large formation. Yao beasts will not come here. See how there are many cloud islands in this area, they are all protected by the large formation, and we do not need to worry about our safety. If Boss wants to have a long stay, you may want to buy one and turn it into a private yard.”

They conversed as they slowly flew towards the large island, the Black Turtle following closely behind them.

“Oh, these cloud islands can be bought? Where can one buy them? What are the prices?” Zuo Mo was instantly interested. The Black Turtle was spacious on the inside, but after staying in for a long time, they had all, naturally, become restless. Searching for Water Cloud Embryo would not be a not a quick matter. This place was relatively safe, and it was good to have a place to put their feet down.

Shang Wei Ming just mentioned this in passing. He hadn't thought that Zuo Mo would really be interested. He instantly became alert. According to the rules of the island: if he really could make this deal, he could receive a significant commission.

Shang Wei Ming seemed to see countless jingshi beckoning him!

Good fortune had come so suddenly!

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Translator Ramblings: Think of it this way, Fang Xiang is trying to keep the pace up so reader will not be bored reading about people travelling.

Also, I think there was a misunderstanding based on my translation last chapter. The “Meat Grinder” doesn't refer to Zuo Mo or Gongsun Cha, it is referring to the chaotic situation they left behind when they killed Ming Lie. Fang Xiang is implying Zuo Mo's battle has set off the war and caused high fatalities. Essentially, they were the spark to lit off the firestorm.

Chapter 440: Xu Ling City

Shang Wei Ming suppressed the excitement he felt inside. His attitude became increasingly respectful. “Dong Sheng Cloud Island is actually a gathering of cloud islands. Other than the main island, there are more than thirty eight thousand cloud islands of various sizes. These cloud islands are divided into different price categories based on the size, position, and ling veins. The biggest and best batch of cloud islands have basically all been sold. The remaining are mostly medium sized and small cloud islands, as well as fragmented cloud islands.”

Zuo Mo asked interestedly. “What is the situation of medium, small, and fragmented cloud islands?”

Shang Wei Ming’s explanation was very detailed. “Fragmented cloud islands are the smallest cloud islands. They are mostly less than one hundred mu in size, and usually will not have ling veins. They are mainly used as residences by lone xiuzhe. The little island I own is just forty mu. Cloud islands above one hundred mu and below one thousand mu are considered little cloud islands. Many have ling veins but they are very pricy. Islands over one thousand mu and below fifty thousand mu are considered middle cloud islands. These cloud islands usually have ling veins of good quality, some with ling lakes and springs so one can make ling fields. The large cloud islands above fifty thousand mu have been mostly sold, and the requirements to buy one are much stricter.”

Zuo Mo pondered for a while. With how many people they had, they probably needed to buy a middle-sized cloud island, and it had to a larger one. He asked, “What is the price of a middle-sized cloud island.”

As expected, a Big Boss!

Shang Wei Ming was overjoyed inside. Suppressing his excitement, he said, “Usually, it is one third-grade jingshi per mu.”

“This price isn’t cheap.” Zuo Mo was slightly alarmed. Tens of thousands of pieces of third-grade jingshi definitely was not a small sum.

“It really isn’t cheap!” Shang Wei Ming said emotionally. “This jie is

filled with the cloud sea, the only place to land are the cloud islands. Those lone islands that do not have protection are not worth anything. Eliminating those, there aren't many cloud islands left. Adding on that the situation outside is slightly tense, the price of cloud islands have risen in recent days."

Zuo Mo paused. "Why is that?"

"Too many people have come to the jie recently," Shang Wei Ming explained. "Cloud Sea Jie is remote, and is situated at the intersection between the borders of the Four Realms. In the past, there were not many that came from the outside. The situation has now drastically changed. This place is far from the front lines. Entering the jie here is difficult from the jie river, and many must rely on transportation formations,. If the situation turns for the worst, we can simply destroy the transportation formation and be safe. In these past two years, xiuzhe from other places have started gathering here, so everyone hasn't had good days."

"How come?" Zuo Mo asked back.

"The prices of commodities have risen greatly! Cloud Sea Jie is different than other places, the jie river is hard to travel through so we rely on transportation formations. But if supplies are transported through transportation formations, the consumption of jingshi used on them is significant. If I hadn't accumulated some wealth in the past and bought a fragmented cloud island, I won't even have a place to live with how high the prices are now." Shang Wei Ming shook his head and sighed.

"So it's like that." Zuo Mo was thoughtful.

They flew closer to Dong Sheng Cloud Island. Soon, they landed on the big island.

A xiuzhe whose clothes had a bright script of "Xu Ling" flew over and swept his gaze over the Black Turtle behind Zuo Mo. "Area Four, number one hundred and thirty. Docking costs three pieces of third-grade jingshi a day. Prepayment is twenty pieces of third-grade jingshi, and the deposit ten pieces of third-grade jingshi."

At the side, Shang Wei Ming explained. "The ships cannot enter the city

and must stay at the docks ahead. Area Four is used to store small ships. There are special storage areas on the docks. Boss, remember to arrange for people to guard it.”

Zuo Mo finally felt the pain of the high prices here. However, when he heard Shang Wei Ming’s last sentence, he instantly became wary. “It’s not safe?”

Shang Wei Ming had a grimace. “It was alright before but ,currently, it is not too good. There were several people whose merchandise had been stolen.”

“Oh.” Zuo Mo nodded. He then asked, “If we encounter people stealing, is it alright to kill them?”

Shang Wei Ming’s heart suddenly jumped. In this instant, the other had seemed to suddenly become a whole other person and exuded a dangerous presence. When Shang Wei Ming looked closely, he only saw a smiling Big Boss. He was suspicious that his eyesight had gone bad. He forced a smile and said, “If they are truly thieves, it is alright to kill them. However, it is best not to kill if possible. Harmonious business is best.”

“Harmonious business, very reasonable!” Zuo Mo nodded.

Under the guidance of the Xu Ling Sect disciple, the Black Turtle was put away at Area Four, bay one hundred and thirty, and they paid the fees. Gongsun Cha, Xie Shan, Zong Ru flew out of the ship, the others stayed inside. Zuo Mo did not want to attract too much attention. With Eldest Shixiong, Xie Shan, Zong Ru, and himself, as long as they did not meet a yuanying xiuzhe, there was little worry for their safety.

As for xiuzhe that were in the stage of yuanying, Zuo Mo had never seen one before, not even in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie.

As they left the harbor, a straight blue stone road about five zhang wide appeared in front of everyone. The both sides were lined with a row of stone lamps. The stone lamps were not constructed from high quality materials but Zuo Mo noticed that the pillars of each stone lamp were engraved with complex formation scripts.

A large scale formation!

Zuo Mo's heart shook slightly. These regularly arranged stone lamps were a part of a large scale formation! He could clearly feel the fine ling power vibrations that were unique to formations.

"Xu Ling City is one of the large cities in this area since Xu Ling Sect, a seal formation cultivation sect, is very strong. They put great emphasis on trading of materials. If Boss has merchandise of this kind, you may want to sell them directly to Xu Ling Sect. The prices they give are very fair. If the amount of the transaction is large, they will also give small concessions," Shang Wei Ming said.

Zuo Mo now understood. So Xu Ling Sect was a formation sect. No wonder!

"There are many disciples in Xu Ling Sect so the amount of materials used each day is astounding. The talismans and seal soldiers they forge are very good and easy to sell. They are from Tian Huan Realm, and have great power. They managed to establish themselves quickly after arriving in Cloud Sea Jie. After developing for such a long time, their reputation in this area is very good," Shang Wei Ming said.

Zuo Mo thought of a question. "The materials which aren't easy to transport, can't you plant them?"

"People do," Shang Wei Ming said, "but ling farming requires ling fields, animal raising requires ling lakes and springs, and xiuzhe who are professionals, and also time. Unless they plan to stay here in the future, their efforts will only go to benefit other people. Right now, everyone wants to stay here for the safety, but when the war ends, how many people are willing to remain here?"

Zuo Mo nodded. "That's true."

No matter if it was growing ling plants or animals, they were not quick endeavors. They needed constant care. If one did not plan on establishing a home here, then no one was willing to spend so much effort and not gain anything.

Shang Wei Ming explained in great detail and Zuo Mo also listened carefully.

Zuo Mo's procession did not attract any attention. They didn't wear any talismans, and their clothing looked normal. Their expressions were normal and did not have the pride of experts. Gongsun Cha had a shy and bashful smile hanging on his face looking like the boy next door. The female xiu that passed by looked with interest at Gongsun Cha for a while. When they saw the shy blush on Gongsun Cha's face increased due to their interest, they giggled.

Zuo Mo saw this and laughed. Who could think that the fearsome Lil' Miss, that wouldn't even blink an eye when killing thousands, was embarrassed by a few girls.

Shang Wei Ming couldn't help but also laugh. "This young brother is very handsome!"

Zuo Mo roared with laughter. Wei Sheng laughed lightly. Xie Shan and Zong Ru did not dare, and could only force themselves to repress laughter. Their expressions look very strange.

Shang Wei Ming was confused. He didn't know what was humorous about what he said.

The tendons in Gongsun Cha's forehead pulsed but in the eyes of other people, it was filled with the innocent adorableness of youth. It caused the female xiu on the road to laugh again.

A daring female xiu ran over. "Hey, what are you called?"

Gongsun Cha's face suddenly became as red as an apple.

Zuo Mo couldn't resist any longer. He squatted on the ground and slammed his fist as he laughed. Xie Shan and Zong Ru's expressions almost twisted, looking like fish that were suffocating.

"You are so shy!" The female xiu was not afraid of strangers, her black eyes filled with liveliness. She reached out a snowy white hand. "I am A Mu Lian!"

Staring at the snowy white hand in front of him, Gongsun Cha stilled.

“Let’s be friends!”

Gongsun Cha felt his face was burning. He didn’t know what to do with his hands, his heart filled with unprecedented panic, as he unconsciously made a sound!

The laughter of A Mu Lian’s fellows came from the distance. Gongsun Cha was even more distraught.

“Haha, you’re so cute!” A Mu Lian was very happy.

One of the older female xiu in the group urged her to leave with a smile.

“Ah! I have to go!” The female xiu jumped up and turned to leave. After a distance, she waved her white hand at Gongsun Cha, and then formed it into a funnel to shout, “Don’t forget my name, I’m A Mu Liang!”

A Mu Lian’s group quickly disappeared.

Zuo Mo fell backwards as he laughed. He had never seen Gongsun Shidi so panicked and clueless before. He used this matter to tease Gongsun Cha along the way but Gongsun Cha kept his head down and did not respond to Zuo Mo’s teasing.

Seeing Gongsun Shidi’s burning face and soulless expression, Zuo Mo suddenly felt very good.

This little detour raised everyone’s spirits as they walked towards the city gates.

The city gate of Xu Ling City was not large. Many Xu Ling Sect disciples were guarding the gate. Behind them were many large and tall seal soldiers. They did not question the people passing by and only came up to inspect any disturbances, like when there were fights.

It was possible to see all kinds of flying talismans in the sky, but the most common were paper cranes. This made Zuo Mo feel a sense of kinship.

Entering the city doors, a wave of sound crashed into them.

“Third-grade Yellow Armor Strength Warrior, with endless strength, suitable for all kinds of manual labor, long-lasting and durable! Essential for building and digging in mountains!”

“Third-grade Grass Puppet, making tea, pouring water, washing clothing and sheets, for all purposes, your best servant!”

“Sprint Lightning Seal! Sprint Lightning Seal! Xu Ling Sect’s Sprint Lightning Seal! Only one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi! Do not pass this opportunity by!”

The familiar yet unfamiliar scene caused Zuo Mo’s mind to blur. After so much killing and danger, the hawking of wares on the street caused Zuo Mo to be so moved he wanted to cry in this moment.

He pushed down the soreness in his nose and grinned.

This feeling was really good!

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Translator Ramblings: After a hundred chapters, they finally reach safety. Also, this is sort of the end of the arc. Don’t want cliffhangers? Come back in about one hundred chapters

Chapter 441: Rules?

Xu Ling City did not have the sense of dread and nervousness pervading it like the front lines but seemed chaotic due to the influx of outside xiuzhe. However, this caused the market to seem even busier and more prosperous.

“This is the Cloud Pavilion, the biggest treasure shop in Xu Ling City.” Shang Wei Ming took Zuo Mo and the others to the doorway of a very grand shop. The walls of this shop were completely made from crystal bricks and hanging under the curved eaves were crystal palace lamps. These clear crystal lamps slowly spun and released lights of all colors. Reflecting on the crystal walls, the images were of rainbows and they changed in all ways.

Looking at this grand Cloud Pavilion, Zuo Mo and the others gaped, their expressions amazed.

The formation scripts on each crystal light was faintly discernible and each crystal palace lamp would contain twenty eight of them. The entire shop was under the protection of formations. Where had Zuo Mo seen such a grandiose shop before? To say of nothing else, just these glowing crystal bricks would be worth large amounts of jingshi.

A complex look flashed through Shang Wei Ming's eyes but they quickly returned to normal. “Cloud Pavilion has shop fronts on almost all major cities on Dong Sheng Cloud Island. The owner of the Cloud Pavilion rarely show themselves but in terms of previous treasures and high level materials, it is much better than other shops.”

A moment later, Zuo Mo refocused. Shocked, he couldn't help but feel anticipation. To say of nothing else, just this grandly-decorated shopfront was enough to prove that this shop possessed a powerful background.

Entering the Cloud Pavilion with Shang Wei Ming, he found that the inside was multiple times more luxurious than the outside. The ground was lined with black third-grade gold starshine rock. Each piece was sanded until it was as smooth as glass. The dots of gold in the rock were

like stars in the night sky. Each shelf only held one treasure. Around it, the mirage illusions constantly changed presenting a detailed explanation of each treasure.

A shopkeeper came over, his attitude enthusiastic yet courteous. “Welcome to the Cloud Pavilion, it is my honor to provide you service. Please browse freely, you may inspect and touch any item.”

The shopkeeper glanced at Shang Wei Ming at the side, and a thread of disdain flashed through his eyes.

Any rare and precious treasure of high grade would release light. This was a treasure light. Looking over, the entire store was illuminated with treasure light!

Filling their fields of vision with talismans and high grade materials, even someone like Zuo Mo that was used to seeing such good things couldn't help but show slight shock. This Cloud Pavilion really lived up to rumors. None of the talismans and materials on display were below fourth-grade. Other than Zuo Mo, Wei Sheng, and Gongsun Cha, the other people were amazed by the room filled with treasure light.

Wei Sheng's heart was for the sword and was unaffected by outside objects. Gongsun Cha's mind was also not attuned to such things.

Shang Wei Ming's expression was complex. In the depths of his eyes, they showed slight pain.

Zuo Mo did not detect Shang Wei Ming's change. He asked the shopkeeper, “Does your store have Water Cloud Embryo?”

“Water Cloud Embryo?” the shopkeeper shook his head and said, “My sincere apologies, our store's Water Cloud Embryos have all been sold. A person has bought all the Water Cloud Embryo in our store three months ago.”

Seeing Zuo Mo's disappointment, the shopkeeper explained, “While Water Cloud Embryo is not a high-grade item, it is only produced in the deepest part of the Cloud Sea. There is still half a year until the cloud tide recedes. Unless the cloud tide recedes, we cannot enter the cloud sea. Sir

probably will have to wait for a half year. If Sir needs it, you may want to leave behind an address. If there is merchandise, our store will inform you as soon as possible.”

Zuo Mo couldn't help but show disappointment. His brow furrowed, “Cloud tide?”

Shang Wei Ming did not forget his duties as a guide and hurriedly explained, “The Cloud Sea will have a cloud tide every two years. During the cloud tide, the cloud sea will become extremely unstable. It is very dangerous to enter the cloud sea in this time so there usually aren't any that enter the cloud sea.”

“Let's go to some place else to search,” Zuo Mo was disappointed but did not show it on his face and said faintly.

The shopkeeper smiled and said with slight pride. “Customer, please do not waste your efforts. This one will say something which is not a boast, if you cannot buy it at this store, you definitely cannot buy it at any other store in Cloud Sea Jie. You may ask Mister Shang about this, he should know it well.”

A painful look flashed through Shang Wei Ming's eyes. He suppressed it and gritted, “Yes!”

The shopkeeper smiled and did not speak any further.

Zuo Mo noticed Shang Wei Ming's abnormal change but he could also see that Shang Wei Ming did not lie. He was disappointed. However, he quickly sorted out his emotions. It seemed they would have to stay awhile in Cloud Sea Jie. They could look around. If that didn't work, they might have to make a trip into the cloud sea.

But his original plan had been to settle down in Cloud Sea Jie. This place was poor and remote, hard to travel to, and was far from the front lines. Kun Lun's attention would not be focused on this place. He also found that sword xiu were not at an advantage in Cloud Sea Jie. It was clear that this did not belong to Kun Lun's influence.

Cloud Sea Jie was a pretty good place to rest.

At this time, he suddenly heard a female voice behind him. "Hey, isn't this Shang Wei Ming? Tsk tsk, coming here again to sell something? Wait, this miss remembers that you sold all your assets. Did you dig out something good from your home? Let this miss take a look. If this miss likes it, this miss will bestow you some food!"

The cruel and harsh words caused Shang Wei Ming's face to flush instantly with blood, his hands unconsciously balling together.

Zuo Mo turned around. A startling beautiful female entered his view. She had high brows, thin lips and a high nose. Her face was filled with disdain as she looked down at Shang Wei Ming with a faintly discernable smile on her mouth.

The female raised her head high as she strode light. The rings and pendants she wore chimed gently. When those shopkeepers saw her, their attitudes were respectful as they bowed. "Miss Ren!"

Miss Ren did not seem to hear them. Her attitude did not change at all. Walking in front of Shang Wei Ming, she examined him and said with a slight smile, "This Miss has just been wondering why you couldn't be found. So you found a job as a guide. Tsk tsk, The Old Shang Family that was so high-flying in the past has fallen so. Really causes this Miss to feel heartsore. Seeing you today, how can this Miss not do anything?"

"Ren Qing, do not go overboard!" Shang Wei Ming's face was entirely red as his knuckles cracked.

"Go overboard? Haha! These two words are so appropriate! I like to go overboard" She turned to face Zuo Mo. "Please, sir, be generous and let him go. Sir can pick any fourth-grade talisman."

She then turned to face the shopkeeper, "Put it on this Miss' tab."

"Yes!" the shopkeeper said respectfully.

Zuo Mo raised his hand and said coldly, "Wait!"

"Is sir not even going to give some face to Ren Qing?" Ren Qing's face as frosty.

Zuo Mo's expression did not waver. "I have hired Brother Shang, he is not a slave. This one does not have the right to trade him."

Ren Qing's expression lessened slightly. "Then what does Sir mean?"

Zuo Mo faintly said, "This has to be Brother Shang's own wishes. If Brother Shang nods his head, this one has nothing to say. There's no need for the fourth-grade talisman, just return my guide fee to me."

Ren Qing smiled brightly. "So that's how it is, easy."

Finishing, she turned and walked in front of Shang Wei Ming, smiling like a flower, "Shang Wei Ming, make a sound."

Shang Wei Ming felt the anger burning inside his chest as he gritted. "Ren, don't even think about it!"

Slap!

A loud slap landed on his face!

Shang Wei Ming's mind blanked. In this instant, unprecedented humiliation washed over him. His eyes instantly turned around, tendons bulging on his fists as he prepared to fight for his life!

Ren Qing still had a smile that was full of disdain. "Your son is much more talented than you, almost at ningmai. This miss heard that he is at the Clear Mountain Sword Sect. Do you want to ruin his future? Do you need me to go make a visit?"

Shang Wei Ming forcibly stopped his motion. He felt as though he was in a glacier, his eyes shooting out anger and hatred. He seemed to squeeze through his teeth, "What do you really want to do?"

Pia!

Ren Qing reversed her hand for another slap!

"To do? Haha! This Miss just wants to find amusement out of you! How powerful was the Old Shang Family back in the day, almost suffocating my Ren Family. Now that this Miss can find amusement from Shang Wei Ming, this Miss is happy!"

“You”

Pia!

Another slap!

“Don’t dodge, stand still! Don’t forget about your son!”

Shang Wei Ming seemed to be struck by lightning. Like a wooden puppet, he stayed motionless.

Zuo Mo finally couldn’t stand aside. A thread of dislike appeared between his brows. He stepped forward. “Enough! Killing someone is just causing their head to drop to the floor, no matter how great the grievances were in the past, there is no need for such humiliation!”

Ren Qing’s hand stopped in the air. She turned around and said with a cold smirk. “You really did not take my good will! When I, Ren Qing, does something, when is it someone else’s turn to order me about, don’t you know the rules?”

Zuo Mo grinned and showed his clean teeth. He smiled darkly. “You’re right, we’re newcomers!”

His figure flashed and he appeared next to Ren Qing, grabbing her. She hadn’t reacted at all. He smiled viciously. “Little girl you are really evil at heart! Rules? Let ye teach you rules!”

Finishing, he started to strike at her face from right to left without any mercy.

The shopkeepers of the Cloud Pavilion instantly paled and exploded.

“Stop!”

“Stop now!”

“You will all die!”

The guards of the Cloud Pavilion charged in upon seeing this.

A cold snort suddenly exploded next to their ears like a clap of thunder. Their ears rang. Some guards of weaker cultivation instantly bled from their mouth, their faces terrified.

Beside Xie Shan, Zong Ru's palms were pressed together, his eyes closed. He disliked Ren Qing's maliciousness, and he did not give mercy when using this Attainment Thunder.

There was shock on everyone's faces, and they became even more panicked.

"Formation! Activate the formation!"

"Ask for aid from Elder Xu!"

"My heavens!"

Zuo Mo didn't even look at the panicking guards. He did not use ling power or the mo physique as he sent out a string of slaps. Looking at the completely transformed Ren Qing, he felt he had vented his anger, and felt unspeakably good.

The pitiful Ren Qing's pretty face was now swollen, green and purple, her hair disheveled. From when Zuo Mo started to act, she didn't even have the time to shout.

Her eyes showed deep hatred and maliciousness as though she wanted to swallow Zuo Mo!

But what kind of vicious people hadn't Zuo Mo encountered? He wouldn't place any importance on a little character like this. He held Ren Qing's neck as though he was holding a fowl waiting for slaughter. He smiled viciously and said, "In the future, don't let ye see you. Ye'll hit you each time ye sees you!"

At this time, the smooth gold starshine stone below everyone's feet started to light up with formation scripts!

Chapter 442: Women Like You

Shang Wei Ming looked at the formation scripts that were lighting up in succession and paled dramatically. He hurried to remind Zuo Mo's group. "Run! Careful of the formation!"

Shang Wei Ming felt his death was nearing, since events had escalated to such a degree. But he knew these people intended to help him. However, they did not know the power of the Ren Clan in Xu Ling City.

With Ren Qing's temper and personality, after such a humiliation, they would not be able to escape death!

"You cannot escape! Release Miss Ren immediately, we will give you a road to life!" a shopkeeper said sternly to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo and the others felt an invisible power restrain them as though there were little mountains on their backs. The jade pendants hanging from the waists of the Cloud Pavilion guards and shopkeepers exuded faint lights. Their movements were not affected at all.

The guards and shopkeeper quickly resumed their normal expressions. The store formation had been set up by an expert knowledgeable in formations. Their minimum requirement was that it was able to withstand a blow of jingdan xiuzhe.

Even though these daring people were powerful, but with the big formation activated, they could not fly even if they had wings!

"You cannot escape! I will slice you all thousands of times! And not die in peace!" Ren Qing shrieked as though she was crazy!

Without another word, Zuo Mo sent out another string of blows to the point that Ren Qing was seeing gold stars. Her eyes showing terror, she finally remembered that she was still in the hands of this terrifying person.

Zuo Mo's anger dissipated slightly after giving the blows. He snorted coldly. "You really asked for this! You can't behave if you aren't hit!"

Ren Qing shook, and closed her mouth in terror. The male was young,

his appearance was not evil, but the killing intent that he had just exuded made her shiver.

Shang Wei Ming's face became purple. In front of the big formation, his low cultivation was like paper.

Gongsun Cha had the protection of Zong Ru and didn't feel it.

Zuo Mo saw Shang Wei Ming's state out of the corner of his eye and shouted, "Old Xie, the third lamp pillar on your right, destroy it!"

He had noticed these lamp pillars when he entered the store. This kind of store definitely had formations. This was strange. Being alert to the surroundings and not allowing himself to be placed in danger was now Zuo Mo's instinct.

Hands already itching, a rainbow sword energy left Xie Shan's hands without a word. Like cutting tofu, he sliced through the third lamp pillar on his right.

Everyone felt their bodies loosen.

"The sixth one behind you!"

"Third row in front of your feet, the fourth tile on the left."

Zuo Mo's calm orders followed each other. Every time Xie Shan's sword energy landed, the power of the big formation lessened a fraction. Under the terrified gazes of the Cloud Pavilion guards and shopkeepers, the big formation that was impenetrable in their hearts was continuously weakened under the other's blows until the last thread of formation scripts on the gold starshine tiles dimmed and the big formation was completely destroyed.

With all the pressure relieved, Shang Wei Ming was like a dead fish, fainting away on the ground.

Just as the guards and shopkeepers felt hopeless, a guard coincidentally saw a familiar figure. He seemed to have grabbed hold of a lifeline and shouted, "Elder Xu! Elder Xu! Save us!"

In the shadow, Xu Zheng Wei's steps paused as he thought, this was bad!

Truthfully, he had arrived long ago, but seeing the other disassemble the formation so easily, thoughts of retreat formed! Even though he would receive a tribute from the Cloud Pavilion each month and he had agreed to help, but he definitely would not do something for the Cloud Pavilion that would result in losing his life!

This crowd of idiots! Were they blind? Why did they have to provoke a crowd of lawless and murderous brutes!

Xu Zheng Wei was not an ignorant person. These people had moved crisply and cleanly. This kind of murderous decisiveness was unable to be achieved by people that had not killed before!

No matter what, he definitely did not want to have this kind of trouble!

Just as he was preparing to flee, a guard had seen him. He instantly landed in a dilemma! If he left, it wouldn't be good if it spread that he had taken the other's tribute and didn't help. If he didn't go and really faced this group of lawless brutes, then his old bones were not enough.

After fighting internally, Elder Xu still stood out.

"Everyone, please stop! This old man is not the owner of this store but is familiar with this owner. This one will have a thick face and give apologies. Everyone, please give some face, and resolve this peacefully!"

Elder Xu's words said with a humble attitude caused the guards that had been preparing to shout "Elder Xu, help capture these people" to gape. The store instantly became silent.

Elder Xu was a jindan xiuzhe

The same thought flashed through everyone's minds. They were suspicious that their eyes were working! Elder Xu who was usually proud, calm and ethereal was really the same person as this Elder Xu who was bowing his back humbly with a smile on his face?

This old man was a jindan!

The same thought flashed through the minds of Zuo Mo and his group. This Cloud Pavilion had some power. It had the protection of a jindan!

Even though Wei Sheng and the others were all jindan and Zuo Mo had even killed Song Yuan, a Kun Lun jindan disciple, he was not willing to lightly start a battle with another jindan.

There wasn't any one simple who could cultivate to jindan.

Compared to the seriousness of Zuo Mo and the others, Elder Xu who had a smile on his face felt his heart beat wildly and was astounded! Other than one person whose cultivation was very weak, and the other was definitely not a jindan, he could not see the depth of cultivation of the other three!

This was a very dangerous sign!

Either the other's power was higher than his, or the other was cultivating an unusual spell! No matter which one it was, it was dangerous for him! He couldn't help but celebrate that he had kept his attitude extremely humble.

The common saying was that one did not slap a smiling face. He, Xu Zheng Wei, was also a jindan. Placing his own self-pride so low, the other would be embarrassed to attack.

As expected, the enmity of the group decreased but at this time, a familiar voice interrupted the easing situation!

“Grandpa Xu! Save me! Save Qing'er”

He saw a female with a swollen face and loose hair struggling on the hand of the leader! Back then in the shadow, Xu Zheng Wei had seen it clearly. This young person was the decision-maker of the group, and one of those he could not perceive the power of!

Elder Xu stilled and looked in disbelief at the completely changed Ren Qing. “Qing'er? You are Qing'er?”

“Wuu-wuu-wuu! Grandpa Xu, save Qing'er!”

Mentally strained, Ren Qing started to cry.

Learning that Zuo Mo was holding Ren Qing, Elder Xu instantly understood. How couldn't he know Ren Qing's arrogance? It definitely was that Ren Qing had provoked the other and resulted in her being disciplined!

He could see that the other had had mercy. Ren Qing's hair was loose, her face bruised but she was not heavily injured. The other definitely had not used ling power. Otherwise, Ren Qing wouldn't be alive.

Elder Xu felt a great headache. He didn't hold any good feelings for Ren Qing's difficult personality. However, he still had to consider Ren Qing's elders. The reason that Ren Qing could be so arrogant in Xu Ling City had a direct connection with her overprotective elders, who had strange personalities!

If he stood aside today, those old people would definitely make trouble for him tomorrow!

This was terrible!

Elder Xu felt bitter inside. He raised his folded hands and said sincerely, "Little brothers, this old man is acquainted with the elders of this girl. Little girl doesn't understand worldly matters. Today's events are a lesson for her. Please, raise your hands and let her go."

Zuo Mo hadn't planned on taking Ren Qing's little life. Seeing Xu Zheng Wei's sincere attitude, he nodded and said easily, "Okay!"

As he spoke, he waved his hand and Ren Qing flew towards Elder Xu.

Elder Xu hurriedly raised a hand and received Ren Qing!

When Ren Qing landed, her eyes became red. Pointing at Zuo Mo's group, she shrieked, "Grandpa Xu! Kill them! Kill them all!"

Elder Xu's expression changed. He hadn't expected Ren Qing to be so idiotic that she could not understand the situation. The other group's expressions became unfriendly and showed hints of killing intent.

He smiled awkwardly and said, "So sorry! Little child is still shocked, sorry! The lesson today is good for her!"

Xu Zheng Wei's words caused the expressions of Zuo Mo's group to ease again.

But at this time, a dark voice suddenly sounded at this time, "When was it someone else's turn to lecture a child of our Ren Family?"

Xu Zheng Wei's expression changed!

Three old people walked in through the door. All of them had white hair and beards, their expressions dark. The moment that Zuo Mo had grabbed Ren Qing, she had secretly torn apart the Lifesaving Seal. The three had received Ren Qing's request for aid, paled and hurried over.

When Ren Qing saw the three old people, she cried as she fell into the embrace of the leader.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!"

The leading old person warmly comforted her, "Qing'er, don't cry, Grandpa will settle the score for you!"

Ren Qing raised her head, a poisonous light flashing in her eyes as she ground her teeth. "I want them all dead! All of them dead!"

"Qing'er, rest your heart," another old person spoke, "Second Grandpa promises none of them will live past today."

"Dare to bully our Ren Family, you have guts!" The Third Ren was brimming with killing intent.

Ren Qing's eyes were vicious. She pointed at Shang Wei Ming and said, "That is Shang Wei Ming from the Old Shang Family! Don't kill him, I want to slowly sort him out!"

Shang Wei Ming's face was ashen. He knew it would be hard to escape this calamity!

"Yes, as long as you are happy, anything for you!" Eldest Grandpa was peerlessly benevolent.

"And his son that's at Clear Mountain Sword Sect!" Ren Qing said poisonously.

“Yes, we’ll definitely capture him for Qing’er!”

Shang Wei Ming felt a thunder clap over his head, his thoughts ended!

Ren Qing showed a cruel smile. “I want”

At this moment, Zuo Mo and the others suddenly disappeared.

The faces of the three Ren Family elders changed. Eldest Grampa’s reaction was not slow. He pushed and Ren Qing was shielded behind his back.

A void sword essence, a rainbow sword essence, and a dense fist essence appeared!

Each instantly locked onto one of the three people!

The three felt their hairs stand up!

At the same time, a faint gold figure flashed behind the three people.

Ren Qing’s voice suddenly stopped, her cruel smile freezing on her face. She heard the crack of a bone in her neck, and then she found the angle of her vision become extremely strange. Before she was swallowed by the tide of darkness, she managed to make out words.

“For women like you, it’s better for you to die.”

Chapter 443: Collision

No one had expected Zuo Mo would take the opportunity to make a sneak attack!

Xu Zheng Wei's head rang. Looking at Ren Qing's strangely angled neck, he was stunned. The other's viciousness and decisiveness was far beyond his predictions. He had never thought that this conflict would directly become a battle to the death!

With the protective personalities of the Three Ren Elders and their affection for Ren Qing, there was only one conclusion of this situation, it would end in a battle to the death!

This group of young people, with unknown origins, had used a crisp and clean sneak attack to show their determination to fight and their fearlessness.

After the amazement was endless panic.

The three jindan of the Ren family were very famous in Xu Ling City. Even Xu Ling Sect gave them some face. Xu Zheng Wei was also a jindan but he knew his strength was not a match for these three unreasonable people

Xu Zheng Wei suddenly been placed in a very awkward position.

It was not good to provoke the three Ren elders, but this young group of unknown origins were not friendly either. The young grouper wasn't afraid of the three Ren elders at all. Adding on that he could not clearly determine their strength, he didn't dare to move. If he remained neutral and the Ren family was defeated it would be fine, but if the Ren Family won then his days would not be easy. With the temperment of the three Ren Elders, they would definitely make trouble for him in the future.

In an instant, countless thoughts spun in Xu Zheng Wei's mind.

Seeing their granddaughter die in front of them, the three old men glared angrily, their eyes instantly turned red. They shouted in anger and, in unison, went all out!

A green color quickly spread over the body of the Elder Ren. His entire face became black green and his old features seemed to have the texture of bark. His skin also became very coarse. A thick wood element power rose! When the green color reached his head, his black green hair grew at astounding speed, becoming thumb-thick green vines. The green vines danced wildly on the head like green snakes furiously twisting their bodies!

Pia pia pia!

The dancing green vines whipped towards Wei Sheng's sword essence.

These crisp green vines were unusually strong. When they collided with Wei Sheng's sword essence, it created metallic sounds and sparks flew!

A layer of white water mist shrouded Second Ren's body. His entire body became transparent, his figure quickly merging into the water. In a brief interval, he had become a transparent person made of water.

Facing Zong Ru's dense fist essence, the water person's shape changed. He turned to a thin stream of water, and like a snake, dodging at a strange angle!

Third Ren was completely covered in a ball of fire. The burning flames sprouted from his body. The gold starshine rock under his feet started to melt and his skin started to peel.

When Xie Shan's sword essence approached near the flames on Third Ren's body, they burst into sparks!

After his successful attack on Ren Qing, Zuo Mo returned to stand next to Gongsun Cha. He saw the three old men attacking and his heart instantly shook!

These were roaming xiu!

These three old men were roaming xiu!

Roaming xiu was a very broad category. Usually, xiuzhe other than sword xiu, seal xiu, and dhyana xiu all other xiu were categorized as roaming xiu. Among the roaming xiu, the most common were five

element roaming xiu. The five elements were easy to learn but were hard to master. But if one reached a stage of mastery, there were many wondrous powers! There were many five element spells on the market, and so roaming xiu that cultivated the five elements were the most common.

The three Ren Family elders all cultivated one element and they had all reached a profound level!

It was extraordinary when they attacked!

The power that the three Ren Family elders showed also caused Xu Zheng Wei's expression to change! These three's reputations were not insubstantial as they had dominated Xu Ling City for so long! In the past, Xu Zheng Wei only knew that these three old people were hard to deal with. He hadn't thought that they were so powerful!

This really was a dilemma! What to do ... Xu Zheng Wei groaned inside.

Zuo Mo was shocked but he was not too nervous. He looked warily at Xu Zheng Wei whose expression was changing. Gongsun Shidi's skill at command was powerful, but his individual combat abilities were almost nothing. Any average guard could kill him. Having made a successful strike, Zuo Mo had instantly returned to guard Gongsun Shidi to prevent the battle from affecting Shidi.

The anger in Zuo Mo's heart had been vented through personally ending that despicable woman's life. He calmly watched the fight.

Xie Shan and the other two reacted differently facing the increasing presences of their opponents.

Seeing his sword essence easily defeated, Xie Shan coldly snorted. The Paired Mirage sword disappeared from his hand. Two light hums sounded in the air, one deep and thick and the other one high pitched, both shot into the sky!

Following them were two rainbow lights that were twisted together.
With soul-shaking howls, they shot at Third Ren!

Zong Ru's expression did not change when his punch missed. His eyes were still half-lidded like before, his expression dignified, but the blood lotus flower on his forehead became brighter as though it was dripping in fresh blood.

Behind him, a faint shadow appeared.

Dragon-Elephant Attainment!

The shadow gradually became one with Zong Ru. Zong Ru's dhyana robes moved despite there being no wind, they were flapping hard. When the closed eyes slowly opened, they were empty of any emotion, and the blood lotus on his forehead was like a furious flame.

Raising his hand to deliver a punch, a very normal and average punch!

In terms of presence, the most shocking was still Wei Sheng!

Seeing the other's twisting green vines easily destroy his sword essence, Wei Sheng did not show any timidity. His tiger like eyes suddenly lit up, the desire for battle exploding in his chest! After breaking through to jindan, and occasionally sparring with Zuo Mo, he had never truly fought a hard battle!

Because there were no suitable opponents!

The battle desire that had accumulated for so long erupted like a volcano, and caused Wei Sheng's blood to boil.

Without even drawing the black sword, his right foot suddenly stepped forward, his figure bending slightly forward as though he was a sword leaving the sheath!

Void sword essence shot into the sky!

The presence of void and emptiness came like the darkness of night.

With Wei Sheng as the center, it noiselessly spread into the surroundings and swallowed everything!

Everyone felt their vision blur and it appeared as though they were situated in an void realm.

There was no sound, no light, only endless void, an empty void of death!

Wei Sheng's sword essence had enveloped everyone into it!

Zuo Mo also jumped in fright. Eldest Shixiong had lost himself in battle! He hurriedly grabbed Gongsun Cha and Shang Wei Ming, and his figure retreated rapidly. He had moved more than ten zhang before everything in his vision became normal again.

Woah! When Eldest Shixiong went crazy, it really was scary!

Zuo Mo couldn't help but feel sympathy for the old man that was facing Eldest Shixiong. Sighing, he could not form any jealousy. No one knew better than him how Eldest Shixiong's terrifying strength had been achieved. That was truly accumulation in dots and rips, gradually progressing from nothing to some to many, there was no short-cuts in this!

Zuo Mo knew that he could not do what Eldest Shixiong could!

Xie Shan's eyelids twitched rapidly as he was amazed inside!

Wei Sheng and he were both jindan, the other was also younger than him, but he was still respectful to Teacher Wei. Teacher Wei's skill on the path of the sword was unfathomable, enough to make him feel respect, but he had never seen Teacher Wei attack with his full power!

Due to Wei Sheng's sword, Zong Ru's cold and indifferent eyes suddenly was rippled indiscernibly!

Since they reacted so, the three Ren Family elder's reactions could be imagined. All of them paled! Their heads rang out. They knew they had kicked a metal board this time!

"To take revenge for Qing'er!" Eldest Ren took a deep breath and roared

angrily.

To be able to cultivate to jindan and lead the Ren Family for decades, he was not a weak person. It was just that he had spoiled Ren Qing far too much that this calamity had landed on their heads. But facing such an astounding sword essence, he finally recovered his calmness.

They were pressed to a situation of life and death. The Ren Family was pressed to a situation of life and death. If they were pushed another step, it would mean they would be crushed! This was for the three of them, and also for the Ren Family!

His angry shout was perfectly timed. Second Ren and Third Ren whose presences were stopped thought of their beloved granddaughter dying right in front of them. The two old men's anger exploded again, and so did their presences!

All in!

The three elders attacked together rather than retreat!

The green of Eldest Ren's body grew a fraction. His entire person was like an ancient tree, countless green branches sprouting out of his body into the ground. In front of these green vines, the hard gold starshine rock was like tofu and easily pierced.

Earth energy flowed along the green vines rooted in the deep ground and continuously entered Eldest Ren's body.

Hiss hiss hiss!

As though numerous snakes were spitting, those furiously dancing green vines left behind green marks of light in the air!

The green marks criss-crossed, and a formation instantly formed!

Green sprouts came out of the ground. At an amazing rate, they grew, produced leaves, flowers bloomed and bore fruit!

In a blink, the ground was carpeted in a layer of flora. It was like a forest floor bed, bursting with endless vitality, teeming with life. The flowers gradually withered, the petals danced in the air, the leaves falling off their

branches and flying everywhere! The fruits on the trees cracked open, seeds shooting everywhere to burrow into the ground and start a new cycle of furious growth.

Life without rest!

Flower petals and leaves continuously flew through the air. In a short while, the air was filled with leaves and flower petals. They danced and spun, spreading everywhere and continuously migrated towards the deepest parts of the void!

But at the same time, countless plants, flowers, and leaves were withering at an astounding rate and turning to nothingness!

This was a struggle between death and vitality!

Zuo Mo's expression became serious. This dislikable old man had such deep skill in the wood element!

Wood was the primary element for life!

This was the strongest attribute of the wood element, but was also the hardest attribute to comprehend! Zuo Mo suddenly recalled back when he was at the end of the prison-breaking battle of Vast Water Clear Skies and was facing that vast vitality. He couldn't help but shudder.

Death and life were like twins, and were one of the most basic powers.

Eldest Shixiong's void sword essence was the sword of death and nothingness. The other's wood element spell was the category of spell where it was easiest to comprehend the attribute of life. Wood element spells were not famed for their power but was the perfect for subduing Eldest Shixiong's void sword essence!

Zuo Mo did not go forward to give aid.

He believed in Eldest Shixiong!

From the time he had first read Eldest Shixiong's reflections on cultivation, he began to believe in Eldest Shixiong, trusting in this hardy, strong, and unusually persistent Eldest Shixiong. An individual who was willing to be a servant to search for the path of the sword, to hunt monkey

swarms alone to comprehend sword essence!

In Zuo Mo's view, the worldly apparition that Eldest Shixiong had caused at his zhuji was not the proof of Eldest Shixiong's shocking talent, but the reward the heavens had given him, the reward for persisting and searching through hardship but remaining as determined as when he had first started! A reward for forgetting himself and accumulating wounds! A reward for his days and nights of toiling labour!

How could an Eldest Shixiong like this be defeated?

He was a man that was like iron!

Chapter 444: Xie Shan's Ling Power

There was no graveness to Zuo Mo's demeanor, only calmness.

He hadn't wanted to interfere in the conflict between Shang Wei Ming and Ren Qing. He only decided to act when he really couldn't bear Ren Qing's actions any longer. But he had only intended to give the other a lesson with his reprimands. However, when the three Ren Family elders appeared, Ren Qing's words and the completely unreasonable protectiveness of the three old men made it clear to Zuo Mo what would happen next.

Resolve the dispute in peace, to believe that was naïve.

Battles of blood had already hardened Zuo Mo into a person who did not hesitate, so the moment his hands moved he had killed Ren Qing. Since the two sides were drawing their weapons to fight, then he would uproot the entire plant and not leave any roots behind!

In Zuo Mo's eyes, this wasn't some private conflict, this was a battle.

In battle, if it was not your death, then it was mine!

Even if they defeated these people, he would order Vermillion Bird Camp and Guard Camp to raze the Ren family! He didn't want to leave any hidden problems behind. They were going to stay here for a long time. In Zuo Mo's view, leaving behind a family that had enmity towards them, who wanted to take revenge, was not any different than seeking death.

In battle, any illusions of innocence and luck were the cause of death.

Zuo Mo's relaxed expression increasingly caused Xu Zheng Wei's heart to beat wildly. However, more of his attention was attracted by the fierce combat. It was usually rare to see battle between jindan xiuzhe.

It had to be said that with Eldest Ren's skill on the wood element and adding on that he had more ling power than Wei Sheng, when he pushed, Wei Sheng instantly felt pressured.

Against Eldest Ren's assault the endless void retreated like the tide to between Wei Sheng and Eldest Ren.

Familiar with their eldest brother, Second Ren and Third Ren's faces changed slightly!

The purest wood element power that Big Brother usually treasured was now flooding out without any frugality! He was like a gigantic tree, a tree whose vitality was burning!

The green color flowed through the void sword essence quickly spread towards Wei Sheng, connecting the two sides.

Big Brother was going all out! No matter the result of this battle, Big Brother would have lost a large portion of his vitality!

The two were sad and furious. In unison, they released their most powerful attacks!

The fiery Third Ren started first. With a vicious laugh, his arms curved and his hands curling back as he took a strange stance.

Woosh!

A bird of fire the size of a fist flew out of the flame! This bird of fire had bright red feathers, its expression was intelligent, and every time it flapped its wings, a shower of dazzling and burning sparks fell.

The fire bird made a clear sound, then it angrily leapt at the Paired Mirage Sword that was striking down!

It suddenly opened its beak. A blinding red light accurately struck Xie Shan's Paired Mirage Swords!

Under the attack of this red light, the unstoppable Paired Mirage Light seemed to have been struck with a paralysis seal. It was forcibly stopped in the air. That fire bird was extremely intelligent, and started to pull the Paired Mirage back.

When the red light struck the Paired Mirage Sword, Xie Shan seemed to have been burn by a red hot piece of metal. The thread of connection

between him and the Paired Mirage Sword had become a fraction weaker.

Xie Shan's expression became slightly ugly. Daren had bestowed upon him this Paired Mirage Sword which he treasured it. Now that it was damaged by another, his anger could be imagined!

Furious, Xie Shan's ling power seemed to boil like water. He couldn't help but howl. The long howl that contained ling power vibrated like thunder!

Of the jindan on Zuo Mo's side Xie Shan was the weakest, even though he was the first to reach jindan. Even compared to Zong Ru, he was weaker, much less when compared to Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo! Zong Ru possessed the wish power that everyone feared and cultivated the wondrous [Attainment Golden Body], while the sword scripture Xie Shan cultivated was normal. Even though he also studied [Clear Sky Sword Scripture], it was not exactly suited for him so he had not gained much.

But there was one quality that none of the others could rival Xie Shan at, ling power! Long ago in ningmai, his ling power had reached an astonishing one hundred and eighty jing! He almost broke through jindan just through the accumulation of ling power. No one had expected that this seemingly stupid method that relied on accumulation had given him a great benefit when he broke into jindan!

That was ling power!

He had close to two hundred jing of ling power when he made his jindan breakthrough which allowing his breakthrough process to be a smooth one. As his cultivation stage increased, his ling power furiously increased!

This astounding increase continued for a long time. Even now, the rate had slowed but it still steadily increased!

What no one also knew was that the amount of ling power in Xie Shan's body was eight hundred jing!

Compared to the past, it was more than four times!

The maximum amount of ling power for a first stratum jindan was one thousand jing. Xie Shan's cultivation was almost at the top of a first

stratum jindan! Just having broken through to jindan and already nearing second stratum, not many would believe it if word spread.

The eight hundred jing of ling power meant that he was the only one that did not lose out in terms of cultivation against these three old men!

The three Ren Family Elders had been famed for many years, and had broken through to jindan decades ago. Eldest Ren's cultivation even reached second stratum jindan. His ling power was so abundant that, normally, it wasn't something that these juniors who just entered jindan could compete with! Yet who would have thought that Xie Shan who had forcibly entered jindan based on the abundance of his ling power was this kind of freak!

The Paired Mirage Sword, that was restrained by the stream fire that the firebird was sprouting, lit up. It suddenly twisted and tore out of the fire bird's restraint!

The fire bird was also very intelligent. Seeing the Paired Mirage Sword, it let out a call, its wings flapping and crashed towards the Paired Mirage Sword like a flash of fire.

At this time, the Paired Mirage Sword was like a serpent freed from its cage. The light released from the sword continuously increased!

In a blink, the two flying swords were shrouded in a dazzling and blinking light. They were like two balls of light that were entwining in the air! Due to the strength of the light, even the multi-colored light became as white as the sun.

The flying swords were vibrating, caused by the ling power flooding in. Xie Shan's body was also uncontrollably shaking. Fury, excitement, and other feelings were mixed together and caused Xie Shan to grin.

Since his other moves would not work, then he would just fight based on ling power!

A dark and vicious smile on his face, insanity and fierceness flashed through Xie Shan's eyes!

The vicious light in Third Ren's eyes rose. He snickered, "You want to

compete on ling power? You're seeking death!"

He spread his arms out and did not hold back any bit of ling power!

This young person wanted to compete based on ling power with him? He had never seen anyone more stupid! Third Ren decided to burn this person into ashes with this one move!

The flame over his body grew with a woosh. Even his face was covered by the thick flames. Talismans that were of lower quality on his body could not withstand such a high temperature and were melted and burned to ashes by the flames!

"Firebird Barrage!"

The words were said slowly as though they took all the power he had to pushed out the words!

Pew!

A fire bird came out!

Following right after it was another fire bird!

At an astounding rate, fire birds appeared one after another. With so many flying out of the flames, it was as though there were countless birds hidden within the flames!

When a fire bird came out of the flame, they flapped their wings and like a dash of fire, and shot at the Paired Mirage Sun, that was floating like a miniature sun in the sky!

In an instant!

The fire birds were like rain!

Covering the sky and hiding the sun!

Sparks scattered downwards. Even the air was ignited, explosions ringing in the air! When the sparks landed on the gold starshine rock, they created wisps of green smoke with a pop and little holes appeared on the tile.

The starshine rock that had been smooth like glass had instantly became pockmarked with numerous little dots.

Xie Shan was not afraid!

Having survived that hell-like battlefield, Xie Shan's heart was as hard as stone. Even if a blade was right at his eyes, his heart would not shake at all!

As the fire birds covered the sky and filled his vision. The boiling ling power caused the objects in his view to become slightly twisted!

He was not affected at all.

Boil! My ling power!

He seemed to murmur as though he was talking in his dreams. The eight hundred jing of ling power inside his body was like burning lava that rampaged and flowed within the little flying swords.

The flying swords seemed to hear his words, vibrating and humming to respond to him.

Xie Shan had never felt that he had such power, and also never felt so weak before!

There wasn't a drop of ling power left in his body at all!

If one looked closely, they would find that there were other lights mixed within the two little miniature suns. The hair-thin gold light was [Gold Strands], the faint mist that was like the rainbow after rain was [Rainbow Mist]!

The four formation techniques on the Pair Mirage Sword were all activated!

The two blinding miniature suns merged into one and became an even more blinding ball of light!

Xie Shan gazed at Third Ren within the fire, grinned, and then his expression became stern!

"Break!"

The shout that did not have ling power behind it and did not seem to be a threat at all.

But this shout that had no presence caused everyone's hearts to shake simultaneously.

A ruler-straight beam of light shot forth!

A blinding white light beam that seemed to have been drawn with a ruler!

The light penetrated the fire birds covering the sky and into the flames!

Time seemed to stop in this moment. The fire birds flying in the sky paused briefly!

A passage with the thickness of a wrist formed cut through the dense crowd of fire birds. Dozens of fire birds only had half a body left as they froze in the air.

The flames were burning, still hissing and cracking.

Above the flame, a hole the size of a wrist had a smooth opening. Through the hole, it was possible to see the pitted floor tiles.

Pia!

Suddenly, one of the fire birds that only had half a body left turned into a ball of flame!

Pia, another fire bird also followed in exploding into a ball of flame.

These two fire birds that exploded was like the sparks thrown into a barrel of dynamite!

Boom!

Countless blinding balls of fire red lit up. All of the fire birds exploded together. The tongues of flame instantly swallowed up the position of both combatants!

Boom!

Another enormous explosion came from the flames!

From between the explosions came a faintly gold figure. Zuo Mo's face was covered in dust and disheveled. Being held in his hands was a barely breathing Xie Shan!

Escaping from his death, Xie Shan did not seem terrified. He murmured gently, “So exhilarating!”

He then said to himself, “Idiot, don’t you know that ge’s flying swords are fifth-grade?”

Xie Shan’s vision darkened and he fainted. Unconsciousness, Xie Shan still tightly held onto the two little golden swords.

Chapter 445: Ren Cloud Island

Bam!

A glowing snake-like stream of water flowed at high speed suddenly exploded against the wall. The stream of water instantly turned into countless beads of water that scattered in all directions.

The water that splashed on the ground squirmed as though they were alive moving along the floor. The water drops quickly gathered in one location. In a short time, they had once again merged into a figure made out of water.

Second Ren was amazed. The power of this man was deep! When this man punched, there was no fist energy, no sound, it was calm and ordinary. But no matter how he dodged, he could not avoid it. When the fist struck his body, his body would be scattered!

But if it was just that, he would not be afraid. Water was shapeless. No matter how strong the other's punches were, even if it could scatter his body into tiny beads of water, he could gather himself back together without taking any damage. He had defeat many opponents by relying on this undying method.

But the other's fists were very strange. Each time his body was destroyed, there would be a strange power that entered into his body. This power was as thin as a hair, it was strange and unpredictable. He had never seen it before. This caused him to have a foreboding feeling.

Even worse was that he could not get near the other at all. The other's fists were terrifyingly accurate. None of his punches would miss. The shock that Second Ren felt could be imagined. He knew how agile he was, as any flying swords that were slightly slower than him could not hit him.

This young dhyana xiu in front of him was not simple!

Second Ren stared tightly at his opponent, killing intent spreading inside. He made a decision. Even at the cost of being wounded, he had to kill this person!

There had never been a person that dared to step on the Ren Family's pride so! There had never been a person who dared to harm one hair on a member of the Ren Family!

Thinking about how Ren Qing had died, Ren Yu felt great sorrow! He and his two brothers only had this one granddaughter. Now even this granddaughter was killed!

They should die!

All of these people should die!

The water essence on his body circulated unusually smoothly. The [Crooked Water Channeling Spell] that he had cultivated for many years, now showed signs of a breakthrough. But Second Ren did not feel any joy at all. There was only one thought in his mind, kill the other person!

At this time, he suddenly heard an enormous explosion coming from Third Ren's direction. There was a rolling red ball of fire. His chest suddenly felt great pain!

Third Brother was dead!

Second Ren looked away staring angrily at the explosion and fiercely roared like a wild animal!

"Go die!"

Suddenly, his body froze, his expression solidifying on his face. The water that shrouded his body stopped flowing. Slender threads resembling blood appeared on the surface of his water.

His vision quickly became blurred, and the sound of battle became distant to him.

His mind started to blur!

The blood threads that had spread like a spider web across his body suddenly lit up.

Pew!

The ball of water turned to a ball of white mist and rose up. When the

water mist dissipated, there was nothing left at that spot.

The indifference and emptiness in Zong Ru's eyes quickly faded. He panted lightly, and a indiscernible expression of exhaustion appeared at his brow. He sighed inside. He was really too weak still. He couldn't even tolerate the preliminary stage of Attainment Golden Body. However, what really had been effective just now was wish power. If it wasn't for his wish power, he most likely would not have defeated Second Ren.

He flew next to Zuo Mo and without speaking, he closed his eyes and started to recover.

In a blink, two of the three Ren Family elders were killed. Xu Zheng Wei's face paled in shock.

What were those strange lines of blood?

Xu Zheng Wei's heart felt cold. He rejoiced that he had not helped the three Ren Family elders just now. Looking at the present situation, the Ren Family was going to be finished. Even though Eldest Ren was still in a stand-off with that young sword xiu, but there was still one person on the other side that had not acted yet. The conclusion was clear.

He didn't know where this group of outrageously powerful young people that was had sprouted out of. Each of them was deep in power. Greatly impacted, Xu Zheng Wei's mind worked rapidly. He didn't have any sympathy for the fall of the Ren Family. The Ren Family was usually arrogant and ostentatious.

He wondered if these young people were going to settle down here for the long term or were they just passing by. If they were settling down for the long term, the power balance of Xu Ling City was going to change!

Having lived for a long time in Xu Ling City, Xu Zheng Wei knew as long as it was not outrageous, Xu Ling Sect would not act.

He decided if the other was going to settle down, then he definitely had to make a good connection with the other. He didn't worry about the Cloud Pavilion. With his understanding of the young master of the Cloud

Pavilion, the other would not be so stupid to become enemies with such a powerful group of lawless brutes of unknown origins.

Just as Xu Zheng Wei was thinking, the situation changed again.

Wei Sheng's eyes showed a hint of disappointment. He shook his head gently. "Pity."

As he finished speaking, he raised his head. Without any sound, the void sword essence pushed against the furiously growing flora turning it into dust at an astounding rate and returning it to nothingness.

The empty sword essence destroyed the last bit of green.

The sword essence moved like a corrosive poison. It started to spread along the strong green vines. Everywhere it passed, the green vines crumbled into dust until nothing was left. Eldest Ren could not make a sound, and didn't have the time to react. Like a statue, in front of everyone, he was swallowed by the sword essence and also turned to nothingness.

Clink!

A ring fell to the ground.

Even though he was prepared to make a good relationship with the other, Xu Zheng Wei was still shocked by the scene in front of him.

The Cloud Pavilion's guards and shopkeepers were all pale as they shook in the corner. When they saw this group clean up the battlefield taking their spoils, as though no one else was present, their lips couldn't help but tremble.

Such a natural display, if they were not brutes that had went through rains of blood, they would definitely not have this demeanour!

When Shang Wei Ming woke up, he found he was unharmed. He showed a dazed expression. When he was informed that the three Ren Family elders were killed, his head rang and his mind blanked.

Zuo Mo did not give him the time to digest it, asking straightforwardly, "Where is the Ren Family estate?"

The spoils of victory from the three Ren Family elder's bodies were pitifully few. Other than three jade scrolls, Zuo Mo did not find any of importance or significance. Fighting against such powerful enemies, how could they not gain anything?

Mind blown, Shang Wei Ming instinctively answered, "At Ren Cloud Island." When the words left his mouth, his mind suddenly cleared and his face changed!

So malicious!

Xu Zheng Wei's heart also shook but he was not as shocked as Shang Wei Ming. In battles of life and death like this, the conclusion would frequently be like this.

"Ren Cloud Island?" Zuo Mo's eyes lit up. He hurriedly asked, "How big is it?"

"Almost fifty thousand mu, it is the biggest intermediate-sized cloud island nearby!" Shang Wei Ming hurriedly answered. "Ren Cloud Island is in a good position and the flowing cloud silk that the island produces is famous in this region."

Zuo Mo's drool almost spilled out!

More than forty thousand mu, that was a value of more than forty thousand pieces of third-grade jingshi!

Zuo Mo, who had needed a place to settle down, immediately became excited.

"Go, go, go! Let's go see now!"

The Ren Cloud Island was a flight of four hours from the main island. Zuo Mo took the Black Turtle along when he flew to the Ren Cloud Island.

When they reached Ren Cloud Island, they found that this cloud island was slightly different than other cloud islands. There were many balls of clouds floating in the sky above the cloud island. These clouds almost completely shrouded the cloud island. It was not possible to see the

condition of the island.

Zuo Mo found it interesting and wanted to go near to study it.

Once he came near, these slowly moving clouds seemed to be frightened and rippled intensely. In a blink, the snowy-white clouds became inky black!

Hiss-crack!

Inside the black clouds, electrical snakes slithered and blinding lights occasionally appeared. Deep thunder could be heard inside the thick black clouds and lightening shot over.

Zuo Mo jumped in fright. He hurriedly activated Light Void Wings and fled.

Boom!

A bolt of lightning with the thickness of a wrist flashed past his previous position and reflected on Zuo Mo's pale little face.

If he was struck by such a thick bolt of lightning, then half of his little life would be gone.

At this time, everyone's face became serious. Even Gongsun Cha's expression was slightly ugly. To forcibly take this cloud island, they would have to pay a high price.

Shang Wei Ming hurried to remind, "Boss, use the island card!" Having escaped with his life from the hands of the Ren Family, he was very grateful to Zuo Mo. He was very clear that if he landed in the hands of Ren Qing, his fate would be worse than death. Due to his gratefulness, he tried to help all he could.

"Island card?" Zuo Mo stilled. He recalled that there was a jade card among the things he had taken from the three old men's bodies. He hurriedly took it out.

There was a cloud engraved on the surface of the jade card. The back of the card was engraved with all kinds of formation scripts.

Zuo Mo's consciousness swept the island card. He instantly understood.

This island card was used to control the formations on the cloud island. Zuo Mo channelled ling power and shouted, “Open!”

The jade card in his hand shot out a beam of light that entered the thick cloud layer.

The black cloud layer that had been rumbling with thunder instantly quieted. The black clouds became white clouds again. The cloud layer retreated to the sides and a broad path appeared in front of them.

Zuo Mo was overjoyed. He flew down first. The other people seeing the situation followed behind.

The arrival of Zuo Mo’s group caused a ruckus on the island. However, when Shang Wei Ming announced in a loud voice that the three Ren Family elders were dead, and the Ren Cloud Island had changed owners, these people calmed down. Most of them were hired workers, not servants. To them, they just changed employers. If this boss wasn’t good, they could leave.

“Daren, are we going to stay here in the future?” Lei Peng asked in a rumbling voice.

“What? Not satisfied?”

“Satisfied! Very satisfied!” Lei Peng rubbed his hands, his face full of excitement. “Staying every day in the Black Turtle, an’s bored to death! This place is both big and good”

Everyone was very excited. They had a new territory!

This group of battlemaniacs had a desire for territory like the desire men had towards women. They had been reluctant to part with the Golden Crow City. Then they had roamed and killed after that. Now that they finally had territory that belonged to them, the excitement they felt could be imagined.

Without waiting for Zuo Mo to speak, this group sprinted in all directions.

Zuo Mo raised his head. The sky was clear for ten thousand li. He

couldn't help but tsk in wonder. Looking at the island from the outside, there were layers of clouds blocking their view and nothing of the island could be seen. But looking from the island out, nothing was covered.

As expected, this was a good place!

Zuo Mo was very content!

Chapter 446: A Shocking Statistic

“From today onwards, this cloud island’s name is changed to Turtle Island!” Zuo Mo announced in satisfaction.

No one below responded, but they all looked at each other.

A beat later, the most daring of them, Lei Peng, weakly responded, “Daren why call this Turtle Island?”

“What? You feel this name isn’t good enough?” Zuo Mo angled a stare at him as he drawled.

“No! No!” Lei Peng hurriedly waved his hand, his face red before he said weakly, “Just that, Just that, this name it isn’t flashy?”

The other people were all distressed.

Zuo Mo snorted and said with disdain, “A thousand year tortoise, a ten thousand year turtle, ever heard this before?”

“Heard this!” People nodded their heads.

“The longer one lives, the more profit one can make,” Zuo Mo warned everyone in a meaningful tone. “Look at those flashy guys, show-offs, all of them are short-lived, why? Because they are eye-catching! What was that phrase”

Zuo Mo couldn’t recall it and thought with a furrowed brow.

“Say what?” The people below stretched their necks and waited for his next words.

“Oh, I remember.” Zuo Mo’s mind became alert. He spread his arms, looked at the sky and dragged his words in a tone that created goosebumps to recite with emotion. “His outstanding figure was so dazzling among the crowd, like a sun, he was unable to be ignored!”

Everyone shuddered, their hairs standing on end.

Zuo Mo turned his head down and his gaze swept the crowd of confused people. His tone became normal as he picked out Lei Peng to ask, “If there was a person like this among the enemy, what would you do?”

“Kill him as soon as possible!” Lei Peng glared murderously.

“Why kill him first?” Zuo Mo lead him along.

“A person like this is either an expert or a leader, they have higher ... strategic value!” Lei Peng stammered out. Under Lil’ Miss’ high pressure training, learning combat tactics became a necessary class for every member of Vermillion Bird Camp. Even a rough man like Lei Peng could casually speak a few phrases.

“You are right!” Zuo Mo praised Lei Peng and said amusedly, “The spear strikes the bird that pops up first, that is the moral. The more low-key you are, the longer you can live. The longer you live, the more you can make. A name like Turtle Island that doesn’t catch the attention is suitable for us. Our method is to first be low-key, pretend to be weak, and then, hee hee, you know!”

Everyone realized and nodded their heads hard, their eyes gleaming with light. They looked at each other and smiled evilly at each other. “Hee hee, we understand!”

Coincidentally walking in at the same moment, Shang Wei Ming’s cold sweat flowed down.

He really wanted to tell Daren what a large influence killing the three Ren Family elders would have on Xu Ling City’s inhabitants. Xu Ling City was most likely in an uproar at this moment. No matter how low-key or weak they pretended to be, no one would believe them ...

Of course, these words only spun in his mind. He smartly closed his mouth. Boss definitely had Boss’ reasons for doing a thing. A little character like him definitely could not understand the profound meaning of Boss’ action.

He already knew that Boss wasn’t just a boss. This was a classic combat troop. However, that had nothing to do with him. No matter what the other had him do, he would unhesitatingly do it, even at the risk of his own life.

When the evil laughs in the room decreased, he reported the assets of

Turtle Island to Zuo Mo. "Daren, we have finished our survey."

When Zuo Mo held the result, his eyes were wide.

The area of Turtle Island was forty seven thousand mu. Zuo Mo had to sigh that Turtle Island was, as expected, one of the largest islands of the intermediate-sized islands. The next string of statistics caused Zuo Mo to start drooling.

There were fifteen thousand mu of ling fields on the island, of which ten thousand were third-grade ling fields and another three thousand were fourth-grade ling fields.

Seeing such enormous numbers, his thoughts almost diverged. The entire Wu Kong Sword Sect had never had so many ling fields in the past, much less third-grade ling fields! Such an large amount of third-grade ling fields was enough to support a sizable sect. Adding on that the three thousand mu of fourth-grade ling fields was an enormous sum of wealth!

They had struck it rich!

Deliriously happy, Zuo Mo's gaze moved down and then he suddenly froze.

Ten thousand mu third-grade ling fields but they only had thirty ling plant farmers!

Thirty ling plant farmers!

Compared to the enormous amount of ling fields, the number of ling plant farmers was not enough! Thirty ling plant farmers, not one of them had the Summer Flower Jade Medal, they were all Spring Sprout ling plant farmers!

This meant that almost ten thousand mu of the third-grade ling fields were in fallow! A spring spout level ling plant farmer could only plant and care for fifty mu of third-grade ling fields at maximum for a total of one thousand and five hundred mu! On their hands, the fourth-grade ling fields were an even larger waste, and could not reach their full potential.

Thinking about the ten thousand ling fields being in a state of waste,

Zuo Mo instantly felt pain.

“Is it hard to hire ling plant farmers?” Zuo Mo asked Shang Wei Ming.

Shang Wei Ming shook his head. “Not easy. Even though many roaming xiu have come recently, but there still aren’t many ling plant farmers. Many families are recruiting ling plant farmers.”

Zuo Mo bared his teeth with a painful expression. He secretly noted down this problem.

Wastefulness was shameful!

Zuo Mo quickly found that it wasn’t just the ling fields that were not being utilized to their full capacity.

There were thirty six ling springs on the island, but only six were being used, and even then they only raised very normal kinds of animals.

There were three ling lakes on the island but not even one of them was in use. Each ling lake was surrounded by weeds. Supposedly, the three Ren Family elders were not interested in the ling lakes at all, and hadn’t even cleared out the weeds.

The one asset developed the most was a cave on the island, Snow Silkworm Cave. This cave was extremely deep and cold. There was a herd of Snow Cloud Silkworms living in the cave. The silk that the snow cloud silkworms produced were flowing cloud silk. This was an upper fourth-grade material and was easy to sell. The flowing cloud silk was the biggest source of annual income on the island.

There were many other caves on the island but none of them had been explored and used.

When Zuo Mo finished reading the report, his first feeling was, the Ren Family was really wasteful!

His second feeling, they had really struck it rich!

But the first decision Zuo Mo made was to order everyone to explore the entire Turtle Island. With this kind of slacker mentality from the three Ren Family elders, Zuo Mo felt that the possibility they had missed good

things was very high.

Forty seven thousand mu was not a small area. How to set up defenses was also a problem. This headache would be given to Gongsun Cha to deal with.

Zuo Mo's thoughts were completely focused on how to use the resources of Turtle Island.

"The Ren Family was killed?"

"Really? How can the Ren Family be killed? They have three jindan!"

"It's true! I heard that only three people in the group fought and there was another that watched. Miss Ren also died, she was the cause of the conflict!"

"Ha, I've said it before. With Miss Ren's personality, she would cause the Ren Family to die!"

"The Heavens really sent a blessing this time!"

"But we need to be careful in the short-term. People that casually killed the Ren Family are not ones that us little people can provoke!"

Just as Shang Wei Ming had predicted, Xu Ling City was in an uproar over the news that the Ren Family was destroyed. The cloud islands near Turtle Island acted as though they were facing a great enemy, fearing that this group of unknown origins had malicious intents towards them.

At the Tian Family, the elders that were in charge gathered together in a hall with serious expressions.

"I hadn't thought that the Ren Family would be destroyed like this." Tian Yong Qing sighed. "The three Ren Family jindan gone like this. The world has changed too quickly."

"Don't speak of useless things." Tian Heng Bo had an unconcerned expression. "This group of unknown origins have taken over the Ren

Cloud Island, that is land that we have planned to obtain! Fifteen thousand mu of ling fields with more than three thousand mu of fourth-grade ling fields, the rest are all third-grade ling fields! Not to speak of the flowing cloud silk produced on the island, the Ren Family got rich based on just that!”

“If we can have Ren Cloud Island, our power would immediately go up a level!” another elder said. “I hadn’t expected that a group of outsiders got ahead of us!”

Everyone was silent. The Tian Family was most skilled ling farming and their desire of ling fields was much greater than other families. They had been planning for a long time and were preparing to take Ren Cloud Island soon. But Zuo Mo’s group had appeared out of nowhere and gotten there before them.

“Do not move rashly,” Tian Yong Qing said after a moment of thought. “We do not know the origins of this group. If we move now, it is hard to predict the results. Should we send someone to ask if they sell this island? The price can be negotiated!”

“Who would be so dumb to sell such a good place?” Tian Heng Bo did not believe it.

“That might not be the case,” Tian Yong Qing said with a smile, “No matter how many ling fields they have, without ling plant farmers, they can only go to waste! The only thing the other might be reluctant to part with is the flowing cloud silk.”

The elders smiled. About seven-tenths of the ling plant farmers on the Xu Ling City market worked for the Tian Family. The third grandpa of the Tian Family was skilled in ling farming and was a high level ling planter farmer with a autumn fruit jade medal. These ling plant farmers mostly wanted to improve so they entered the Tian Family.

Possessing the highest number of ling plant farmers, the Tian Family’s desire for ling fields was also the highest but the cloud island with the most ling fields near Xu Ling City did not belong to the Tian Family, but was Ren Cloud Island.

“If it is like that, it might not be impossible,” another elder spoke, “maybe we can use Star Cloud Island to trade. There is a fourth-grade star cloud metal mine on the island, and it isn’t lacking compared to the flowing cloud silk!”

Hiss, many elders inhaled sharply. That star cloud metal mine produced good fourth-grade star cloud metal, and was one of the important sources of income for the Tian Family.

“This price is too high!” Tian Heng Bo had a pained expression.

Tian Yong Qing waved his hand. “Do not hurry. They have just arrived. If it wasn’t for that Ren Qing being stupid and provoked them, they wouldn’t be so arrogant and aggressive! Right now, we shall observe and slowly come into contact with them.”

“If they use force?” an elder said in worry.

Tian Yong Qing lightly laughed. “If they think that because they destroyed the Ren Family, they can provoke our Tian Family, that is their death day!”

Looking at the puzzlement on everyone’s faces, Tian Yong Qing said faintly, “After one or two months, Eldest Grandfather is coming out of seclusion.”

The elders paused and then showed ecstasy.

Tian Yong Qing seemed to feel that one piece of good news wasn’t enough and continued, “The other good news is that our Tian Family Battalion, Tian Ye is coming back!”

It was deathly silent. Many elders showed terror.

*

Translator Ramblings: Turtle/tortoise is also another term for “bastard” “wang ba” in Chinese. Also, no rest when one is rich ... no one will make trouble for poor people, you’re only worth targeting if you are rich.

Chapter 447: On The Island

Zuo Mo inspected A Gui and showed a hint of joy. The vitality in A Gui's eyes had grown a bit. She no longer looked dead. Compared to the recent past, the purple energy inside her body had doubled.

A Gui's change was wonderful, Zuo Mo was happy.

Staring at this still wooden face, for some unknown reason, Zuo Mo felt slight heartache. If she hadn't had to save him, A Gui wouldn't be in an abnormal condition like this, not human or ghost. Even though Zuo Mo did not know why A Gui would make such a sacrifice for him, but no matter what, the debt of saving his life was significant enough for Zuo Mo to be willing to repay it with his own death.

It would only be another half a year, then they would find the Water Cloud Embryo and A Gui's wounds would heal. Thinking about this, Zuo Mo couldn't help but be filled with hope towards the future.

Now that they had Turtle Island, he could truly be considered to have his own property. Just that ten and some odd thousand mu of ling fields was enough for him to support all this people.

They had pretty much settled down on the island. What was left was to manage all this. This had to be slowly worked on. Everyone, including himself, was born poor, and it was their first time to managing such an enormous place. However, Zuo Mo was not afraid. He had marched through the storm of blood, and wasn't afraid of a little matter like this.

Zuo Mo's heart felt very sweet.

After Chun Yu Cheng finished visiting the last ling spring, he couldn't help but sigh, "This really is a good place!"

Gazing at the serene and cold ling spring, he felt happy inside. This ling spring was a fourth-grade ling spring. Most likely due to its proximity to the Snow Silkworm Cave, the water was unusually cold. When he put his hand into the spring, his entire arm had almost frozen instantly. It was the

first time Chun Yu Cheng had seen such a good quality ling spring and his happiness could be imagined.

This was the third fourth-grade ling spring he had visited and the other ling springs were third-grade. Even though the quality of each ling spring was different, but all of them were clean and high quality ling springs. There were many uses for good ling springs. They were especially suitable for raising some water element ling beasts, or planting some special ling grass. All water methods required good ling springs.

In those secret paradises, ling springs were something that could not be absent.

With these ling springs, he had enough confidence to raise excellent ling beasts. His knowledge of the beast pool was far deeper than when he first started, but there had been many ideas that he could not test due to the lack of conditions. He had never imagined there would be a day that he would truly have the conditions to study just because he wanted to.

So when he knew that there were many ling springs on the island, he hurriedly ran over to inspect them one by one.

The results left him overjoyed!

The conditions on the island and the quality of these ling spring surpassed their imagination. He had never thought there would really be a day that he could have this kind of conditions.

He felt as though he was dreaming!

Please don't wake up from this dream!

Chun Yu Cheng murmured to himself.

"So is this the Snow Silkworm Cave?" Ji Cheng Wei poked his head into the cave and looked curiously.

"Yes, Daren." The one leading the way was a supervisor. The flowing cloud silk that the Snow Silkworm Cave produced was the primary source of income from the island. The Ren Family had placed great important on

it due to this and hired a supervisor specifically to be responsible for managing the Snow Silkworm Cave.

The deep cave was completely black. A gust of wind suddenly blew inside the cave and the people passing by all shuddered.

“So cold!”

“My heavens!”

“What place is this!”

The group of Golden Crow Camp exclaimed. This gust of wind was biting to the bone. Even at the entrance of the cave, they felt it was unbearable.

The supervisor was used to seeing this and was not shocked. He explained, “The Snow Silkworm Cave is extremely deep. The place that the snow silkworms live is about two hundred zhang from the cave entrance and no one has gone any deeper. After three hundred zhang, it really is too cold, ningmai that go in there would become ice cubes after ten breaths. We will not go to those deep places when we harvest the silk.”

Everyone’s faces were slightly pale. Ningmai would become ice cubes in ten breathes, how cold would that be!

They were all users of fire and did not like this type of extreme coldness the most. After taking a look around, everyone retreated in unison.

“Are there fire caves nearby?” Master Sun Bao asked.

“Yes!” The supervisor hurriedly nodded. His attitude was very respectful. With the change of the employer, many things would likely change, like his position as supervisor. He did not want to lose this job.

“Where?” Ji Wei’s eyes lit up as he asked.

The Golden Crow Camp was most skilled in forging. Even though they all had Golden Crow Fire now, but fire caves were still of great help to them.

“It is a place that Third Master cultivated in before, called Fierce Yang Cave!” the supervisor said.

“Take us there.”

The procession quickly reached the entrance to the Fierce Yang Cave. Compared to the other caves, this cave appeared much cleaner. There was a layer of fire clasts. The red-black fire clasts were not high-grade, just second-grade, and were a kind of commonly seen fire lava rock.

The air at the entrance twisted under the high temperature as waves of heat erupted from inside the cave. Everyone felt the pressuring heat from a long way off.

Their eyes instantly lit up.

Xiuzhe that practiced fire techniques liked all kinds of fire. They were not afraid of the fire's high temperature, but rather were afraid that the temperature wasn't high enough.

When they saw the scene at the entrance of the Fiery Yang Cave, everyone knew the temperature inside this Fiery Yang Cave was extremely high.

Sun Bao was relatively composed. He shouted to call back those xiuzhe that were eager and did not allow them to charge in on their own. The Fiery Yang Cave was their territory, they did not need to hurry and could progress slowly and cautiously, taking proper precautions to avoid any accidents happening.

When they learned that there was only one fire cave on this island, even Sun Bao lost interest in the other caves.

The Fiery Yang Cave was the existence they were the most interested in!

The island was very busy, and it was not quite in Xu Ling City either.

The killing of the three Ren Family elders had come people clapping and naturally had others who were discontent. As xiuzhe came in from the outside, the tensions between local and immigrating xiuzhe rose daily. The death of the three Ren Family Elders caused this conflict to increase, especially when the local xiuzhe found that Xu Ling Sect did not listen or

inquire about the matter. This caused them to become even more discontent.

No matter how wrong the three Ren Family elders were in the matter, they were still xiuzhe of Xu Ling City. Many local xiu became angry when they discussed how the Ren Family was destroyed, that Xu Ling Sect did not respond, and had allowed the Ren Cloud Island to be occupied.

Some placed their hopes on the Cloud Pavilion. Everyone knew the background of the Cloud Pavilion. This time, the entire store had been destroyed, and the losses were very great as there were many talismans that were damaged or lost.

According to the conduct of the Cloud Pavilion, no one believed that the Cloud Pavilion would not make a sound.

Compared to the Cloud Pavilion, the Ren Family was just a little ant. Many people said if it wasn't for the fact that the Ren Family produced flowing cloud silk, the shopkeeper of the Xu Ling City Cloud Pavilion wouldn't even look at the Ren Family. This shopkeeper hoped to get more flowing cloud silk from the Ren Family to raise his own contributions. Who would have known that in showing favoritism he offended such a ruthless group of brutes and almost lost his little life!

The counter-attack from the Cloud Pavilion would definitely be very strong!

Just a few jindan and they wanted to face the Cloud Pavilion, that was daydreaming.

Some local families also moved in the dark. The cloud island of the Ren Family was very rich!

In this time, turbulence flowed under the surface.

The large formation of Turtle Island was the [Yinyang Cloud Thunder Formation]. The defensive power of this large formation was outstanding and especially suited to a large island like Turtle Island. The Ren Family had spent a great sum to invite an expert to set up this [Yinyang Cloud

Thunder Formation.

But in the eyes of Zuo Mo who liked to make sneak attacks, this large formation was not so safe.

People that like to make sneak attacks usually were the ones that guarded against sneak attacks the most, Zuo Mo patiently examined the defensive formation of Turtle Island. Bases and patrols were the territory of Lil' Miss, but formations, only Zuo Mo could do this.

In Zuo Mo's eyes, this [Yinyang Cloud Thunder Formation] was grandiose but was not useful, and only had a good appearance. It seemed to appear powerful, but if it encountered a strong enemy, it would likely collapse. The person who had set up the formation clearly did not have good intentions. He had left a few backdoors inside the formation. The muddle-headed Ren Family had not detected it, but how could it escape the fiery eyes of Zuo Mo?

Zuo Mo did not erase the backdoors, and instead used them as bait. He slightly modified the formation scripts near the dark doors. The dark doors did not look any different than before, but if the other entered through the backdoor, hee hee

Zuo Mo had an evil smile.

Of course, this wasn't enough. In his eyes, the [Yinyang Cloud Thunder Formation] could only act as a thin shell, and was far from a sturdy turtle shell.

They had to live up to the name!

With this thought, Zuo Mo started a major project.

To increase the power of the [Yinyang Cloud Thunder Formation], Zuo Mo planted that

Sonic Lightning Walnut tree at the heart of the formation. The fourth-grade Sonic Lightning Walnut tree was not as valuable as it was in the past, but it was a lightning wood element material. Placed in the center of the formation, it could greatly increase the power of the large formation.

Other than this, Golden Crow Camp that was targeting the Fiery Yang Cave was pulled over by Zuo Mo to be manual laborers.

Golden Crow Fire took over the island. The burning flames illuminated half of the sky, causing the nearby cloud islands to become nervous. Without exception, they all raised their island formations in fear they would be attacked.

The xiuzhe that had remained on the island were dumbstruck upon seeing such a scene. The ling plant farmers that had started to form plans to leave and became slightly restless ending those thoughts of leaving.

There was only one thought in their minds.

People with knowledge were everywhere. Someone instantly recognized the fourth-grade Golden Crow Fire. When the news spread, everyone was filled with motivation!

—Holy, how many pieces of jingshi would this be!

That number of jingshi would be enough to buy all of Xu Ling City. The production xiuzhe on the island were mostly local xiuzhe. How could they not know what was going on in Xu Ling City? They had been worried before that this group would not be able to establish themselves, and lose against those factions, that were waiting in the wings, but now they did not worry at all.

So many jingshi, oh, Heavens!

A rich family!

A powerful family!

A tycoon!

Lacking imagination, they could only think of these scant phrases, but this could not stop the enthusiasm that came out of their hearts.

Boss, buy an!

Everyone's eyes became as red as rabbits.

Chapter 448: The Strong Vermillion Bird Camp

While the attention of the most prominent factions of Xu Ling City were focused on this mysterious new faction, this new faction hadn't even stepped a foot out of Ren Cloud Island, oh, wait, supposedly the island was now called Turtle Island.

The scouts hiding in the shadows outside the island found, to their dismay, that the entirety of Turtle Island was shrouded in clouds and nothing could be seen. Only the lights that occasionally penetrated the thick cloud layer seemed to reaffirm that changes were happening inside the island.

Turtle Island was truly changing.

Zuo Mo did not spare jingshi for reinforcing the safety of the island. He acted as though he would not rest unless he really made Turtle Island worthy of its name. The lights the scouts outside Turtle Island saw were the lights produced as Zuo Mo constructed the island protecting formation.

Zuo Mo had thought that the [Yinyang Cloud Thunder Formation] was not strong enough and ran to Pu Yao to demand a new formation.

Pu Yao had all kinds of techniques and spells, all of them were spoils of victory from his war campaigns. Naturally, he did not lack protective formations. In the beginning Pu Yao wasn't willing to hand over any formations, as he kept on brooding over the fact that Zuo Mo's mo physique was stronger than his yao arts. Adding on that he hadn't gotten any benefits from this guy, Pu Yao wasn't very eager.

But this was a matter of life or death. Zuo Mo didn't want to have someone sneak in while they were sleeping. He harassed, nagged, and grinded down Pu's resistance, while Wei, the person who wanted the world in chaos, was pouring oil onto the fire, he managed to drag a formation from Pu Yao's hands.

Wei started to resume his liveliness, after having lost his motivation.

This formation was called the [Meridional Azure Aether Formation] and was a sixth-grade formation. Supposedly, it was the mountain-protecting formation of a formation sect called the Azure Formation Sect.

When Zuo Mo held the formation scroll, his drool came out. A sixth-grade formation, it was a formation he didn't even dare to think about in the past!

When he read it in depth, he increasingly felt that this formation was deep and profound. With his skill at formations, he could only understand thirty to forty percent of the formation. He saw that, at this speed, without a year or two of study, he could not completely comprehend this formation.

But time waits for no man, and there were many eyes staring at them from the outside.

Zuo Mo, realizing this and decided to gather the Golden Crow Camp. He gave all of them a copy of the formation. He had a simple thought, since his individual power wasn't enough, then everyone should work on this together. More people meant more strength!

It had to be said that this move was effective.

These people from Golden Crow Camp were not the same people of the past who didn't understand anything. Zuo Mo never concealed anything about formations from them, and gave them any good formations he had to comprehend. Their study of all kinds of mo matrixes had caused their knowledge and vision to broaden and increased their understanding of formations.

They also had an accurate measure of themselves, and knew that their talents were average and were not anything spectacular. Due to this, they put more importance on communicating and cooperating with each other. Even they did not know that they had unwittingly stepped onto a new path that was different than other production xiuzhe. While it was true their individual strength was not strong, but when they worked together and were skilled at cooperative forging.

Gathering everyone's strength to study a formation together was a familiar job for Golden Crow Camp. So when Zuo Mo handed them the problem, Golden Crow Camp under the leadership of the two masters, Sun Bao and Ji Wei, started to methodically study the [Meridional Azure Aether Formation].

This was the first time Zuo Mo attended the collective comprehension process of Golden Crow Camp.

Following a request from Sun Bao, Zuo Mo first presented what he understood about the formation in detail. After the gathering slowly digested his lecture, the immediately string of reactions caused Zuo Mo to gape in shock.

The [Meridional Azure Aether Formation] was divided into several parts by the two masters and the members most skilled in formations. Golden Crow Camp also divided into groups to specifically target these parts.

Zuo Mo had a feeling the large formation was dismembered into pieces!

Golden Crow Camp quickly showed Zuo Mo what efficiency was. During the discussions on the second day, several problems that he did not understand were resolved by the group. Each little team reported their progress as well as the problems they encountered. The heated discussion that followed also caused a great shock for Zuo Mo.

The mood was heated, there were people slamming the tables, faces flushed, swearing and shouting, glaring angrily at each other. They almost started fighting physically.

The second day was so.

The third day was so.

The fourth day, the fifth day

On the fifth day, the problems of the formation were all solved!

The people of Golden Crow Camp that had just comprehended a sixth-grade formation disregarded the astounded Zuo Mo. They interestedly started to discuss how many variations there were in the [Meridional

Azure Aether Formation]

So he had such a powerful group of people as subordinates!

Zuo Mo's mind was dazed.

After the introduction on the first day, Zuo Mo was like an audience member. The completely deciphered [Meridional Azure Aether Formation] was recombined into a jade scroll along with twenty thousand characters of notes.

Receiving the jade scroll, Zuo Mo read the twenty thousand characters worth of notes. The profound and deep [Meridional Azure Aether Formation] was presented and straightforwardly as though it was an introductory jade scroll. In the twenty thousand character notes, it managed to explain almost every seed formation in the [Meridional Azure Aether Formation.]

Up until now, Zuo Mo had never stayed in Golden Crow Camp before. He would only come to deliver new formations, or if he needed to forge something. He had never thought that Golden Crow Camp had grown to such a level!

It was fantastical to believe!

Shocked, Zuo Mo could not understand even when he thought for a while.

While shocked and dazed, Zuo Mo had started to set up the formation. The [Meridional Azure Aether Formation] was very complicated and had complex formation scripts, but for Zuo Mo who had pretty good perception, these were not major problems.

The biggest barrier that Zuo Mo encountered were the Meridional azure aether spikes!

The meridional azure aether spikes were the most important weapons in the [Meridional Azure Aether Formation.] Almost half of the jade scroll was spent explaining how to forge meridional azure aether spikes, and the secret techniques that were used to forge them in azure aether. The best material to use were gold element materials and it had to be fourth-grade

or above, the most suitable were those that were strong and sharp. When they formed, they would be dark azure and extremely powerful.

Materials were not a problem for Zuo Mo, he had a lot of Golden Crystal Sand.

The biggest problem was azure aether. He did not have azure aether. Azure aether was an unique mist of the world. It was a rare fifth-grade material, was completely azure in colour, and belonged to the water element.

Zuo Mo stared. Where could he go to get azure aether?

The main body of the formation was completed, and the only thing left was the one hundred and eight meridional azure aether spikes. When they were forged, and the meridional azure aether spikes were put into the formation, the entire formation would be completed.

Supposedly, the complete Meridional Azure Aether Formation could stop the attacks of yuanying xiuzhe, and jindan xiuzhe couldn't break through at all.

Of course, considering that each sect liked to boast, Zuo Mo did not have that high of hopes for the [Meridional Azure Aether Formation]. He didn't even know what yuanying xiuzhe looked like. But even taking that into account, that was enough security.

Without any azure aether, Zuo Mo could only temporarily stop the work on the formation.

Just at this time, Xie Shan suddenly ran in. "Daren, that old man Xu, from last time, is asking to meet you. He is with someone else."

Old Man Xu? Zuo Mo recalled the scene that day. Old man Xu had been pretty courteous the entire time and hadn't acted even at the end. After thinking, he flew into the air.

Outside the formation, he saw Old man Xu. There was also a young and handsome male standing beside him in an azure robe.

“Mister Xu, welcome to my place, welcome! Welcome!” Zuo Mo put a smile on his face, and raised his folded hands with friendliness.

Xu Zheng Wei had been afraid the other would posture. The rock in his heart landed and a smile unconsciously came onto his face. “When this old man saw Boss Zuo that day, this man knew that Boss Zuo wasn’t ordinary. Young, talented, and handsome! Let this old man introduce to Boss Zuo, this is the young master of the Cloud Pavilion, Mister Liao Junior.”

He saw that young person raise his hands in a greeting, and say in an apologetic tone, “This one apologizes to Boss Zuo. Boss Zuo, please have great tolerance about the employees of my store who offended you.” As he spoke, his hands moved, and a jade scepter appeared. “This fifth-grade scepter is this one’s token, please, Boss Zuo, accept this.”

Zuo Mo, naturally, moved to take the jade scepter. He said, “Boss Liao is too polite. Come come, come in to sit!”

He ushered the two into the island.

When Boss Liao and Xu Zheng Wei saw the furor of activity on the island, they maintained calmness on their faces but they were shocked inside. Sword lights flashed across the island. There was most likely thousands of people and the factions outside the island were completely ignorant of this.

The two were shocked at Zuo Mo’s uncanny move. How could they know the normal-looking Black Turtle had a great belly?

Liao Qi Chang was alright, but the shock in Xu Zheng Wei was like a storm! He had come to the Ren Family Island before and had a general impression of the island’s situation. But the cloud island had now been completely transformed and he could not find any traces of the Ren Family at all.

If it had to be asked what the greatest impression this place gave him, then it was strict!

There were sword xiu patrolling by all over the sky. Of course, that

wasn't strange, but if these sword xiu passed over one's head in organized ranks like a blade, the startling feeling in their heart wasn't a pleasurable one to experience.

It was possible to see a black mist shrouding a camp in the distance. It was possible to feel the thick killing energy from a great ways off.

On this short walk of five li, Xu Zheng Wei's expression kept on changing. Liao Qi Chang showed more calmness but the shock inside could be seen through the graveness in his eyes.

He could see more than Xu Zheng Wei. He was the young master of the Cloud Pavilion and seen countless treasures. There were not many that could rival his eyes. At first glance, he was deeply attracted to the Sonic Lightning Walnut tree. The Sonic Lightning Walnut was just fourth-grade but it was very rare. This Sonic Lightning Walnut tree was already mature. There were a few fruits hanging off it, and the thick power of the hard lightning was wondrous.

It was not a wonder to have Sonic Lightning Walnuts, but having the Sonic Lightning Walnut tree was a whole other matter.

What were the origins of this group?

Liao Qi Chang thought inside, he was both shocked and suspicious.

Chapter 449: Institute of Ling Plants

The conversation with Liao Qi Chang progressed under a very relaxed mood. Zuo Mo also requested Liao Qi Chang to help him search for azure aether, expressing he was willing to buy it at a high price. Liao Qi Chang naturally agreed.

After conversing for about two hours, Liao Qi Chang and Xu Zheng Wei stood and bid farewell.

Zuo Mo accompanied them on their way off the island to show them respect.

The two of them flew out a long distance before Xu Zheng Wei opened his mouth, "What do you think?"

Liao Qi Chang's expression was grave. "They are not simple," he paused for a beat and then said, "look how long we conversed. Did that Zuo person even give a hint about his origins? This person is secretive, has a group of strong subordinates, and is not a softy."

"Yes!" Xu Zheng Wei's face was emotional. "They were really vicious when I saw them destroy the Ren Family that day, they definitely did not come from a peaceful place."

"I still am not clear where they came from," Liao Qi Chang said, "but he has many subordinates, does not lack experts, has vicious conduct, but is not arrogant and domineering, and is as sly as a fox. This kind of a person is one we should not become enemies with."

"I hear that many people are aiming for them," Xu Zheng Wei said in a low voice. He had lived here for a long time, and naturally had sources to obtain information.

"We won't enter into it." Liao Qi Chang shook his head, "There are only a few families that can match this group in power. There probably are people manipulating the situation from the shadows, wanting to use others to do their will!"

Xu Zheng Wei nodded. "We really can't touch this kind of matter. It's

possible to lose our lives if we aren't careful."

"Tian Ye came back?" Liao Qi Chang suddenly asked.

"En, he came back a few days ago. Supposedly, he earned a lot of merits for combat service and got numerous benefits." Xu Zheng Wei was admiring.

"Ha, just beautiful on the surface," Liao Qi Chang said dismissively. "This Cloud Sea Jie that none of the Four rule, even if he went to the front lines, no one will think highly of him. He just has what the large sects let slip through their fingers."

Xu Zheng Wei smiled uncertainly.

"However," Liao Qi Chang's tone turned and he said sternly, "Tian Ye Battalion is probably harder to deal with after the combat experience. How many battalions does the Tian Family have?"

"Three, other than Tian Ye Battalion, there is also the Tian Wei Battalion and the Tiao She Battalion," Xu Zheng Wei said. "In the past, the Tian She Battalion was the most outstanding of the three, and was considered the second best battalion in Xu Ling City."

"Oh, who is first?"

"Xu Ling Sect's Xu Ling Battalion."

"Ah, that's true. I forgot about Xu Ling Sect." Liao Qi Chang nodded. He then ordered, "Don't get too near other people in the short-term, we will observe from the sidelines."

"That's reasonable!"

"The young master of the Cloud Pavilion and Xu Zheng Wei went to Turtle Island." Tian Heng Bo ran in excitedly.

"Oh." Tian Yong Qing did not stop what he was doing and said without raising his head, "That is very normal, didn't they say that the Cloud Pavilion stopkeep looked down on those people. Of course Liao Qi Chang would visit to explain, he is a businessman."

“Should we go find him and ask?” Tian Heng Bo said.

“Ask what?”

“We don’t know anything. If they went onto the island, they definitely have learned a lot,” Tian Heng Bo said certainly.

“They went onto the island but they may not know anything.” Tian Yong Qing stopped what he was doing and his expression was stern. “Also, do not offend Liao Qi Chang!”

“He is just a businessperson, do you need to be this nervous?” Tian Heng Bo’s expression was rebellious.

Tian Yong Qing was not affected. “If you do not want to cause trouble for our Tian Family, do not provoke him!”

Tian Heng Bo finally could not suppress it. “Don’t allow this, don’t allow that, will information just drop down from the sky while we sit here at home?”

Tian Yong Qing thought for a moment and said, “Tell Gu Xiang Tian about this event.”

Tian Heng Bo’s eyes lit up, “Good idea!”

Yi Zheng’s mood was slightly low.

Even though they had left that damned place, he felt the present state was akin to house arrest. He had tried to ask Daren if it was possible to release him back to Great Buddha Temple. As expected, Daren had refused.

He did not think that Daren would really release him. He knew too many things that he should not know, like the destruction of a battalion belonging to Kun Lun. If there was nothing wrong with Daren’s mind, just this one event was enough that he wouldn’t be allowed to leave.

In reality, he already thanked the heavens and earth the other hadn’t killed him yet.

Compared to Kun Lun, Great Buddha Temple wasn't anything. The other didn't even blink when they killed thousands of Kun Lun people in one go. It wouldn't be any hardship, to them, to slice him up.

Yi Zheng had a good estimation of himself and had no unrealistic delusions. Due to this, his mood was increasingly bad.

He had thought about escaping, but this idea only spun once in his mind before it intelligently disappeared. This group of people seemed cheerful and rambunctious while they were not working hard on their cultivation but the entire island was strictly managed behind the scenes. Any change in the wind and grass, these people would definitely kill without any questions asked.

He might be from Great Buddha Temple which could be considered a famed sect, but meeting this group of lawless brutes, he did not presume he would have an advantage relying on his background.

When he thought about the jindan on the island and a dhayana xiu who had wish power beside him

He obediently did not move.

But when could he get all the ling dan for Eldest Shixiong?

He suddenly stopped. Yes, why had he left the mountain? Wasn't it so he could make ling dan for Eldest Shixiong?

Was he unable to make medicine right now?

No, Daren would not stop him from making medicine. He had been with this group for a while and his understanding of Daren had formed. Truthfully, Daren was very easygoing and emphasized emotions. If he told Daren he wanted to make medicine for his Eldest Shixiong, Daren definitely would not forbid him.

And those medicine?

That wasn't hard to make!

He thought about the point system of the camp. With enough points, he could trade for the things he wanted with Bao Yi. If Bao Yi did not have

them, the other would think of ways to buy them. The prerequisite was that you had enough points.

Then he could start earning points!

Yi Zheng's eyes became brighter.

He came from Great Buddha Temple. Even though his cultivation was not as deep as Zong Ru, but the dhyana methods he knew might not be any less valued, like how he had recently helped heal Xie Shan.

If he could make ling dan, even if he could not leave, he could ask someone to deliver the pills to Eldest Shixiong so Eldest Shixiong could still be healed!

Yi Zheng's mind was suddenly opened!

The island affairs gradually progressed, but Zuo Mo was concerned about the fifteen thousand mu of ling fields.

It would really be a pity if they could not use such a large area of ling fields, and Zuo Mo noticed that much of the ling fields were degrading due to being left unused and uncared for. Even though the degradation was not significant yet, the situation was not good.

Zuo Mo had examined all the ling plant farmers on the island, and had not found any outstanding people.

What was needed most urgently were ling plant farmers. Only by recruiting more ling plant farmers would make it so that the ling fields on the island would not be wasted.

Thinking about the wasted ling fields on the island, Zuo Mo seemed to see countless jingshi slip through his fingers. He felt great pain and hurriedly called Shang Wei Ming, taking the group together to fly towards Xu Ling City.

As the biggest city in this area, Xu Ling City possessed all the necessary licensing offices, the Institute of Ling Plants among them.

Under Shang Wei Ming's guidance, he quickly reached the Institute of Ling Plants in the city.

The Institute of Ling Plants was not large, and the most unique attribute of the institute was the ling flowers and grasses that could be seen everywhere. Compared to other institutes, the Institute of Ling Plants was like a flower bouquet.

Walking into the Institute of Ling Plants, Zuo Mo couldn't help but think about the first time he walked into an Institute of Ling Plants, His joy at receiving the ling plant farmer jade medal. Those normal and average days seemed like they were just yesterday.

The green carpet under their feet suddenly moved, and spread out like a hand, it lifted everyone up.

It was the first time Ma Fan and Lei Peng came to an Institute of Ling Plants. They instantly jumped in fright as though they were facing a great enemy. Zuo Mo hurriedly explained what this carpet vine was. At the side, Nian Lu fell back in laughter, pointing at the two and calling them country bumpkins. Ma Fan and Lei Peng were very embarrassed.

Shang Wei Ming felt it was hard to believe. There were people that had never been to an Institute of Ling Plants?

Just as he was thinking, the carpet vine under their feet suddenly floated up and flew into the building.

"This is pretty interesting!" Lei Peng bent down and brushed the leaves of the carpet vine with curiosity.

Ma Fan did not have as thick of a face as Lei Peng. He once again resumed his usual calmness, and pretended to be scanning the surroundings. Today, Zong Ru was in meditation, and Xie Shan was wounded from the previous battle. Even though he had gone through Yi Zheng's healing, he still needed rest. Wei Sheng was teaching the sword xiu of Vermillion Bird Camp. Zuo Mo hadn't wanted to disturb him so he had called Ma Fan's trio to accompany them.

The trio was only a step away from jindan and their combat capabilities

were significant. With the three at his side, Zuo Mo felt very safe.

Compared to the people that were sight-seeing, Zuo Mo looked much more closely at the surroundings. There were many ling plants and grasses that he had never seen before. It seemed that this Institute of Ling Plant was strong.

There were differences in the strength of different institutes. Of course, the exams for jade medals would generally be standardized. This was one of the reasons that all kinds of jade medals were used widely. But the licensing offices would also have other businesses other than the exams. For example, the Institute of Ling Plants would sell seeds of ling grasses and flowers, and would sometimes buy the mature ling grasses and flowers that other ling plant farmers grew.

Of course, the opportunities to find a job was a free service.

Zuo Mo had come this time to see if he could recruit ling plant farmers.

Thinking about those ling fields that were being wasted, Zuo Mo felt his heart was burning. Even if he could not get enough to utilize it all, recruiting one more person would mean a bit less of the ling fields were wasted.

The carpet vine's speed was not fast but very steady. What was ahead of them was a wall that was covered in all kinds of creepers.

When everyone flew close, the flower vines on the wall retreated like the tide towards the side.

In front of them stood a middle-aged person.

"You are Zuo Mo?" the middle-aged person asked coldly.

"Who are you?" Zuo Mo instantly became wary, and the faces of the people beside him also changed.

"That's good!" The middle-aged person was expressionless. At this time, a clear shout came from Zuo Mo's head, "Fall!"

There was an ambush!

Zuo Mo was shocked. Before he could reach out, a seven-colored

rainbow light fell from the sky and covered them!

Chapter 450: Black Gold Seal Soldier

Zuo Mo felt the surroundings suddenly change.

The middle-aged person in front of him was still coldly staring at him, but Ma Fan and the others who were beside him had disappeared.

What was going on?

Zuo Mo's eyes instinctively narrowed.

"You don't need to search." The middle-aged person's tone was icy. "Sixth-grade Thousand Gem Illusory Disk, if you are not in yuanying there's no way you can escape! Do not make meaningless efforts."

Idiot! Zuo Mo thought inside. His body suddenly disappeared from its current location and appeared behind the middle-aged person. His right hand inserted into the other's back like a poison snake darting out of its nest!

Instantly it penetrated through!

The same moment as when he struck, Zuo Mo's expression changed slightly.

Not good!

The figure in front of him rippled, and with a pop, had disappeared.

Illusion!

"Haha!" The middle-aged person's smug smile sounded from all directions and echoed. "Just as vicious as expected! However, aren't you first going to ask why I am attacking you?"

Zuo Mo's thoughts flashed, and he followed the other's lead to ask, "Who are you? Why are you attacking me?"

"Hmph! Even if you did not ask, I would have said it! Letting you understand why you are dying! This one is Gu Xiang Tian. I owe much to the Ren Family, and they died by your hands. I do not want to ask what happened between you, but I repay what I owe. They died, so I cannot repay them normally. Instead, I will take your head in sacrifice to them

and finish this cycle of karma between me and them!”

“Really?” Zuo Mo was not affected. He furiously searched for a trace of the other using his perception yet there was a strange power filling the surroundings. When Zuo Mo’s perception extended three zhang away from him, it would become chaotic.

This Thousand Gem Illusory Disk was as strange as expected! The formations within it could confuse the consciousness, and it was the first time Zuo Mo had ever encountered such a thing. Zuo Mo became alert. It seemed that he wouldn’t be able to easily escape today.

However, he was not afraid. He had come through so many bloody battles and wouldn’t be afraid such a battle.

At this time, a voice rumbled as though it was coming out of the ground.

“Born to Battle!”

The sound echoed in his ears!

“Born to battle born to battle”

Zuo Mo’s expression suddenly changed!

A seal soldier!

A figure slowly appeared at a place about ten zhang from him.

Zuo Mo inhaled sharply!

As expected, a seal soldier!

Compared to the seal soldier that Zuo Mo had used before, the seal soldier in front of him was much smaller. It was about the same size as a real person and appeared extremely realistic. He had a cold expression, his body seemed to be made from steel, and its muscles were clearly defined and had a metallic sheen. There was no armor and the balanced figure was beautiful.

His feet were bare, the empty eyes had no emotion as though he was dead.

He looked coldly at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's hairs suddenly stood on end. The seal soldier in front of him gave him unprecedented pressure. He felt as though he was being targeted by a vicious beast and didn't dare to move at all!

"Haha! To die by a sixth-grade black gold seal soldier, to die inside the sixth-grade Thousand Gem Illusory Disk, your death is worthy!"

Sixth-grade?

Zuo Mo jumped in fright and his pupils suddenly contracted!

The black gold seal soldier in front of him disappeared!

Not good!

The blurry outline of a leg suddenly appeared in front of him!

The arm Zuo Mo hurriedly held up in defense was like a fragile wooden shelf that instantly collapsed!

Bam!

Zuo Mo felt as if he was just hit head-on by a charging rhinoceros mo. He could not control his body. Like a sandbag, he flew backwards into the air!

Such terrifying power!

Zuo Mo was shocked. He was at a disadvantage in physical strength!

How was this possible?

Even since he had cultivated the mo physique, his physical strength had grown, and when he cultivated into the Great Day mo physique, he had never met an opponent that could rival him in physical force!

Now he had been defeated based on his strongest area, physical strength. Zuo Mo found it hard to digest!

At this time, a feeling of danger formed. Zuo Mo could not attend to anything else and suddenly curled into a ball. Enormous pain passed over him from his flank. Zuo Mo made a muffled grunt. The other's kick was enough to make him feel as though his skeleton was going to come loose.

The ground magnified in his eyes. Zuo Mo knew that the seal soldier's attacks would not end so easily. Just as he was going to hit the ground, Zuo Mo gritted his teeth, his hands pushed out, with lightning speed, against the ground. His entire body suddenly changed direction, while in such a strange posture!

Woosh!

Zuo Mo could clearly feel the blade-like air flow right against his back.

Escaping, Zuo Mo's posture changed again. His body furiously flashed about, on tip-toes, and distanced himself from the enemy!

The black gold seal soldier did not pursue but stopped at the previous position.

Zuo Mo panted heavily as his gaze tightly followed the black gold seal soldier. Waves of pain came from his back and caused the corners of his mouth to twitch uncontrollably. If this was any other normal jindan xiuzhe, if they were not dhyana xiu, they would have lost half of their life after being hit twice like this.

How long had it been since he was this disheveled?

There seemed to be two fires burning in Zuo Mo's eyes.

"Oh, your life is pretty hardy!" Gu Xiang Tian was slightly shocked. "To be able to stop my black gold seal soldier twice and not die, are you a dhyana xiu?"

The faint gold and transparent Light Void Wings appeared on his back, Zuo Mo's presence also increased.

The black gold seal soldier disappeared from his position again. At the same time, Zuo Mo also disappeared!

Bam!

The two figures crossed, and two fists smashed together without finesse!

A twisted and transparent air ripple suddenly spread.

Bam bam bam!

The air seemed to ignite as these air ripples exploded everywhere.

Just like the two had disappeared at the same time, the two reappeared together on their original spots as though they had not stepped away.

A blood stream flowed down Zuo Mo's arm, but Zuo Mo did not detect it. His eyes that were like of a wild beast as he stared at the black gold seal soldier opposite him!

Thirteen punches!

Thirteen punches with all his power!

Even Zuo Mo's Great Day mo physique could not avoid being wounded after thirteen fierce collisions. A gap three cun long had cracked open on his arm. This gap had formed due to the vibrations!

However, he had not been wounded for nothing!

Zuo Mo stared at the fists of the black gold seal soldier. Each of its fists had a golden Great Day script imprinted on it!

Day Script Palm!

Interlaced among the thirteen blows, Zuo Mo had used the Day Script Palm!

"Hm, that's strange!" Gu Xiang Tian could not maintain his calmness. "What is this?"

The Great Day Script on the fists of the black gold seal soldier suddenly lit up, and the fists quickly melted at a visible rate into two irregularly shaped metal balls!

The black gold seal soldier's expression was indifferent as though he did not feel any pain at all.

Suddenly, the two metal balls that were the hands of the black gold seal soldier once again became two new hands that were as perfect as in the beginning!

Zuo Mo's expression became ugly. This guy was not made from flesh and blood. When it had been him using the seal soldier to hit other

people, that had been pleasurable; but now that it was him facing against seal soldier, the feeling was terrible.

“Haha! Do not waste your efforts, stand for your death! Why struggle needlessly?” Gu Xiang Tian’s smug laughter sounded in the surroundings.

Gu Xiang Tian’s voice was ethereal and his position was unable to be found.

Without a doubt, it was the Thousand Gem Illusory Disk at work!

It was the first time Zuo Mo had encountered a talisman that could take other people into it, it really was powerful! Did Ma Fan and the others know he was stuck in here? Did they too encounter danger?

These thoughts flashed through his mind. He quickly put his attention on the black gold seal soldier in front of him.

He found this very problematic!

What he found problematic was not the black gold seal soldier’s power and speed. He had both of these, even though he was slightly weaker, they were on the same level. What he found problematic was the black gold seal soldier’s resilient body! To a person like him that only had ever used a third-grade seal soldier, an understanding of the sixth-grade seal soldier was something undoubtedly very distant to him.

Its formations? Its forging methods? He did not know anything about these, much less its weaknesses.

In this short interaction, he clearly learned just how strong the body of the black gold seal soldier was. Zuo Mo did not know if it was possible to destroy it with brute force, but he knew it was something he definitely was unable to do.

The Day Script Palm was useless. It had turned the soldier’s hands had turned to metal balls and still did not affect it. Zuo Mo had a feeling that even if its entire body was melted, it could transform back into its present state.

Zuo Mo stared viciously at the black gold seal soldier. He felt that this

could make him appear strong, and his mind spun quickly.

Maybe he could think of a way to find Gu Xiang Tian and kill him?

Zuo Mo felt that this idea was plausible. Gu Xiang Tian's position was changing, and probably was the effect of the formations of the Thousand Gem Illusion Disk, because the seal xiu could not be too far from the seal soldier. If the seal xiu was too far away, the seal soldier's strength would lessen.

But where was this guy?

Yet the black gold seal soldier did not give Zuo Mo the time to think and leapt again.

Helplessly, Zuo Mo could only throw the thoughts into the back of his mind. If he wasn't careful, he could easily lose his life to this powerful guy!

Ge has many moves, ge doesn't believe ge can't stop you!

The murderous Zuo Mo moved forward, his legs covered in a thin layer of gold as he stepped heavily on the ground! Golden Crow Feet! A large force came from under his feet. His figure that was already lightning fast suddenly doubled in speed!

He appeared behind the black gold seal soldier out of thin air!

For the first time, Zuo Mo's speed was faster than the black gold seal soldier!

Without another word, Zuo Mo's right leg was like a light gold whip that struck the black gold seal soldier!

Woosh!

A sound brighter than any before it!

The black gold seal soldier's body was whipped into the air yet somersaulted away!

Of the six transformations of the Great Day mo physique, the Golden Crow Feet was the one with the most physical strength! Even as powerful as the black gold seal soldier was, it could not stabilize its figure. It was

possible to see how strong the move was!

While you're weak, take your life!

Zuo Mo's feet pushed again. He once again appeared next to the black gold seal soldier with a strange blade shrouded in fire!

The ling power and consciousness in his body was unprecedentedly lively. Zuo Mo felt every piece of muscle, every bone, every tendon in his Great Day mo physique was vibrating together!

Countless tiny bits of power continued to merge in an extremely short amount of time, and like the streams entering the sea, they formed a great and vast power. This astounding flood rampaged through his body to his arm!

The muscles in his arm seemed to be pluck like chord and suddenly gave a clear hum as they vibrated!

Zuo Mo's mind seemed to enter a wondrous state. Almost unconsciously, he followed this flood of power, and the flaming strange blade in his hand sliced with the flow.

Midday Blade Strike!

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Translator Ramblings: Yeah, brute force is not going to cut it. Zuo Mo's been having too much of a smooth time recently.

Chapter 451: Post-Epiphany Lei Peng

Midday Blade Strike!

The vast power was vented through this strike, turning into an enormous golden blade of energy that shot towards the black gold seal soldier!

There seemed to be a shadow howling from inside the blade energy, the golden blade energy changed while it and roiled relentlessly!

This was not the first time he had used the Midday Blade Strike, but this strike was clearly different!

The raging and vast power, in the moment it appeared, had caused the other powers in him to vibrate and collide like a spectacular drawing painted with rough, burning, thickly strokes! In an instant, a glimpse of understanding rose in Zuo Mo's heart, as though something was within his reach! But when he thought about it, he seemed to not seem to have understood anything at all.

Time seemed to slow down.

Following along the pull of the howling power, Zuo Mo was like a devout believer.

The wavering golden light energy reflected on the face of the black gold seal soldier. Its expression was normal and did not change, as it shielded its body by bending inward and it raising its two crossed arms in front of it!

The howling blade energy was like a furious beast that smashed onto the crossed arms of the black gold seal soldier!

The golden light exploded!

Clang!

It was as if an enormous bell rang out in a mountain valley. The sound wave reverberated past Zuo Mo and his body uncontrollably trembled!

This was power! Power that would cause people to shake!

Having just seen its appearance, Zuo Mo almost instantly became enchanted by it.

Such strong power!

Excited, Zuo Mo felt very satisfied with his above-normal display of power. Because the black gold seal soldier was a significant threat to him, he had had a momentary break through and released such a powerful Midday Blade Strike!

The blinding and burning golden light filled his vision. A surprise exclamation came from Gu Xiang Tian and Zuo Mo snickered soundlessly.

The golden light disappeared!

When he saw the black gold seal soldier was still standing in the center of the golden light, Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly contracted. He almost shouted in disbelief!

Impossible!

With its body completely red, the black gold seal soldier seemed to have been just taken out of a furnace. Countless seal scripts floated on its body. On the two arms that protected its face was a wound several cun long, and a cut almost went through its entire arm!

But it had stopped the attack!

It had managed to stop the attack!

Zuo Mo's eyes were full of disbelief. He could not imagine. How could such a great power could be stopped?

Was this the strength of a sixth-grade seal soldier?

Zuo Mo murmured to himself.

He quickly recovered from his daze, and his expression uncontrollably changed dramatically! This strike had produced a certain amount of damage to the black gold seal soldier. The red light on its body had gradually dissipated but the marks on its arms had not healed completely like previously.

The Midday Blade Strike had destroyed the seal scripts on its arms.

But Zuo Mo's expression did not show any good signs due to this. The Midday Blade Strike just now had been a far above his normal skill level. Even if he used the move again, he lacked the confidence in replicating power the power it had.

That Midday Blade Strike had almost used all the power in his body. The feeling of weakness flooded in.

The situation was not good!

For Zuo Mo, the situation was was terrible.

"We are ambushed." Nian Lu swept the surroundings.

Ma Fan did not make a sound while Lei Peng scanned the surroundings in curiosity and rumbled, "Who is so brave? Daring to ambush us? Are they tired of living?"

Shang Wei Ming's face was ashen as he said in a trembling voice, "Thousand Gem Illusory Disk, this is the Thousand Gem Illusory Disk!"

Hearing this, Ma Fan raised his face. "What is the Thousand Gem Illusory Disk?"

"Thousand Gem Thousand Gem Illusory Disk is the talisman that Qing Xu Sanren became famed for." Shang Wei Ming's mood stabilized slightly and he hurriedly explained, "It can trap people in it. There are countless illusions inside, and it is endless in space. If one cannot break through the formation, they can be trapped for their entire life!"

"It is this powerful?" Lei Peng was surprised and exploded.

Shang Wei Ming weakly added, "It is a sixth-grade talisman."

Now everyone did not speak. Sixth-grade talisman was not something they could defeat. If Wei Sheng was here, there might be a chance

Suddenly, a loud bang sounded in everyone's ears.

The faces of Ma Fan and the others changed. Other than the four of

them, only Zuo Mo was in here. The other's target was Daren! That was such a fierce collision, Daren must have encountered great danger.

"Three section wave killing change!" Ma Fan's gaze focused as he said simply.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu's eyes lit up. How could they have forgotten that move? If they encountered a dense enemy formation, they must use sword energies of even greater power, and this was also the most powerful quality of the three section wave killing change. At the beginning, they had to train together on this technique until the three of them were in sync, before it was considered complete. Later, they had been moved to the Sky Peak Platoon, and their chances of charging at the very front had gotten smaller.

"Old Fan, your brains are really good, no wonder you were once the core!" Lei Peng rumbled out.

He moved forward proactively, the three of them forming a triangle with Lei Peng at the very front. After Lei Peng had had epiphany on the battlefield, he had been laughed at by his fellows for a long time. What caused him to feel even more embarrassed was that the epiphany that was said to be a one-in-a-thousand chance had not helped him enter jindan!

The sabre scripture that Lei Peng used to cultivate was called the [Abyss Beast Soul Consuming Sabre]. The name was ostentatious but it really wasn't a powerful sabre scripture. Sabre scriptures were hard to find, and good sabre scriptures were even rarer. So instead he wanted to cultivate sword scriptures like the [Clear Sky Sword Scripture]. This guy had a thick skin and came with a begging face to see Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo saw that such a big person like him coming to beg wasn't an easy thing to do, and naturally allowed it. The result was that he had read every one of Zuo Mo's sword scriptures, no matter if it was good or bad!

But after he read, he had even more questions, and even practicing the familiar sabre scripture became awkward.

That was until the epiphany on the battlefield last time that seemed to create a light among the mist. He actually comprehended three slightly

unusual sword moves.

When he had just comprehended them, they were only in their beginning stages. He had skipped over to ask for guidance from others. Who knew that after Wei Sheng watched him them, Wei Sheng had praised the moves. On the road from Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie to Cloud Sea Jie, he had helped Lei Peng gradually refine them. After being refined and carved like rough jade, these three sword moves released their blinding light.

Lei Peng called the three moves [Abyssal Chop].

Spending everyday together, Ma Fan and Lie Peng naturally knew the power of Lei Peng's three moves. They were very powerful, and most suited to heavy assault, so he became the primary attacker.

The three stood still.

Nian Lu's hands were like blooming lotus flowers. With a snap, a handful of small lotus flowers burst from his fingertips. Each of these little lotus flowers were the size of a thumb, small and adorable. When the little lotus flowers came out, they spread into the surroundings.

The surroundings instantly started to waver, and Nian Lu's expression became grave.

Even though his move of his could defeat illusory formations and usually worked, but what they were facing right now was a sixth-grade talisman. He didn't know if this would be effective.

However

An indiscernible light flashed through Nian Lu's eyes.

Pia pia pia!

The little lotus flowers popped like bubbles. The changes in light around them became even more violent. However, Nian Lu stared tightly at a space not far from them—that place was only several chi big but under the his attack, from beginning to end, it had not changed a bit.

“There!”

Nian Lu's voice was full of confidence.

He had not planned to defeat the illusory formation in front of them with his move. He knew he was not a match for an illusory formation produced by a sixth-grade talisman. He was trying to find the leverage point! Any illusory formation would have some areas that never changed, these were leverage points. They were the structure to the illusory formation and would not change as the illusory formation changed.

And these leverage points were their target!

When attacking an illusory formation, the worst thing to do was to attack aimlessly. The great majority of targets in an illusory formation were illusions, no matter how realistic they appeared, they were still illusions. If they attacked illusions, they would only miss! Only by attacking the structure of the formation could they truly damage the formation.

Lei Peng's legs bent as he crouched slightly forward, his hands holding the golden crystal broadsword. Ling power burst from his body like a fire. In a blink, his body was covered in a thin layer of ling power fire. This was a sign that ling power was being channeled to its limits.

Without needing a signal, Ma Fan and Nian Lu channeled ling power simultaneously, and ling power flames also appeared on their bodies in a thin layer.

The ling power flames on their bodies were all different. Lei Peng's flames were red with a tinge of black, giving people an intimidating feeling. Ma Fan's ling power fire was grey and flickering, hard to catch. Nian Lu's ling power fire was green with pink, extremely beautiful.

Like a metal tower, Lei Peng glared angrily, all the muscles in his body expanding as he raised the gold crystal broadsword in his hand.

Hiss!

Countless fine air flows around him seemed to be plucked by an invisible hand. Sharp fine sword energies were like sharp shards of ice that hissed and flew.

Ma Fan's eyes were half-lidded, the tip of the flying sword in his hand slightly raised, and Nian Lu's expression was grave, faint lotus flowers discernable on his long and slender flying sword.

Having finished preparing, Lei Peng felt the blood vessels in his body expand, but his heart was like the eye of the storm, calm and peaceful.

His mind moved, and he acted with his thought. All the gathered sword essence was like the flood rushing through the dam and venting out!

The upraised golden crystal broadsword suddenly chopped down!

“Deep Abyssal Chop!”

Woosh!

The sound was like an enormous block of wood being thrown up, and caused fear in people's hearts! The surrounding space seemed to twist. This enormous sword that was like a horse-chopping sabre seemed to come from the abyss of hell and did not have any light at all!

Black and deep!

The places where the sword edges passed appeared a bottomless deep abyss!

Ma Fan and Nian Lu also attacked at the same time!

A grey sword energy and a blue sword essence were like baby sparrows returning to the nest, combined with Lei Peng's bottomless and black sword energy!

The sword energy suddenly grew, and that black abyss expanded slightly!

That was a power that seemed to be able to swallow anything and instilled fear in people!

A shocked shout came from the air. The owner of the Thousand Gem Illusory Disk also detected danger. The scenery next to the trio changed dramatically as the other tried to distract and confuse them.

Lei Peng did not seem to see it. The growing sword energy in his hand accurately struck the place that Nian Lu had pointed at!

The moment it struck, time seemed to slightly pause.

Boom!

Everyone felt their vision darken, the blackness that was endless seemed to swallow all of them. The ground under their feet trembled and shook fiercely!

An angry voice came from the air.

“You dare to damage my talisman! All of you, wait for your death!”

Chapter 452: Zuo Mo's Epiphany

Zuo Mo suddenly felt the surrounding scenery greatly change, and the furious bellow that resounded in the air, instantly, allowed him to understand what had happened.

His gaze instantly landed on Gu Xiang Tian, whose figure appeared fifty zhang from him.

In that brief moment, their eyes met!

From this, it was possible to see the difference in reaction between Gu Xiang Tian and Zuo Mo.

Even though his entire body was almost out of strength, Zuo Mo did not hesitate and charged at Gu Xiang Tian!

The common phrase was, a seal xiu at close quarters was like a chicken plucked of its feathers!

When Gu Xiang Tian saw Zuo Mo dash over with lightning fast speed, his face suddenly turned white. He panickedly retreated, and the black gold seal soldier tried to rush over.

Watching from above, one could see two figures furiously charging at Gu Xiang Tian like two bolts of lightning!

Zuo Mo sensed a strong feeling of danger came from behind him. He did not need to turn his head back to know that the black gold seal soldier was close behind him. Even though he had been a fraction faster in starting, but that Midday Blade Strike had used up too much of his strength. He was truly at the end of his power. But if he hesitated a bit, he would waste this rare opportunity!

If he was dragged back into fighting with that undying black gold seal soldier, with his present state, there was only death.

Zuo Mo grunted and gathered together the last threads of his power. A thin gold light appeared on his feet.

Golden Crow Feet!

His foot pushed off the ground, Zuo Mo's body suddenly became a blurry shadow!

Crack!

Furiously retreating, Gu Xiang Tian's feet suddenly paused. He tightly covered his mouth, his eyes bulging like that of a dead fish!

Clunk!

With his last thread of strength used up, Zuo Mo's body lost its balance in the sky. Like a sandbag reaching the apex of its arc, he had fell and smashed down into the ground.

So mother***ing painful!

Heavily falling on the ground, Zuo Mo bared his teeth in pain, his skeleton feeling like it was going to break apart. He laid on the ground as he greedily breathed, not even willing to move a finger.

When the trio saw Zuo Mo lying on the ground, their expressions greatly changed.

However, when they walked forward and found that Daren was only exhausted and nothing else had happened, they hurriedly propped Zuo Mo up, gathered their spoils, and left.

When Turtle Island saw Zuo Mo being carried back, it instantly exploded!

Everyone's expressions were peerlessly ugly. Without a second word, Gongsun Cha ordered everyone to gather! Even the one who always had a good temper, Wei Sheng, drew his black sword, his face murderous!

Zuo Mo hurriedly stopped the group.

If they charge over like this, it would actually be harder to find the person.

Zuo Mo pulled everyone and hid in the little back room as they conversed and maliciously planned something.

This matter was not finished!

“They have not acted?” Tian Yong Qing asked with a creased brow.

Tian Heng Bo was also puzzled. He shook his head, “No, have they admitted defeat and gave up?”

It had been the Tian Family manipulating this event from the shadows. It had been they who had told the news of the Ren Family’s death to Gu Xiang Tian, and their shadow was behind every step of the plan.

“Impossible!” Tian Yong Qing shook his head. “They do not seem like people who would give up easily, otherwise, they would not have gotten into conflict with the Ren Family in the first place.”

“Then what are they doing?” Tian Heng Bo asked in puzzlement.

Tian Yong Qing thought of something and hurriedly asked, “Where is Qing Xu Saren?”

“In hiding!” Tian Heng Bao said, “Gave him a sum of jingshi and told him to go and hide for a while.”

“That’s good.” A rock in Tian Yong Qing’s heart landed. He smiled and said, “Then we shall sit and see what they do.”

“If it was up to me, I would just steal it,” Tian Heng Bo muttered.

“Steal? I want to too, but there has to be a reason.” Tian Yong Qing said amusedly, “Without a reason, how can we steal it?”

“What reason do we need? Just steal it!” Tian Heng Bo said. “Let Tian Ye Battalion go, they can steal it in a snap, do we need to waste this much effort?”

“Stupid!” Tian Yong Qing stared at Tian Heng Bo. “Our Tian Family is not this group of outsiders. If we do this, what would the other families think? Hmph, don’t think I don’t know what you think. Don’t you just feel that your fist is bigger?”

“Yes!” Tian Heng Bo was righteous. “The one with the bigger fist makes the rules!”

“Then is our Tian Family’s fist bigger than Xu Ling Sect’s?” Tian Yong Qing said with a cold smile, “Based on your philosophy, there should only be one sect in this area, Xu Ling Sect! Who is a match for them?”

Tian Heng Bo instantly was speechless.

“Don’t be stupid!” Tian Yong Qing said in a heartfelt tone, “Every family has their own territory. Xu Ling City is the place where everyone does business together. Our Tian Family cannot mess around, even Xu Ling Sect would not mess around! No one will care if you mess around on your home territory, but if you mess around in Xu Ling City, everyone will not agree.”

Tian Heng Bo did not speak this time. Thinking back, this was the truth. A while later, he hesitantly spoke, “Then how long do we have to wait for the reason?”

“Don’t be impatient, it will be soon.” Tian Yong Qing was confident.

“He ran?” Zuo Mo paused where he stood. He hadn’t thought that Qing Xu Saren had ran away. This caused all of his plans fail.

Everyone’s faces were slightly ugly. They had prepared, and planned for a long time, waiting to make trouble for the other. It was like a punch that had been preparing for a long time that missed its mark. The feeling was uncomfortable.

Were they going to be unable to settle the score this time?

Never the generous one, Zuo Mo naturally did not feel good about this, and his hair almost broke as he pulled on it. But Qing Xu Sanren had ran, and he could do nothing. He needed a target to make trouble for. They had thought of the fact that someone was the mastermind behind the scenes and planned on squeezing some information from Qing Xu Saren’s mouth, but this guy had ran away!

This guy had thrown down some heavy words, but he was an impotent one!

Zuo Mo furiously cursed this impotent guy, one hundred times, one hundred times!

Qing Xu Sanren had ran away, they could not find the mastermind. There was no way around it, the strong dragon could not suppress the local snakehead. Zuo Mo only had Shang Wei Ming. He was methodical when carrying out his normal duties, but in terms of finding information, his resources were very limited.

He quickly did not think further on the matter. The other had not succeeded this time, and would definitely jump out next time. If he waited for a chance, he could grab the other's weakness!

Wait for ye, ye'll settle all the debts at that time!

Zuo Mo could only comfort himself like this.

But the gains this time were a source of joy for Zuo Mo. Gu Xiang Tian was very rich, and what cheered him up the most was the sixth-grade black gold seal soldier!

Having experienced its power for himself, Zuo Mo held it as though it was a precious treasure. What made his heart hurt was the damage his blow had made. It was clear that a section of the seal scripts on the seal paper had been damaged.

Other than the black gold seal soldier, there were many jade scrolls for seal xiu cultivation. Coincidentally, Zuo Mo had a group of seal xiu. This group had been troubled for a long time by the lack of jade scrolls to cultivate, and this time, they were overjoyed.

Their cultivation level was too low and could not produce higher grade paper seals. Low grade paper seals did not have much use to the comparatively strong Vermillion Bird Camp. Gongsun Cha who had high hopes for them could only transfer them to Golden Crow Camp and they only did work like engraving seals and formations. No one was interested in their paper seals and they were always depressed over this.

Gu Xiang Tian's power wasn't very high, but his skill in making paper seals was very good.

Desiring the power of seal soldiers, Zuo Mo invested even more resources on the seal xiu. He would instantly provide any materials they wanted. However, Zuo Mo also knew that even if there were jade scrolls, his batch of seal xiu would need a long time to reach the level he hoped for.

However, this was still a good event.

In this battle, what Zuo Mo hadn't expected the most was not the black gold seal soldier, but the Thousand Gem Illusory Disk!

It could trap someone inside it!

Zuo Mo remembered it clearly. He had not been on his guard at all when he was attacked. In his view, that Thousand Gem Illusory Disk was a great weapon to make sneak attacks! Stay in the shadows, come out and suck the enemy in, that was a move hard to defend against.

This event also rang an alarm for Zuo Mo.

Until now, Zuo Mo had relied on brute power to fight after cultivating the Great Day mo physique and lost interest in other moves. This ambush reminded him about the power of talismans, especially good talismans, they were too powerful!

No wonder the yaomo had lost so badly to the xiu back then, wasn't this the cause?

He had entered a wrong path!

He instantly recalled the armaments of his subordinates, and Zuo Mo felt extremely regretful.

The golden crystal swords could be considered top-notch, but other than that, there was nothing else that was acceptable to be seen. Their ling armors were varied, and most of them were taken from their enemies in Little Mountain Jie, and were only third-grade. Due to numerous battles, many of them were barely held together, and on the verge of falling apart.

Theirs was a beggar troop!

Looking at the troop decorated in various colors, Zuo Mo came to this

conclusion.

And then he made a decision!

Motherf***er!

There only ever was I, Xiao Mo Ge, using talismans to smash other people, when was it other people's turns to use talismans to smash ge?

Talismans? Wasn't that just competing on who had the most jingshi?

Did you not know that ge is the true jingshi madman?

Zuo Mo ran over to Bao Yi and asked abruptly, "How many pieces of jingshi do we still have?"

Bao Yi stilled, but he held the accounts inside his heart. "One piece of sixth-grade jingshi, twenty six pieces of fifth-grade jingshi; fourteen thousand pieces of fourth-grade jingshi; one million two hundred and twenty four thousand, nine hundred and sixty three pieces of third-grade jingshi!

Zuo Mo was shocked. "This much?"

Shocked, he couldn't help but feel proud. Ge really is a jingshi madman, hearing this, just the number instills safety!

One fourth-grade jingshi was equal to five hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, and one fifth-grade jingshi was one thousand fourth-grade jingshi.

One million two hundred and twenty four thousand, nine hundred and sixty three pieces of third-grade jingshi was equal to more than two thousand and four hundred pieces of jingshi or two and a half pieces of fifth-grade jingshi.

From a certain perspective, xiuzhe possessed increasingly more jingshi with increasing cultivation, but the desire for jingshi also increased because they had to use more of them.

Of course, for the present Zuo Mo, this number was enough for him to feel satisfied.

Content, Zuo Mo patted his tummy, his eyes smiling into lines.

Ge is finally a rich man!

*

Translator Ramblings: Yes, jingshi do not increase linearly in value per grade. I'm just trying to imagine the amount of space that more than a million pieces of jingshi take up. Even if spatial rings

Also, to clarify, there were two people in that attack. Gu Xiang Tian controlled the black gold seal soldier while Qing Xu Saren was the one with the high grade disk and the illusions.

Chapter 453: Spending Jing Like Dirt

Hearing that Big Boss Zuo Mo needed to buy large amounts of talismans, Liao Qi Chang proactively came to visit with many talisman specimens. One of the things that had left a deep impression in his mind, on his last trip to the island, was that there were a lot of people. Zuo Mo clearly said that he was going to buy large numbers this time would be to outfit his battalion. This was major business!

The Cloud Pavilion usually sold on the high-end products to the market but there was no reason to not take such a large order like this. Liao Qi Chang had come personally with the additional hope that he could forge a good relationship with Zuo Mo.

The hall was full of people. When Lei Peng and the others heard that Boss was going to be buying talismans for them, they became alert and squeezed around to watch.

Liao Qi Chang displayed the talismans he had brought along to Zuo Mo one by one.

“This Blue Soul Cold Light Armor is intermediate fourth-grade, it can form a very thin but outstanding space shield, and can greatly decrease the damage caused by flying swords and talismans to the wearer. Because this space shield’s nature is cold and icy, it is even more effective against fire element spells and flying swords. The formation techniques on it [Slight Flow] [Strong Ice] can increase its defensive power.”

Inhales sounded inside the hall, Lei Peng and the others staring at the light blue ling armor in Liao Qi Chang’s hands as though they wanted to swallow it up. The light blue ling armor seemed to be woven beautifully from fragmented ice.

Space shields, wasn’t that something only fifth-grade yao beasts would have? Everyone know how powerful that was! This was something good, something good!

Liao Qi Chang was very satisfied with the expressions of Zuo Mo’s subordinates. This showed that his hawking had stirred their interest.

“This set of Cloud Wings were forged with a secret method using the top grade cloud souls of our Cloud Sea Jie. Its greatest attribute is its speed, as fast as wind, and would greatly increase your speed! I believe I do not need to speak more on the importance of speed. The elite of the battalion, especially scouts should have this essential item! How fast is it? Why don’t one of these men here try it on?”

Even Zuo Mo was moved as he listened. He turned and asked, “Who wants to try?”

Many pairs of hands instantly rose up.

In the end, he chose Nian Lu. Nian Lu’s display was extremely fast and caused exclamations. Everyone were people that stayed long times on battlefields, and they compared it in their minds. If the two sides were equal in power, and they had the advantage in talismans, then they really had a great advantage!

For Liao Qi Chang, this was just the beginning!

“For a battalion, long distance campaigns occur regularly, how can one lack a good steed? They can help save ling power for you, allow you to fly for longer distances, they should be your most trusted companions! The Cloud Wings are fast, but they are not suited for long distance flight. Here, let me recommend to everyone the best steed that is produced by our Cloud Sea Jie, Nimbus Cloud!”[i]

Like magic, a snowy-white ball of cloud appeared in front of him.

“The Tumble Cloud is forged by harvesting Flower Sinew Cloud. It reaches intermediate fourth-grade, and can travel three thousand li in a day! It does not need you to feed it, does not require you to spur it along, it is hard-working, uncomplaining, the best companion for you to travel the world and for long distances!”

Liao Qi Chang’s words were like a river that flowed endlessly and emphasized spectacular feats. Zuo Mo naturally would not be fooled by him, but the talismans this person put out were, truly, good talismans and people’s hearts would be uncontrollably moved.

At the end, after Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha discussed it, Zuo Mo placed, what could be called, a colossal order!

When Liao Qi Cheng took the order list, he almost fainted!

The order included entire armor sets. Each set included one set of Blue Soul Cold Light Armor, one pair of Cloud Wings, one pair of Tiger-Style Flowing Light Boots, one Serene Heart Intelligence Hat, and a Nimbus Cloud.

The abilities of this armor set were versatile, and any item in it was fourth-grade, making this a true fourth-grade armor set! No fourth-grade set was cheap. The least expensive item in this was sixty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi and the entire set would cost five hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi!

This kind of set on the market would not be considered high-end but it definitely was not low end either! Those that had the ability to buy something like this would be xiuzhe on the cusp of entering jindan and had accumulated some wealth! Those jindan that were not very wealthy might also wear a set of armor similar to this.

What truly caused Liao Qi Chang to feel dizzy was the number at the end—two thousand sets! An entire two thousand sets!

Momma-mia!

That was one million fourth-grade jingshi, or one thousand and five hundred fifth-grade jingshi, or one sixth-grade jingshi!

Even a person like Liao Qi Chang used to seeing big business couldn't help but become excited!

One million pieces of fourth-grade jingshi!

A rich man! Definitely a rich man! He rejoiced that he had come this time, it was worth it!

Look look, to spend jingshi like dirt, the other didn't even bat an eyelash!

Xu Zheng Wei who had also come was left in shock. He had never expected Boss Zuo who did not seem so eye-catching was this extravagant.

Boss Zuo was also really generous to his people. He had never heard of someone spending so much!

A completely fourth-grade talisman outfit. If this kind of battalion was put into public, just the treasure light on their bodies would be enough to tempt other people!

Xu Zheng Wei's eyes turned red!

He might be a jindan and didn't really lack jingshi usually, but to spend a thousand jingshi, no, a million jingshi, he could not imagine it! How many talismans could that buy! He could even buy many fifth-grade talismans! He didn't even know if he could ever make so much over his entire life!

He had several good fourth-grade talismans and one fifth-grade talisman that Liao Qi Chang had given to him. Look at these people, they were ningmai and were wearing fourth-grade talismans all over!

It was frustrating to compare!

Xu Zheng Wei shook his head as though he was the one paying the jingshi.

Zuo Mo's heart also hurt slightly. One sixth-grade jingshi! That was more than nine-tenths of his entire wealth. Before, his total wealth had been one thousand and thirty or so fifth-grade jingshi, no he had just over thirty fifth-grade jingshi! But he thought that everyone's lives were more important. He gritted his teeth! Buy them!

Having made the decision, Zuo Mo quickly finished paying the deposit.

Hmph! Compete based on talismans?

Ge will let you see what is called competing on talismans!

Fantasizing about battling in all directions with such an extravagant troop, Zuo Mo was in both pain and ecstasy!

Liao Qi Chang naturally provided all the services for such a large order. He didn't just agree to deliver the shipment to the island as quickly as possible, he had also agreed to provide a batch of materials for repairs free of charge. Talismans would be worn down and broken, but some slight

damage could be repaired. Of course, if the damage was too great, then it would be scrap.

Everyone in Vermillion Bird Camp was excited. Each set was five hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi! As expected, they had to follow Daren to live good days! With their cultivation, in any normal place, they probably didn't have to think about making five hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi without seven or eight years of work.

Everyone had admired the outfit of the Golden Armor Guards for a long time but no one had thought about owning a set. It was too expensive! In other places, only the personal bodyguards of those large personages could experience such grandiose treatment! But when they truly possessed such a set, many people felt as though they were dreaming! Even more people planned on passing this set of talismans to the next generation, even though none of them had descendants at this point!

Zuo Mo's move caused everyone to be moved. The quality of a boss depended on how good he was to everyone! Look at Boss, he took out ninety percent of his own wealth to buy talismans for everyone!

They had never heard of a boss as good as this!

They were all xiuzhe that had survived in Little Mountain Jie, a place that was selfish, cunning and full of schemes. They saw the realities of the world clearer than everyone else, and could feel the warmth in Zuo Mo's actions better than anyone else. To a boss that could take out ninety percent of his wealth to outfit his subordinates, no matter if it was to buy their hearts or any other goals, how many could actually do this? And, more to the point, he did not have to do this at all!

Following a boss like this, what more could they ask?

No one said words of gratefulness and thanks, but no matter how difficult the times were in the future, none of these people would abandon Zuo Mo.

“Old Xu, what do you feel today?”

On the return back, Liao Qi Chang suddenly asked Xu Zheng Wei.

“I feel I’ve lived half of my life for nothing,” Xu Zheng Wei said emotionally. “Today really broadened my visions!”

“Truthfully, I was also frightened today!” Liao Qi Chang grimaced, and said, “I had thought that I had seen the world before, didn’t think that I would be frightened today. Two thousand sets! This really is a headache!”

“What?” Xu Zheng Wei was shocked. “It is a good matter to have such a big order!”

“It is good! But I hadn’t expected him to demand so much. Now I need to spend effort to gather it all.” Liao Qi Chang said, “I had assumed that it would be pretty good if he wanted two or three hundred sets. This time, I would probably have to borrow inventory from other places!”

Xu Zheng Wei knew the abilities of his good friend and said with a smile, “Don’t be outrageous! This kind of problem isn’t something that a daren like you needs to be worried about. You have so many subordinates, what do you need to worry about?”

“Daren?” Liao Qi Chang grimaced again and said, “He’s a true daren! Young, and with such power, it really isn’t luck! To be able to do something like this, his breadth of chest and his generosity, this is the first I’ve seen it in my life! We cannot be enemies with this person!”

“The Tian Family have made a great adversary this time!” Xu Zheng Wei said emotionally. Although Shang Wei Ming could not find the information on the mastermind, but for people on Xu Zheng Wei’s level, even if he did not know every detail about what was happening below, he would know the general shape of events.

“The Tian Family have been too used to being proud these few years.”

Liao Qi Chang said this lightly and then stopped speaking. He was a businessperson, and he didn’t want to be drawn into these conflicts! He suddenly thought about what Zuo Mo had said before they left, that the business definitely had to be kept a secret. His heart shook!

At the start, he had felt that the other did not want to attract attention,

but thinking about it now, it didn't seem so simple!

This Boss Zuo wasn't a simple person!

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[i] The "Tumble" Cloud is also known as the Nimbus Cloud or the magical cloud that Sun Wu Kong rides in Journey to the West.

Translator Ramblings: So continuing on from the last chapter rambling, Gu Xiang Tian is dead but the one controlling the disk essentially shouted an empty threat and then ran away. The thing about the illusions on the disk is that while Zuo Mo was sucked in, he might have been able to force his way out through brute force. Sucking him in was to trap him so Gu Xiang Tian could deal the blow while Zuo Mo couldn't run away.

Credits

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